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A Memoir

OF

Father Felix Joseph Barbelin, S. J.

THAT GREAT AND GOOD SON OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA,
WHO LIVED AND LABORED FOR MORE THAN THIRTY-ONE YEARS

AT

Old St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia.

"Dilectus Deo et hominibus."

BY

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. IGNATIUS F. HORSTMANN, D.D.,

(CHANCELLOR OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.)

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"Ripe was he in wisdom, but patient and simple and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children." — *Longfellow.*

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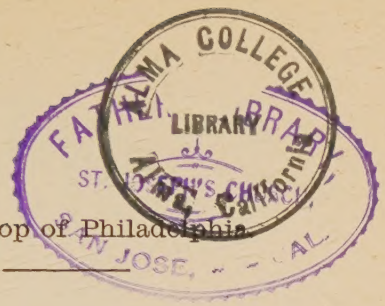

INTRODUCTION.

"Gather up the fragments that remain, lest they be lost."—John vi. 12.

This thought must have been in the mind of the gifted authoress in the present work, and we are glad to see the practical fruit of her labour.

It is a beautiful life, described in beautiful language, which we are sure will be treasured up by those who knew dear old Father Barbelin. If precious to those who knew him, the book will be dear as well to their children and children's children; for, as the children's friend and Father, his memory will go down to posterity as one who labored faithfully, and did great good in his generation, and whose name is deservedly held in benediction.

It has been a labour of love to look over the manuscript.

IGN. F. HORSTMANN.

ARCHDIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA,
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Father Felix Joseph Barbelin, S. J.

PART I.

HIS CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

"The child is father of the man."
—*Wordsworth.*

"Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper Life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect Love."
—*Proctor.*

CHAPTER I.

FELIX, THE FIRST-BORN—HIS BAPTISM—HIS RELATIVES.

THE ancient state of Lorraine was a fragment of the vast empire of Charlemagne, and can trace back its history to A. D., 855, when it took its name from Lothaire, or Lotharius II., king of Italy. In the tenth century, Henry, surnamed the Fowler, (the first of the Saxon dynasty of kings and emperors,) profiting by the continual feuds of the Capetians and Carlovingians in France, subjugated the province of Lorraine, and divided it into two dutchies, Upper Lorraine, or the Moselle, and Lower Lorraine, or the Brabant. The latter was, in time, successively the possession of Austria, Belgium and Holland; but Upper Lorraine continued to be governed by its own dukes until 1736, when it was given to Stanislaus Leczinsky on his abdication of the throne of Poland.

Geographically, Lorraine (together with Alsace,) belongs to the great river-system of Germany,—a part of their rural population (chiefly of Alsace) speaking a German *patois*, as in olden times they formed a division of the Germanic Empire. But "Germany lost Alsace," (says an able writer in the *Nation*, about the time of the Franco-German war,) "when the Thirty Years' War had doomed her to disintegration. She lost Lorraine when that disintegration was sealed by the rapid rise of the Prussian kingdom in antagonism to the power of the Hapsburgs."

It has been often remarked, that there was hardly a population in France more French in sentiment or more tenaciously devoted to the traditions of the Revolution or of the First Empire, than this border-people of mixed descent. Hence, it was with bitter discontent and ill-suppressed resentment on the part of its inhabitants, that a large part of Lorraine, (comprising, up to the year 1871, the departments of Vosges, Meurthe, Moselle and Meuse,) was ceded to Germany at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. It now forms a district in the province of Alsace-Lorraine, of which Metz is the capital.

In this beautiful province, about twenty-two miles from Nancy, stands the ancient town of Lunéville, formerly the frequent residence of the Dukes of Lorraine. The place has an historic celebrity, not only as having been the birth-spot of Francis, Duke of Lorraine, who married Maria Theresa, and became the founder of the imperial house of Austria; but also, because the Peace of Lunéville was concluded here on February 9th, 1801, between Germany and France, on the basis of the famous Treaty of Campo Formio, signed in 1797. It occupies but a small space, however, in the department of *Meurthe et*

Moselle, and was built without walls, near the junction of theVezouse with the Meurthe.

A charming old town, with streets almost as straight and buildings as regular, as those of our own prim-visaged Quaker City, Lunéville not only boasts at present, of a Court of first resort, a communal College, and a handsome Church of modern architecture, but also, of a palace built by Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, and subsequently embellished and occupied by Stanislaus, ex-King of Poland.

It has considerable manufactures in cotton and woollen goods, leather and pottery; and drives a lively trade in wine, brandy, gin, wool, and embroideries. Besides all this, it was one of the largest cavalry-stations of France, the extensive barracks being, strangely enough, ("to what base uses do we come at last!") the ancient palace of the Dukes of Lorraine. Not far away, are Meaux, made illustrious by the memory of the learned and holy Bishop Bossuet; Chateau-Thierry where the poet La Fontaine was born; and Eperney, the headquarters of the Champagne wine, which attained its high perfection and repute as far back as the coronation of Louis XIII, in 1610.

But at the epoch of which we are about to treat, Lunéville, (of France,) was pervaded with an air of rustic quiet, a savor of primitive simplicity, which might be sought for in vain, in these days, in the thriving Teutonic district of Alsace-Lorraine. The contrast is almost as marked as between a silvery-haired, tranquil, old French *grand'mere* and her bustling, enterprising German daughter.

In the suburbs of the town, however, still stands, in the midst of its fair and pleasant garden, a substantial, old-fashioned mansion. A profusion of lovely flowers

are there in season, the sweet, hardy, old-time blossoms of Lorraine, among which are even *blue* roses, a variety unknown in our North American flora; and, while the rugged old fruit-trees seem to keep watch, (like crusty guardians of delicate wards,) over that exquisite mass of horticultural beauty,—from the adjacent bushes, the currants and gooseberries glow in the sunshine, like clusters of rubies and opals.

Here, in this peaceful old homestead, with its latticed windows, its quaint, low-ceiled rooms, and dark paneled walls was born, at noon, on the 30th of May, 1808, a little bright-haired baby, who was baptized the same day in the ancient church of St. James at Lunéville. An extract from the parish register furnishes a record of that baptism, of which the following is a literal translation:

"*Joseph Felix, son of Mr. Dominic Barbelin, secretary to the Revenue Department of the district of Lunéville, and of Madame Elizabeth Louis, his wife, of this parish, born near noon on May 30th, 1808, and baptized the same day by my curate of this parish. He had for god-father, Mr. Joseph L'Hommée, parish-priest of Einville, grand-uncle on the mother's side; and for god-mother, Miss Elizabeth Louis, his maternal aunt, who have signed with me, together with the father of the child.*

A. P. Robert, P. P."

Joseph Felix Barbelin! Sweet, familiar name,—destined, in time, to be transferred from the musty pages of that old French register, to the warm, living tablets of thousands of Christian hearts across the seas;—destined, (we trust,) in eternity, to be written in letters of gold upon the leaves of the Book of Life, the immortal record of the Sacred Heart of Jesus!

As the little boy was born on the festival of St,

Felix, Pope and Martyr, the name of *Joseph*, which had taken precedence in his baptism, gave place, (as was the custom of the country,) to that of *Felix*,—and, accordingly, as *Felix Joseph*, the child was henceforth known.

A singular significance can be recognized in both these names. As *Joseph*, he was decreed by the divine will to labor the greater part of his life at a famous shrine of St. Joseph in the New World, furthering the interests, and increasing the accidental glory, of the great Spouse of Mary and Foster-Father of Jesus:—while as *Felix*, he was that preëminently *happy* man, who was chosen of God to lead unnumbered souls to the delights of the heavenly kingdom.

The first-born of their seven children, the parents of Felix Joseph Barbelin might well have sung at his baptism the words of Zachary at the circumcision of *his* blessed, first-born son: "And thou, child, ... shalt go before the face of the Lord, to prepare his way: to give knowledge of salvation to his people, unto the remission of their sins . . . . . to enlighten them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death: to direct *their* feet into the way of peace."

They were not ordinary people, those excellent Barbelins. Both father and mother had aspired in their youth to the religious state, drawn thereto by the desire of a closer union with God; but the troublous times of the Church which followed the bloody Revolution of '93, rendered their pious designs impracticable, and they were advised by their confessor to marry. Dominic Barbelin had even begun his preparatory studies for the priesthood; and entered the marriage state, (we are assured,) with great reluctance. He renounced his own lights, however, in obedience to the will of God, clearly manifested to him by the voice of His minister and the

over-ruling mastery of events, and united himself to the modest and virtuous Elizabeth Louis, who, in her turn, would have preferred the signet of a celestial Bridegroom to the nuptial-ring of any earthly spouse.

Our good God will not be outdone in generosity; and the double sacrifice brought forth a golden harvest for His glory. Not only did this estimable couple secure the sanctification and salvation of their own souls in the state of life they had chosen with such pure and exalted motives, but they had the supreme happiness, in time, to give to God, six, out of the seven children intrusted by Him to their care.

Without any claim to noble blood, they could boast of that lineage of heaven, a holy and virtuous ancestry, numbering on both sides of the house, many generations of abbés, curés and religious of both sexes. An uncle of Madame Barbelin's, M. l'Abbé Joseph L'hommée, was confessor of the faith during the revolutionary period, and had the honor to be expelled from France by the enemies of the Church. It was after his return, when Curé of Einville, that he acted, (as we have seen,) as sponsor for his little grand-nephew—**Felix** Barbelin.

His brother, the Abbé Peter L'hommée, having been also exiled for the faith, made his way to Turkey, and became the tutor of the young sons of the Hospodar of Moldavia and Wallachia; an office which he filled with such ability, and satisfaction to the Turkish governor, that, after the good Abbé was restored to his native land, and was engaged as a Professor in a College at Lunéville, the Hospodar sent him his two sons and the sons of the noblest families of his princedom, that he might educate them as he himself had been educated.

During the dark and perilous days of the Revolution,

the priests of God were often sheltered and concealed under the roof of the devoted Barbelins. A barn served them as a chapel: and as it was a question of life or death, the generous confessors and their host ran great risks.

But how could they venture to sing in the barn the well-known chants of the Church, without exciting the suspicions of lurking spies? Ah! the ready wit of Dominic Barbelin was equal to the emergency. He was a good musician, and his ingenious talent succeeded in adapting the sacred hymns to the airs of the revolutionary songs, so that the worshippers in that rude chapel, (like in its lowly simplicity to the Stable of Bethlehem,) sang the praises of God and Mary with all their hearts, unmolested by any stray republican or wandering Jacobin.

Fancy the effect, however, of a canticle to the Blessed Virgin arranged to the air of *La Carmagnole*;—or a hymn to the saints adapted to the thrilling and dramatic measures of *La Marseillaise*,—although, by way of poetic justice, the latter has lately been proved by the publisher of *l'Univers*, (M. Arthur Loth,) to have been originally a piece of sacred music, coming note for note out of the oratorio of *L'Esther*, composed long before the Revolution of '93, by Grisons, the choir-master of the Cathedral of St. Omer.

At the time of little Felix's birth, Lorraine was enjoying comparative peace. The first Napoleon was striving to extend his ambitious sway by the conquest of Spain, and his troops were enduring in that country and in Portugal, the varying chances of success and defeat. Alexander of Russia was warring, in his turn, with Sweden; while, across the seas, where the rival fleets of England and France were in continual conflict, America

was suffering from the belligerent policy of the European powers, which resulted in the war of 1812.

But all the while, the young Mere Barbelin was peacefully nursing her first-born babe in the old house near Lunéville. And when the news was cast upon the winds, (borne with a shudder and a whispered prayer to every Catholic home,) that Bonaparte had divorced himself from the Empress Josephine, and contracted an unhallowed alliance with Maria Louisa of Austria,—the youthful mother watched her little Felix taking his first steps alone, or heard him lisping like an angel, the sweet names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph,—and sighed as she thought of the childless, dishonored wife at fair Malmaison.

By the time the latter's hour of retribution came, and the imperial exile languished a hopeless prisoner on St. Helena's isle,—the little household of the Barbelins had been increased by several bright-eyed additions. First, there was the little John Peter, who entered this world of care when his brother Felix was three years old. Then, another boy, John Baptist, who lived to receive holy baptism, and shortly after, departed to the sweet society of the angels. Next, came at intervals, the two little daughters, Marie and Josephine, shedding the light of their smiles through tears for the baby brother's death, until they made a rainbow of delight in the dear old homestead.

Ignatius Xavier was the name of the fourth son, whose birth was followed, in due time, by the advent of the little Emily; when the good parents found their quiver full of arrows, and realized with the royal Psalmist, that "children are a heritage from the Lord, and the fruit of the womb, a reward."

They were not rich in this world's goods, but Dominic

Barbelin held an excellent position under the government, and they possessed a sufficiency wherewith to live in comfort, and support and educate their numerous offspring. The venerable grandmother was accustomed to pray aloud at the family prayers, and she daily besought the Almighty with fervor, that none of her descendants might ever have "either *too much* or *too little* of temporal riches." Said Father Felix Barbelin in after years: "I used to often wonder at those times what she meant,—but I understand *now;* for I see clearly that the possession of either too much or too little money, is dangerous."

The daily life of this favored family was the charming home-life of the good old Catholic ages, recalling the pure pictures of the De Guerin household at Cayla, or Evangeline's abode in Acadie, where

> "Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village,
> Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
> Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment."

In the quaint rooms of the old suburban mansion, and under the trees of the pretty garden, the young Felix frolicked and played through his guileless infancy; and studied his baby-lessons and stammered his baby-prayers with his merry little brothers and sisters. There was a daily mass at the church of St. James, which each member of the household strove to attend; and after that, came the children's simple breakfast of bread and milk and fresh fruit, whilst their elders partook of more substantial fare, with a steaming dish from the ever-simmering *pot au feu.* The morning hours passed in work or study, and, as the church-doors of that happy region were never closed, both big and little folk stole in and out, in turn, the whole day long, making brief but frequent visits to the dear divine Prisoner of the altar.

CHAPTER II.

FAMILY LIFE AT HOME—FELIX GOES TO COLLEGE IN LUNEVILLE.

AS the boys grew older, Felix and John Peter attended school with their grand-uncle Joseph, (l'Abbé L'hommée) at Einville. When permitted, however, they joined the rest of the family at noon, for the mid-day meal at their father's happy board. Later on, Felix induced the entire household to recite together, just before dinner, a portion of the Rosary; and whilst partaking of the first course of wholesome and well-cooked food, which was served in abundance, he, also, introduced the custom of having one of the children read aloud a chapter from the *Imitation of Christ*, so that the cheerful mirth of the diners might be tempered to Christian sobriety. His sister Marie, (now a devoted daughter of St. Vincent, in Marseilles,) humbly and naively confesses, that this practice did not at all amuse her; and "I greatly preferred," says she, "the philosophical experiments with which he (Felix) entertained us in the evening."

But the wise and holy words of A'Kempis were not thrown away upon those pure, young hearts; and the conversation which followed the devout chapter, ranged in turn,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"

even as the dark stones of the exquisite mosaic are relieved by bright and brilliant settings. A social, hospitable circle, there never was a day, with the exception, perhaps, of the last ten days of Lent and the close of Advent, which did not bring an uncle, a cousin, or a

neighbor, to swell their pleasant dinner-party. Grace after meat, and then the well-trained family returned to its afternoon duties; work or study, as in the morning, engrossing the busy hours until sun-down,

> "When came still evening on, and twilight gray
> Had in her sober livery all things clad:"

and parents, children, and servants, with the other pious parishioners, gathered in the church to recite the whole of the Rosary.

An early supper was the prelude to a charming evening in the homely old living-room. Clustering in summer around the garden-doors or latticed windows, or, in colder seasons, about the wide-mouthed fire-place with its great, blazing logs, the happy family maed merry with conversation, with games, or with the sweet old *chansons* of Lorraine.

Pure of conscience and light of heart, there was no bitter sting of regret, no remorse for ill-spent time, to trouble the waters of their gentle mirth. And when, in the midst of some pleasant song or story, the little tray was carried around with its toothsome collation of cakes, fruit, or nuts, its jug of sparkling cider, or, mayhap, a bottle of the harmless *vin du pays*, no one, we may be sure, was disposed to carp at the seasonable interruption.

About nine o'clock, if the visitors still lingered, they joined with the household in night-prayers and examination of conscience. The latter exercise, it may be remarked, was made the instrument of some wholesome discipline for the juveniles, since the good Mother Barbelin took occasion thereat, to publicly remind each little transgressor of the short-comings of the day. But the small sting of her salutary rebuke was soon forgotten in the good-night kiss of tenderness; and away scampered the little flock to bed, and peaceful dreams. The elders

followed without much delay, except on Saturdays and the vigils of festivals, when they stayed up a little longer to read with humble devotion the preparatory prayers for the Holy Communion.

Thus, day after day, night after night, flowed the calm and pious life of these excellent people. Not but what they had their trials, as well as the rest of the children of Adam; but every cross was accepted as the gift of the good God, and, with the help of His grace, was borne with Christian resignation.

The religious and political principles of Dominic Barbelin separated him altogether from the vast majority of his compatriots: but his integrity and sound judgment so commanded their respect and confidence, that they were accustomed to appeal to him in difficult circumstances, and abide by his decision. For example, the votes of the most ardent Republicans confided to him the care of the electoral urns, and charged him with the delicate and responsible office of counting the ballots, etc.

At the time of the Revolution of '93, he was First Secretary of the Treasurer General at Lunéville, and when the latter gentleman, (a Royalist,) was dismissed from office, his vacant position was tendered by the Republicans to young Barbelin. It was a tempting offer, for, apart from the dignity of the office, (so alluring to a youthful ambition,) the young Secretary's means were limited, and the increase of salary would have been most acceptable.

Nevertheless, Dominic would never consent to accept the post of his patron: he continued, with quiet heroism, to fulfil its duties under the modest title of First Clerk, and when the political storm had blown over, he remitted everything into the hands of his former patron, himself

remaining submissive and devoted. But he had overtaxed his strength in his self-sacrificing fidelity to duty; and he found himself obliged, in time, to retire from his office, and support a large family on rather slender resources.

As the holy patriarch Job resigned himself to his afflictions, exclaiming: "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken: blessed be the name of the Lord!" —so this heroic man patiently accepted the deprivations and struggles of his after life. In truth, he doubtless recognized those trials as a special answer to prayer, since, with his good mother, he had long and earnestly besought Heaven that his children might be neither rich nor handsome,—so much did he dread for them the snares of pride and earthly grandeur.

When his second son, John Peter, was eight years old, he confided him to the care of his grand-uncle, the Curé of Einville, with whom the lad remained until his seventeenth year. About this time, Felix, who was the best loved and favorite of the family, went to complete his studies at the College of Lunéville, where his other grand-uncle, the Abbé Peter L'hommée, was one of the Professors, and Curé, as well, of Ménil, a little parish near Lunéville.

Felix had insisted on entering the College, although his health was extremely delicate. At one period, he fainted so frequently in class, that his parents were obliged to withdraw him for a while from his studies. But he persevered in his noble designs, and was so diligent and docile that he made rapid progress.

One day, he found himself seated near one of his little cousins in the class-room, and, instead of writing his exercise, engaged his companion in an earnest, whispered conversation. The master, on guard at his desk, (who

must have been a youth not much older than his pupils,) wishing to know the subject of this very confidential communication, noiselessly approached the boys, and lent an attentive ear to the little chatter-box.

It was Felix, who was speaking with such smothered emphasis, and the astonished listener distinctly heard these words: "You see, L'hommée, when I am grown up, I am going to *fish for savages*. Ah! what a happiness!"

The little fellow, still almost an infant, was actually aspiring to become a missionary of Christ to the Indians! Such an unusual thought, such a noble desire in so young a child, made a profound impression on the mind of the boy-master. He did not, however, betray his presence; he gave no sign of having overheard the strange remark: but returned to his desk, and reflected seriously on this early call of God to so sublime a mission.

Some years later, Father Schaeffler, (for such was the master's name,) called upon the parents of Felix, to announce to them his approaching departure for the Missions, (in Tonquin, we believe,) and to bid them farewell.

"Madam," said he to Mrs. Barbelin, "you do not know to whom I owe my vocation?" "To God, without doubt, Rev. Father," was her modest reply. "Yes," he responded, with emotion, "but, to make it known to me, He made use of your little son, Felix, whose words inspired me with the resolution to offer myself for the salvation of the poor infidels." And then he related the above incident.

Long years after, when Father Felix Barbelin was Superior at old St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, a scholastic * who was teaching at the College there, heard from him a

* Mr. Neale, afterwards Rev. Father Neale, of the Society of Jesus,

strange story of the true beginning and end of that sublime vocation.

Says Father N —: "One day he, (Father Barbelin,) came into my class with a large engraving in his hand. He was the chief Director of the Holy Childhood in the United States, and had received the picture in a large box that morning.

"'When I was a little boy, in France,' said he, 'I was at dinner in a friend's house, with my parents; there was also present a boy, Augustine Schaeffler, about the same age as myself. After dinner, they made us stand on chairs, and tell what we were going to do, (in the future.) I said, I'd go to America and convert the Indians; but Augustine said he would go to China, and have his head cut off for the faith. When I opened the box this morning, and discovered in it this likeness of my play-mate, and found that he was one of the *Soixante-dix serviteurs*, the seventy servants of God, decapitated in China for the faith, I fell right down on my knees, and blessed God, and begged that I might have the grace to follow him.' Father Barbelin gave me the picture, (adds Father N—,) Mr. Cunningham framed it, and it hung always in the class-room, to edify the boys."

Truly, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," cometh forth, full often, the wisdom of the Most High! And, when Mr. N— had heard from Father Barbelin's lips, the history of the holy martyr's vocation, he could not but wonder at the power and providence of Him, who hath "hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto little ones."

With true Christian humility, Father Barbelin always attributed the development of his own sublime vocation to the visits he made, when a child, to his clerical and

religious relatives; and to his familiar intercourse with those holy souls.

His great-aunt, Elizabeth Louis, who held him in her arms at the baptismal font, afterwards became a nun, and prepared him for his First Communion. With the reverend brothers L'hommée, (as we have seen,) he acquired his classical knowledge, and pursued his earlier Philosophical and Theological studies. His father's aunt was, at that time, superioress of a neighboring community, and during his frequent visits to her, the good nun never wearied extolling to her little nephew, the august dignity of the priesthood,—the bliss of being a member of the Society of Jesus, (whose institute had then been recently restored, after its forty years' suppression,) and the great happiness of leading souls to the good God. Another relative, a great-aunt on his mother's side, was housekeeper at the ancient palace of Lunéville, which had once been the residence of Stanislaus, the last King of Poland; and, in this stately old castle, little Felix Barbelin spent three or four weeks every summer.

While his great-aunt tripped from one antique apartment to another, the polished walls reflecting her quaint costume, and the great corridors echoing to the jingle of her keys; while she strolled through the spacious pleasure-grounds, or knelt before the richly-carved altar in the dim old chapel, the little, bright-haired nephew accompanied her steps, and attended lovingly to her earnest words. And she spake ever of the insufficiency of earthly goods and honors, to satisfy the cravings of an immortal soul,—of the glory, the delight of leaving all things, to follow the blessed Christ.

The ardent soul of her little listener was fired with holy enthusiasm. The virginal soil of the boyish heart was stirred with inspiration, and the seed of a divine

vocation falling therein, took root, and sprouted. How to become a priest, a Jesuit, was henceforth the constant theme of little Felix Barbelin's thoughts and desires.

The voice of the Holy Spirit was whispering in the depths of his soul, what it has been whispering in the interior of every chosen Levite, ever since the days when Christ called Peter and John from their nets by the sea, and constrained Levi, the publican, to rise up from the receipt of custom, and follow Him: "I will lead thee by the paths of equity, which, when thou shalt have entered, thy steps shall not be straightened, and when thou runnest, thou shalt not meet with a stumbling-block. (Prov. iv., 11, 12.)

But there was nothing morose or selfish about the piety of our little hero. The old barn which had served the Barbelins as a chapel in revolutionary times, had become an oratory; and there Felix passed the greater part of his vacations,—praying, preaching, and reverently imitating, (as is the custom of the majority of those who are called in childhood to the service of the sanctuary,) the movements of a priest saying Mass.

When his young cousins or friends came and called him, however,—although it was a sacrifice for him, he immediately quitted his darling oratory, and went cheerfully to join his merry visitors. And, as he was the life of the party, he organized games, and did his utmost to amuse his little friends. In the summer evenings, when returning from pleasant walks with them through the environs of Lunéville, he would generally contrive to go a little ahead of the company, and there, with his eyes lifted to the dark-blue expanse of the starlit heavens, he would recollect himself in God, and carefully examine his conscience upon the short-comings of the day.

His piety was angelic, and his character most

amiable. While still at the College of Lunéville, and about seventeen years old, he caused himself to be enrolled among the servants of Mary; and two months later, on Christmas Day, 1825, we find him making note of another holy event, the record of which, in his own handwriting, was found among his papers long after his death:

"On this beautiful day on which our Lord wished to take birth in our midst, I consecrate myself to Him forever, and, for this purpose, I have had myself enrolled in the Confraternity of Strasbourg, in honor of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

[Signed,] BARBELIN,
Victim of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and Slave of Mary."

To this, is appended an additional promise, to be fulfilled on all his succeeding birthdays:

"*I take for my Hour of Adoration, the 30th of May, from 5 to 6 o'clock, A. M.*"

Attached to his certificate of enrollment, was the following Act of intense devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus:

"My Lord Jesus Christ, Holy of Holies, whose Heart is the active principle of all sanctity, and who art Thyself the perfect Model of all holiness, give to me a heart like to Thine,—sweet, humble, patient, and detached from the things of this world; a peaceful heart, whose movements may be controlled as Thine are; a heart pure, and faithful to Thy graces,—hating sin, loving retirement and prayer, despising the world and its maxims; an upright heart, a great and generous heart, which never finds anything difficult to please Thee; finally, a holy and perfect heart like Thine, which only thinks of loving

Thee, and with Thee, the Father and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Among his papers after death was, also, found a manuscript recording a compact with the Sacred Heart, entered into, the following year, (1826,) by Felix and a young companion, named Scheffler, who was then in Minor Orders,* offering themselves as perpetual victims to that Divine Heart, ("*dont nous voulons être à jamais victimes;*") and concluding with this touching agreement:

"We promise, also, that if one of us should hear of the death of the other, he will continue to render him, (the deceased,) a partaker of his merits, and will offer his Communion for him at least seven times; or, if he has the happiness of being a priest, that he will offer to God for him, at least seven times, the holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

To divest this compact of the solemn character of a vow, (such as young people sometimes rashly and inconsiderately take upon themselves, without advice,) Felix and his pious friend, have added to their signatures these prudent words:

"We do not engage ourselves to the above *under pain of sin*," (*sous peine de péché.*)

Such serious and exalted sentiments, in a lad of seventeen or eighteen years, are sufficient index to his pure and gifted soul; they are the fair and fragrant buds which promise the full-blown flower of a glorious manhood. And yet, the young student was so gay, withal, so blithsome and light of heart, that he made a sunshine wherever he went or came.

* His name, *Scheffler*, would seem to identify him as the same Augustine Shaeffler, the little prophet of the French dinner-party, who was eventually martyred in China for the faith of Christ, a true victim, indeed, to the Adorable Heart of Jesus. Father Schaeffler belonged, we believe, to the Congregation of the Missions.

His sister, Marie, (now *Sour* Gabrielle of Marseilles,) tells of the mimic masses which he said, of the sermons and instructions which he gave in the garret or barn, and at which all the younger children assisted; but his devotion was so sincere and amiable, that it captivated all hearts. And when his little brother, Xavier, was unwilling to learn his Catechism, Felix devoted himself to the child in his leisure moments, and invested the dry study of question and answer with such a bewitching panoply of anecdote and illustration, that the irksome task became, for the little boy, an agreeable recreation. Truly hath the poet said that:

> 'Precepts and rules are toilsome to a child,
> But happy illustration winneth him;"

and the dexterous facility in that line acquired by Felix Barbelin in those early days, was destined to serve him well in his future mission as the Apostle of the little ones in far-off Philadelphia.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE SEMINARY OF NANCY—FELIX BECOMES PREFECT OF STUDIES AT PONT-À-MOUSSON—HE RECEIVES MINOR ORDERS.

NANCY is one of the most beautiful towns of Lorraine, and was noted, in its earlier history, as having been the scene of the bloody battle at which Charles the Bold was killed, in 1477. His lifeless body was found in a pond; and a statue in his honor still decorates the town. The capital of the Department of Meurthe, it is situated on a river of the same name, at the foot of wooded and vine-clad hills; and it owes

much of its architectural beauty, (it is said,) to the ex-King Stanislaus, who, after abdicating the throne of Poland, resided at Nancy as Duke of Lorraine. He died in 1766, and his statue now adorns the *Place Royale*, a fine square surrounded by important public buildings, hotels, theatres, and colleges. The gates of Nancy are such beautiful works of art, that they are described as looking far more like triumphal arches, than the ordinary entrances to a town.

In this picturesque and historic spot, stood the Seminary which Felix Barbelin aspired to enter, at the completion of his preparatory course at the College of Lunéville.

When his pious resolution was formed, and approved of by his spiritual director, he went to his good father for his blessing and counsel We can imagine the tender emotion of that father, when he beheld his first-born about to embark upon the sublime vocation, which he himself had so ardently desired in his early manhood, and which he had only renounced at the urgent call and command of duty.

Blessing him with the liveliest affection, he presented him with a copy of "The Virtuous Scholar," (*l'Ecolier vertueux*,) by Proyart; an excellent little work, composed expressly for growing boys and young students.

Felix devoured the contents of the book,—and strove so earnestly to make it the rule of his life, that his merry brothers and sisters used to tease him, and call him in jest, "*the new Decalogne*," such being the name of the "Virtuous Scholar." But our hero bore their badinage with such a happy good-nature, that it endeared him still more to his family.

He was about nineteen years of age when he bade an affectionate adieu to them all, and after his little jour-

ney in the diligence, of more than seven leagues, passed through the beautiful gates of Nancy, to the quaint old Seminary, encircled with its emerald chain of vine-clad hills.

Here, he began at once to devote himself still more fervently to the service of God, and the sanctification of his soul. Although he was naturally of a hasty temper, he watched over himself diligently, to suppress the smallest risings of impetuosity; and his amiable and obliging manners so won upon his companions, that all in the Seminary were attracted to his agreeable society. "When later I visited the College," says his brother Xavier, "the priests showed me the greatest affection, simply because I was his brother."

Being deeply penetrated with the force of those words of our Blessed Saviour: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me,"—Felix prepared himself for his sublime mission by the practice of many severe acts of mortification. At table, he managed, as if by accident, to let fall so much salt, or water into his food as to render it unpalatable or insipid; and then he ate away at the distasteful viands, or supped his splashy soup with such amiable cheerfulness, that his neighbors did not suspect the penance he was inflicting on himself.

Though frail of body and delicate in health, he would not approach close to the fire, even in the coldest weather, to warm himself And this was no small mortific ation to one sensitive to cold, in those north-eastern provinces where the weather, at times, is often quite severe. A similar spirit of penance prompted him to sleep upon the floor, under the pretext that he might be the first awakened in the morning; while, in reality, he was training himself to follow in the footsteps of

Him who declared that He had not whereon to lay His blessed Head, and of whom the Gospel records that, He often went out and spent the night upon the mountains absorbed in the prayer of God.

Even personal insult was bravely welcomed by this young soldier of Christ, regarding it, (as well he might,) as a sure means of coming closer to his Divine Model. His red hair caused him to be ridiculed when he passed the guard-house in the town, and the soldiers who met him walking in his cassock, mockingly called after him: "Fire! fire!" But he took their insolence in such good part, and answered so gaily and wittily, that the laugh was all on his side.

If any of them, being men of the world, (and, consequently, incapable of understanding or appreciating spiritual motives,) had considered the gentle scholastic a coward, they would have been undeceived on that eventful day when he plunged into the river after his fellow-student, young Trouillet, and brought him safely to shore. The companions of the latter had thrown him into the water for sport, and, were it not for Felix Barbelin's courage and presence of mind, in rescuing him from a watery grave, the little fellow would never have lived to become, (as he did in after years,) *Monsignore* Trouillet.

His agility and active habits served Felix in good stead on other occasions. His sister, Emily, relates that in one of his vacations, he made a pilgrimage to Switzerland, doubtless, to one of the famous shrines of the Blessed Mother whom he loved so well; and the same sister tells us that, "he used to practice leaping over chairs, that he might be able to spring clear the ditches in America, whither he was always desirous of going."

He was the first to introduce into his native town the work of the Propagation of the Faith, and his father, Mr. Dominic Barbelin, became the head of the division.

Thus, in good works and hard study, the months sped rapidly by,—and in 1828, our hero was sent by his superiors to act as Prefect at the Little Seminary at Pont-à-Mousson, the superior of which institution was, later, his cousin and friend, Monsieur Joseph Richard, Vicar-General of Nancy.

This was an eventful period in the history of Europe. The Spanish war and the Greek revolution, (to the latter, the celebrated Lord Byron indirectly owed the loss of his life,)—had been followed by a bloody warfare between Russia and Turkey.

Over in Portugal, the efforts of Don Miguel to establish himself on the throne, in opposition to the partisans of his niece, Donna Maria de Gloria, had stirred up a fierce rebellion among the fiery Portuguese. And, although peace had been restored between the United States and Great Britain, the latter country, (like the Spartan boy with his fox,) was torn to the vitals by commercial embarrassments and political disputes. The deaths, in rapid succession, of the Duke of York, the Earl of Liverpool, and the Premier Canning, had produced important changes in the councils of England,—and the struggle for Catholic Emancipation had brought to the front that illustrious Irish patriot, the glory of down-trodden Erin,—DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Meanwhile, the first throes of a coming revolution, like the premonitory tremors of an earthquake, were being felt throughout *la belle France*. Its people, much to the surprise of the neighboring states, had enjoyed the blessings of tranquillity under the mild and conciliatory government of Louis XVIII., but his brother, Charles X.,

was less fortunate in his reign over one of the most volatile of nations. The conflict between the Royalists and the Constitutionalists had already begun; and the dismissal of a moderate ministry, and the fact that the formation of the new cabinet had been intrusted by King Charles to Prince Polignac, (who was highly objectionable to a certain class of ultras,) tended to alienate the people still further from the court, and the court from the people.

It was at this epoch, while the volcano of political disaffection was sending forth the steam and smoke of incipient rebellion, while the republican proclivities of the nation were boiling and seething to its brim, like the contents of a covered cauldron over a raging fire,—that Felix Barbelin, having finished his theology, was detailed to Pont-à-Mousson, to act as Prefect of studies in its Little Seminary.

Pont-à-Mousson was twenty miles north-west of Nancy, on the road between that city and the present capital, Metz.

The "blue Moselle," (made famous in an old-time song,) flows through the pretty little town, which is situated in the depths of a fruitful valley. Its chief celebrity, in these days, is due to its having been the birth-place of Marshal Duroc, the favorite and friend of Napoleon I.; but, besides its Seminary, and its potteries, Pont-à-Mousson possesses a fine old Gothic church, dedicated to St. Martin.

It was a beautiful, peaceful spot, far-removed from the wars and worries that were convulsing the bulk of mankind; and there Felix entered upon his new work with all his characteristic energy and devotion. A score of years later, when his brother Xavier was Director of the same Seminary, he found the most edifying memories of his

beloved Felix still lingering in the old place, like the fragrance of attar of roses.

He tells a touching story of the past,—how many of his brother's former companions rejoiced to relate the young Prefect's heroic acts of mortification:—how all the students loved him, and how he never had to punish any offenders,—for, if a boy committed a fault, the Abbé Barbelin appeared so sad, that the unhappy delinquent never failed to ask his pardon, and amend.

About this period, he came upon a book which deeply interested him, and helped to decide his future vocation. This was the life of the Blessed John Berchmanns, of the Society of Jesus. Its perusal inflamed his pure heart with an ardent desire to become, in his turn, a worthy son of St. Ignatius,—nay, more, a missionary to foreign lands.

But the obstacles to his design, at the time, seemed to be insuperable. His father refused his consent because of the delicacy of his son's constitution; and his good mother, also, entered her caveat of opposition. It was a long, long while before she could be brought to give her permission and blessing. She was a very holy woman, but she was a tender mother, as well, and dearly loved her delicate, first-born Felix. "*God and my mother love me well*" were the first words ever uttered by Francis de Sales, the gentle Bishop of Geneva, and they might, (with equal appropriateness,) have been the first words of our beloved hero.

Madame Barbelin had her own pleasant little dreams of her eldest son's future, in which we have reason to suspect that nature was a little inclined to handicap grace. She wished him, it is true, to be a priest; but then he must be such a one as she had often pictured in her loving mother-thoughts: a comfortable,

substantial Curé over there at Einville, or a dignified Monsieur l'Abbé, perchance, outside of Lunéville, near the ancient palace where her good *tante* held domestic sway; a reverend but most amiable man, of sanctity:

> "Not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food;—"

who would find his old seat ever ready for him on the family-porch in summer, or beside the household-fire in winter; an always-accessible well-spring of maternal pride and contentment.

To think of her beloved, delicate boy sacrificing family, home, and friends, and going off across the wild seas to that still wilder America, which, to her innocent inexperience, was peopled only with half-civilized savages —this was a pitch of sublime heroism, to which the poor tender heart of *Mère* Barbelin could not yet ascend.

"I cannot consent to it," she would say;—and the good, gentle son did not think it well to depart without his mother's blessing. He redoubled his fervent prayers, he approached more frequently than ever to the holy Communion, trusting to those spiritual weapons to break down the barriers of maternal opposition, and make clear to them all the mandates of the divine Will. Meanwhile, he devoted himself especially to those practices of body and mind which were calculated to harden his constitution, and prepare him for the trials and difficulties of a missionary life.

On the 16th of April, 1829, he received Minor Orders, (presumably,) at the hands of Monsignore Forbin-Janson, Bishop of Nancy, who is famous as having been the founder of the Association of the Holy Childhood, and, also, as the first to establish retreats for priests.

The record of this minor ordination has been preserved among our dear Father Felix's papers, in the

following compact which he formed on that occasion with one of his fellow-Levites:

"On this happy day, when we consecrate ourselves entirely to God, and especially, when we receive the Tonsure and Minor Orders, we engage ourselves during the rest of our lives, to unite our prayers, our good works, and principally, our holy Communions, so that if one of us should succumb to the common enemy of man, and wander from the right path, he may obtain by the intercession and prayers of him who will remain faithful to God, the grace to return to the path of virtue. We promise, also, that when one will learn of the death of the other, he will continue to render his deceased friend a partaker of his merits, and will receive Communion for him at least seven times, or, if he have the happiness of being a priest, that he will offer to God for him, seven times, the holy sacrifice of the Mass. On *his* side, as soon as he whom God has called to himself, shall enjoy the felicity of the saints, he will engage himself to intercede unceasingly before God, for him who will yet be pouring forth his tears in this valley of exile. Such are the engagements which we take, in the presence of the Body and Blood of our Lord which we are about to receive.

[Signed,]

POIROB.

(*In Minor Orders.*)

BARBELIN.

(*Victime du Cœur de Jesus, et esclave de Marie.*)

APRIL 16th, 1829.

The year which followed his reception of Minor Orders, was Felix's last year of peaceful study in his beloved fatherland; his last opportunity for even casual

intercourse with his cherished parents and relatives at Lunéville.

His brother, the Hon. John Peter Barbelin, (*Commandeur* of the Order of St. Stanislaus, and now Professor-*Emeritus* of the Institute of Noble Ladies, at Poltawa, Russia,) has given us a sketch of these happy parting hours, which is so beautiful in its touching simplicity and fraternal love, that we cannot refrain from presenting it to our readers, entire:

"Confided to the care of our uncle of Einville, (Joseph L'hommée,) at the age of eight," says Monsieur Barbelin, "I remained with him until my seventeenth year, (1828,) when our saintly and regretted brother Felix, was already Prefect of Studies at the Little Seminary of Pont-à-Mousson, after having completely finished his theological studies at the Grand Seminary of Nancy.

"During my sojourn at Einville, I frequently came with Aunt Marie Anne to Lunéville, and, naturally, I passed the greater part of the day with my dear parents, seeing little of Felix, who, on account of his studies, resided with my uncle of Ménil, (Peter L'hommée,) Professor at the College. I, in my turn, succeeded Felix there, but we rarely met, except during our last vacations, which were most enjoyable to me because of the delightful excursions which we made together, As there was only three years' difference in our ages, I felt as much at ease with him as if he had been my twin-brother. I confided entirely in him, attracted by his delicate kindness. Indeed, the remembrance of this kindness has become proverbial among us, accompanied, as it was, by an unostentatious piety. Exceedingly obliging in disposition, he sought on all occasions the pleasure of others, no matter what the inconvenience to himself.

We did not then know how to sufficiently appreciate his noble heart, nor how to profit by his admirable example."

CHAPTER IV.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1830. FELIX DRAWS THE UNLUCKY NUMBER. HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

LONG before the opening of the year 1830, thoughtful minds in France could not disguise from themselves the fact that another serious crisis in the affairs of the nation was close at hand. The volcano was already sending forth jets of fire and molten lava; the witches' cauldron, having generated sufficient steam to lift the insecure lid which covered it, was ready to pour forth its hot stream of destruction upon the land.

Whether it was that the good King Charles was injudicious or ill-timed in his efforts to establish more firmly over the people the ancient empire of the Bourbons; or, whether it was that he espoused too openly the cause of the Church, and was too zealous to restore to her ministers, (and notably to the Jesuits,) their olden prerogatives and privileges,—it would be hard to decide; but certain it was that a fresh revolution was imminent.

Among the multitude of turbulent factions, there was more than one anarchist, who, reflecting on the history of the First Consul's sudden elevation to imperial honors, and remembering with the English bard that:

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune—

would gladly have played *Macbeth* to King Charles' *Duncan*. While, on the other hand, among the lawless element in Paris and its environs, were plenty of embryo Robespierres who longed once more to cry: "*Ca ira!*" and "*A bàs les aristocrates!*" and who thirsted for the swift return of the frenzied and sanguinary days of the Reign of Terror.

It was one of the latter of whom the story is told, that having emigrated, later, to America, and being stretched upon his bed, sick unto death, he consented at the eleventh hour to receive the ministrations of a priest. The good father found the hoary-headed old sinner so utterly ignorant of all religious truth, that he was forced to instruct him in the first rudiments of the Catechism; and began to teach him the *Lord's Prayer*, as one might teach it to a child:

"Our Father who art in heaven," said the priest. "Our Father who art in heaven," repeated the sick man. "Hallowed be Thy name," went on the Father. "Hallowed be Thy name," gasped the penitent. "Thy Kingdom come," added the priest——The old *emigré* trembled in his bed with rage; his eye flashed fire,—he struck out wildly and impotently with his withered fists, as he shrieked with an accent of indescribable disgust and defiance:

"*Ne pas le* KINGDOME,—*ne pas le* KINGDOME! *Vive la Republique!*"

There were plenty of such irreligious old rascals in France, in the year 1830, burning for the speedy overthrow of altars, thrones, and scepters.

The political skies were black with portent; and, athwart the worse than midnight darkness of the horizon, seemed to glare the blood-red mirage of the

guillotine, threating once more to rise, and claim its shuddering victims.

Across the channel, at this hour, George IV. of England lay a-dying; and exactly one month after he expired at Windsor Castle, (July 26, 1830,) the three famous ordinances of King Charles' cabinet were promulgated, which struck a death-blow to the constitution of France, and aroused the restless populace like a battle-cry.

The poor prime minister, (Polignac,) had all along been struggling desperately, but fruitlessly, to conciliate the more moderate commercial classes and landed proprietors, and to beat back the tide of revolutionary opposition which was rising to float into power the unscrupulous Jacobins.

Even a bigoted Protestant historian admits that, "Never had a ministry in any country to encounter such a storm of virulance and invective, as that which assailed the cabinet of Prince Polignac;" and that, "though he was, perhaps justly, suspected of arbitrary designs, his first measures were dignified and moderate; some of them even seem to have been framed in a spirit of conciliation. But nothing," (the same writer adds,) "could purchase the forbearance of his opponents; they scrupled not to have recourse to downright falsehood, and, in some cases, accused him of designs so exquisitely absurd, that they appeared to have been invented for the express purpose of measuring popular credulity."

In vain did Charles X, at his suggestion, dissolve the Chambers, and make successive changes in the ministry. The people refused to be conciliated or pacified; until finally, driven to desperation by the goads of injustice and misconstruction, the cabinet proclaimed the three fatal ordinances above-mentioned, which, because of

their strictures upon the privileges of the electors and the liberties of the press, put the match to the magazine, and precipitated the revolution.

The rioters rose up, ready-armed, in the heart of Paris; they took possession of the arsenal, the gunsmith-shops, and the police stations. They barricaded the streets, and assailed the royal guards. The military governor, Marmont, found himself and his troops utterly unable to cope with the insurgents, and for three fiery days, anarchy reigned supreme.

Anticipating a violent persecution, like that of '93, the Catholic Colleges and religious institutions had, before this, been summarily closed. Among them, were the Seminaries of Nancy and Pont-à-Mousson. The students returned to their homes; and Felix Barbelin and his *confrères* prepared to follow their example.

An old Italian proverb says: "If God closes for us a door, He only does it that we may make for ourselves a wide gate, by which to go out and serve Him." Felix had yearned, long and ardently, to go out by the wide gate of the foreign missions, and serve his Lord and Master more perfectly; and now, he heard the door of the French Seminary closing, perhaps forever, behind Him.

His opportunity had come. His parents had hitherto opposed his apostolic designs; and, on account of the scarcity of priests in France, as well as because of his feeble health, the College authorities had, also, refused him permission.

But, on the day of the suppression, Felix went to his Superior, and asked him whether, in view of what was going on at the Capital, and what was yet expected to come, he still opposed his (Felix's) plan of becoming a missionary to foreigns lands.

"I no longer oppose it," was his immediate reply; "for I fear for you, here, the greatest dangers."

Happy in having obtained this permission, Felix hastened to obtain the consent and blessing of his good parents. His father, recognizing clearly the finger of God in this singular conjunction of affairs, resigned himself, forthwith, like Abraham, to the sacrifice of his son; but, alas, the tender mother still clung to the presence of her first-born. They had safely hidden the devoted priests of old in the house of the Barbelins,—why, then, should they not *now* be able to conceal her darling Felix in some secret spot beneath his father's roof, until the fierce storm of approaching persecution had blown over?

Our hero was perplexed, but yet undaunted. He did not wish to depart without his dear mother's blessing and approval. He began a novena to the Immaculate Conception, to obtain light and strength in his difficulty. Every day he hastened to the church of St. James in Lunéville, and there, prostrate before a beautiful copy of Murillo's famous Madonna, he besought the help of the Queen of Confessors in these fervent, touching words:

"O Mother of my dear God and Saviour, inspire my loved mother to give her son to *thy* Son!"

Could the pure and tender heart of Mary be insensible to such a prayer? No; the faith and confidence of her devout client were about to meet their sure reward.

On the last day of his novena, he fixed his gaze upon the pictured face of the Madonna, "conceived without sin,"—and, as he looked upon it long and lovingly, he fancied he saw the gentle eyes turn in the direction of his home. He rose at once, and hastened from the church; —and, reaching in a few moments the old mansion in the suburbs, he learned that his mother had been asking for him. He sought her presence without delay, and as

she held out her hands to welcome him, he saw, by the new expression in her tearful, shining eyes, that the supreme hour of submission to God's holy will had, at last, arrived.

Kneeling at her feet, the devoted son listened with deep emotion to these heroic words, worthy the sacrifice of a Christian mother:

"Dearest child," she said, "the only sorrow you have ever caused me, is the desire of leaving me and going away thousands of miles, where my dying eyes may not rest upon your loved face. I had hoped to see you a holy priest, like your uncles and cousins, laboring for the good of your own countrymen. But I know, my Felix, that the Eternal Truth has said, 'he who loveth father and mother better than me, is not worthy of me; he who loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me; and he who doth not take up his cross and follow me, is not worthy of me.' God has willed that you should sojourn in a strange country; go, my beloved son, and may He bless you forever!"

We may well believe that the tears of the good, affectionate son flowed in sympathy with the pure drops coursing each other down the mother's pallid cheeks; but he did not linger long to receive her farewell embrace. The hour was fraught with danger. He must hasten his preparations for departure. The good Bishop of Nancy, Monsignore Forbin-Janson, had already given him his *exeat:*—(the original document now lies before the writer, certifying on its time-stained page, that Joseph Felix Barbelin had followed the course of Theology and Philosophy, in the Grand Seminary of Nancy, with great zeal, for three years: that his success was very marked,—his character pure and irreproachable; and

that he possessed all the virtues suitable to the clerical state.)

But alas! a new and most terrible obstacle was about to arise in his path!

The law of the conscription was in full force. On the appointed day, Felix, with the rest of the men of his *arrondissement*, had drawn lots for the army; and now, (after his interview with his mother,) when he hurried to the Prefect, and asked for his passport to foreign lands, he was coolly informed by that official that it could not be granted, since he had drawn a bad, or unlucky, number,—*un mauvais numero!*

Our hero stood stunned, bewildered, by this awful announcement.

"But I belong to the Seminary at Nancy," he murmured, with a fast-throbbing heart.

"But the Seminary at Nancy no longer exists," grimly retorted the Prefect; "instead of a passport, *mon ami*, you are entitled to the command to join your regiment."

It was too true. The revolution had closed the Colleges indefinitely,—and, with the loss of his position, Felix had lost his last slender claim to exemption from military service.

The heart of the poor young Abbé overflowed with dismay and desolation. How could he, as a soldier of France, (whether as Republican or Royalist,) how could *he* ever enter upon that career of the camp, against which every fibre of his pure, gentle, religious being revolted!

He was born, indeed, to be a soldier, but a soldier of the Company of Jesus, for he had heard from afar-off the *reveille* of the Spirit, and he was ready to follow his great Captain to a wider field, and a more momentous

battle, than ever decided the fortunes of a Bourbon or a Bonaparte. But, a soldier of the Empire or Republic,—never!

"*In te Domini speravi, non confundar in aternam!*"

The words of the Psalmist went up "with a strong cry and tears" from the depths of our hero's faithful soul. And full of the heroic confidence of the saints, he presented himself boldly at the Prefecture, and asked for his passport.

His faith was rewarded by an apparent miracle. The clerk to whom he appealed was blinded for the time, to the fact that the young *citoyen* before him was really one of the freshly-drawn conscripts, whose names had just been enrolled in the lists of the department.

In the forcible words of Holy Writ: "his eyes were held," or, (like the idols of the Gentiles,) "he had eyes but saw not,"—*oculos habent et non videbunt;*—and, without making any ado about the matter, he handed Felix his passport.

If ever the latter thoroughly personified the meaning of his own name, it was in that eventful hour: for *Felix* he was, in truth, both in heart and name, as he grasped that important "bit o' writin,"—and hastened away with it to his anxious friends. He had put his hand to the plow; the wide fields of mission duty were awaiting his labor afar; there was no time to be lost in domestic dalliance.

His little effects were quickly packed, the last tender adieux promptly spoken, and that very same hour, Felix Barbelin was on his way to Paris. The mother's clinging affection was given no second chance to neutralize the Christian's heroic holocaust; and as her brave son released himself that day from her loving arms, and

posted away to the capital, we can imagine him chanting to himself in the words of the inspired poet:

"The child must have its mother,
My soul must have its God!"

Yet his filial feelings were deep-rooted and most powerful. It was a hard and bitter wrench to tear himself away from that beloved mother. In after years, his religious superiors, more than once, gave him permission to revisit his old home in Lorraine, and were even desirous that he should do so during his parents' lifetime,—but he never could persuade himself to renew the pang of that first, cruel parting. He had heard deep in his secret soul the divine, divorcing whisper: "Hearken . . . and incline thine ear, and forget thy people and thy father's house,"—and, having once passed the old familiar threshold for good, he looked back no more:

"Though the plough-share cut thro' the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead, and the hearths of the living,—
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

Blessed be that infinite mercy! by the time the frightened clerk at the Prefecture discovered his grave mistake, and awoke to the fact that he had actually given a foreign passport to one of the soldiers of the nation, Felix had a fair start of the *gens d'armes*.

Recommending himself fervently to the protection of the God of armies, to the sure guidance of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the immaculate Heart of Mary, his guardian angel was leading him safely and rapidly across the pleasant fields of Lorraine, and through the vineyards of Champagne, straight on to Paris. Thence, without comment or challenge, he pushed on and up, in breathless haste to Normandy, *la belle Normandie*, where the golden summer of St. Martin was mellowing and

brightening all the land. And, there on its breezy seaboard, he found himself at last at Havre.

It was *in exitu Israel de Egypto:* although close on his wake pressed the soldiery, not of Pharoah but of Louis Philippe.

Their search through Lunéville, Nancy, and Pont-à-Mousson, had been in vain; and while the Barbelin household, night and day, sent up their fervent petitions to the throne of grace for the safety of the fugitive, the baffled *gens d'armes* were tracking him across the country through the province of Champagne, and through the Isle of France, clear out to the busy Norman sea-port.

But long were their faces, and sore their hearts and their feet, when they marched into Harvre and filed down upon its quaint old wooden quay. For lo! the bird had flown! The dove had escaped the fowler. The ship which bore the young apostle to his far-off mission was even then dancing over the distant waters, many miles out upon the broad, blue, trackless sea; and favoring winds were wafting her every hour farther and farther from the shores of sunny France.

"If I take to me the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea: even there, also, shalt thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me!" And as the Lord had screened his servant Felix at the bar of the Prefecture,—as it were, with the ancient "pillar of the cloud,"—so had he led him forth to the Promised Land through the Red Sea of the Revolution, leaving his enemies, (as were left the foes of the chosen people of old,) confounded upon the shore.

If the billows of that sea of blood did not at once rise to engulf the unhappy *gens d'armes*, as well as those who had sent them out upon their fruitless errand, it was because the clerks at the Prefecture, fearing the terrible

consequences of their remissness, begged the family of the missing soldier to preserve the matter a secret.

The name of Felix Joseph Barbelin was inscribed on the roll of his supposed regiment, and after the latter's term of service had expired, the papers of the soldier of Christ were returned to his family. "We all saw in this," says his brother Xavier, "the over-ruling providence of God, who wished our beloved Felix to serve Him in the foreign missions."

CHAPTER V.

THE PROFESSOR AT POLTAVA.—THE BARBELIN SISTERS.

HAVING waved our handkerchiefs, (figuratively speaking,) from the quay at Havre, and cried a hearty "*Bon voyage!*" to our departing hero; having seen the disappointed *gens d'armes* march back to Lunéville, cursing their ill-luck, and, (like the guard of the holy Sepulchre, who carried the first news of Christ's Resurrection into Jerusalem,) ready to asseverate anything that would serve the interests of their employers,—let us linger awhile before we follow the gentle Abbé across the seas, to devote some space to the story of the dear ones he left behind; those beloved brothers and sisters who had been the playmates of his sunny childhood, and the congenial companions of his maturer years.

His eldest brother, John Peter Barbelin, was the only one of that pious family who did not enter the religious state. He was three years younger than Father Felix; and when the latter left Lunéville to enter the Grand Seminary at Nancy, John Peter came from Einville, (where he had resided for nine years with his

grand-uncle, Abbé Joseph L'hommée,) and took his brother's vacant place in the old College.

At the completion of his course of studies, he married the Princess Melanie, a young daughter of one of the noble houses of Poland, and with her emigrated to that department of European Russia known as Poltava.

The capital of this government of Little Russia, which is also Poltava, is situated on the bank of the Vorskla, a tributary of the Dneiper, many hundreds of miles south and east of St. Petersburg and Moscow, with which cities, however, as well as with Odessa, it is connected by railway.

It is a walled town, built upon a plateau with steep slopes; and has a citadel in its center. Founded in 1608, Poltava is historically famous as the scene of the disastrous defeat of Charles XII, of Sweden, by Peter the Great, in 1709. A wooden church is still shown which Peter visited after the battle; and a monument in the town-square commemorates the victory of the Tzar.

A sadder and more significant memorial is a mound forty feet high, three or four miles from the town, which marks the last resting place of the fallen warriors. It is crowned by a wooden cross, erected by Peter the Great; and is known to this day as "The Swedish Tomb."

Poltava is a fine town with broad, well-planned streets; and its buildings are separated by large yards and gardens. It has a Cathedral, and many churches; a convent, and a military academy; but it is especially celebrated for its four great Fairs, which are held there annually; the most important, called the Illinsky, lasting for weeks every summer.

It was in this town that Monsieur and Madame Jean Pierre Barbelin located their future home, and there opened an Institute for Noble Ladies, which enjoyed the

active patronage of the Empress, mother of the present Tzar of Russia.

At the date of this present memoir, Professor Barbelin is still living at Poltava, although, on account of advancing years, he is now, (as we have stated elsewhere,) honorably retired from his chair in the Institute, where he labored so long and faithfully for the education of some of the noblest maidens in the dominions of the Tzar.

He still continues, however, to occupy the post of *Commandeur* of the Order of St. Stanislaus, that commandery of the great Polish saint of the eleventh century, the martyred bishop of Cracow, who was cannonized by Pope Innocent IV, in 1253, and in whose honor the order of Knights was instituted by the (then) reigning pontiff, May 7, 1765.

Whilst Professor Barbelin and his amiable wife were founding and perfecting their Noble Academy at Poltava, Mary Barbelin, the eldest daughter at home, had been hearing, in her turn, the call of the divine Master to the work of His vineyard. Bidding adieu to her beloved parents and relatives, she went forth from the old familiar fireside with a courage like to that manifested by her brother Felix, in the fulfilment of *his* vocation; and entered the novitiate of the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul.

The field of her future labors was the first commercial port of the Mediterranean, the ancient city of Marseilles, on the Gulf of Lyons, between the twin-Capes, Couronne and Croisette.

So down she went at the voice of obedience, no longer Mary Barbelin, but Sister Mary Gabrielle, *fille de la Charité*, to where the hill-enthroned chapel and fortress of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde rise one hundred and fifty feet above

the town: and the golden, collossal statue of Our Lady, cynosure of every mariner's eye, looks down upon the port, the mountains, and the sea.

The third important town of France, Marseilles is a place of great military, as well as commercial interest. It has, besides, its vast schools of medicine, music, and drawing; its hospitals, libraries, gardens, and galleries; but the tourist finds a singular charm in its immense harbor, and its six gigantic light-houses; in the dock where lie the large steam-vessels of Africa and the Levant, or in the Rive Neuve Canal where the old-fashioned Mediterranean traders crowd in with their lateen sails; whilst the sailing-vessels of heavy tonnage are moored to the quay by their sterns.

Near the harbor is *La Cannebière*, (so called from the ancient rope-walks,)—the liveliest part of the town, where the Bourse is situated, as well as the cafés, shops, hotels, and agencies, (both naval and commercial,) presenting a brilliant panorama, rivaling the elegant gaiety of Paris.

But it is not with this fine and aristocratic quarter of Marseilles that our good Sister Gabrielle has had to do. It mattered little to her that the environs swarmed with thousands of beautiful *Bastides* or country-villas; that the *Rues La Cours* and *Bonaparte*, and the *Promenade de Tourette*, were one glittering kaleidoscope of beauty and fashion; the work of the humble daughter of St. Vincent has been in the poorest and most unwholesome wards of the great city.

North of the harbor, lies the old town, its narrow streets lined with high, closely-piled houses; and there, in the worst and most ill-favored quarters, Sister Gabrielle Barbelin has labored for *forty-five years*.

It is true, that a sacred gem of antiquity was hidden

there, among the dirt and squalor and misery of old Marseilles,—the Cathedral, which was built in the fourth century, out of what was once the ruins of a heathen temple, dedicated successively to Diana and Baal. But even the ancient Cathedral has given place, of late years, to a new Byzantine basilica of grey and white stone; and "*Nous avons changé tout celà*" might be written upon the relics of the primitive land-marks.

Although the climate of Marseilles during a portion of the year is delightful, the blowing, at times, of the *mistral*, a dry, cutting wind from the north-east, renders the temperature very trying; whilst the heat in the summer and autumn is often excessive.

But, in the teeth of the fierce *mistral*, as well as under the burning sun of summer, the good *Sœur* Gabrielle never forgets her poor. And when her district, of late years, proved to be the one most ravaged by the cholera, her tenderness and heroic charity were never wanting to her beloved sick and suffering children.

An eye-witness has assured the writer of her sublime devotedness, and of the great affection entertained for her by the poor. Nor must it be forgotten that, in spite of all her energy and zeal, dear Sister Barbelin is in the ripeness of a green old age; three years the junior of her brother, the Professor, she, like him, has passed the three score years and ten, allotted to human life.

In 1862, Father Felix wrote her as follows:

"Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia, who gave Confirmation in our church of St. Joseph twelve days ago, has just started for Rome. He promised me that if it wer in his power he would visit you in Marseilles. Perhaps you have already received his blessing; he is very zealous, and amiable in his intercourse with us. As I was ill, (with an attack of rheumatic gout, as they call it,

did Papa suffer from this infirmity?) his lordship came to see me, and dined with us on the day of his departure for New York. I gave him a few lines for Emily, and your address. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati, his travelling companion, will also probably visit your holy establishment."

Of *Sœur* Gabrielle's sisters, (we mean her mother's daughters,) the only one who is living, at present, is the youngest child of the family, (mentioned in the above extract,) Emily Barbelin. It was *her* precious and holy duty to remain with her aged parents, after all the other birds of the household had flown to far-off nests,—tending their declining years, and by her filial devotion and patient cheerfulness, keeping the silent shadow of Melancholy from the hearthstone where the two old people sat together, dreaming of their absent children.

The good mother passed to her eternal reward in 1853; and only a little more than a year later, Dominic Barbelin joined his beloved wife in the "Home, sweet Home" of God, the House not made with hands, whose inmates know no future change or separation.

United in their lives, in death they were not long divided; and the orphaned Emily found herself free, at last, to follow her heavenly vocation. For she, too, had heard, like her brothers and sisters, the voice of the Lord calling her to a higher life, to a state of closer union with Himself. She, too, was to go forth in her turn, like Marie and Josephine, to join that grand Sisterhood of Charity, of whom their holy founder, St. Vincent, said that "their monasteries were hospitals, their cells hired rooms, their chapel the parish church, and their cloisters the streets—their inclosure obedience, their gate the fear of God, and their diet holy modesty."

Before, however, she went down to Paris, and pass-

ing the gates in the Rue du Bac, tripped up the lovely avenue of limes to the Mother-house of the Daughters of St. Vincent,—she wished to do something special with her little patrimony, for the children of the poor.

We have reason to believe that she wished to establish a school for those dear little ones of Christ. And when, in one of his letters from Philadelphia, we find her brother Felix recording the fact that, "*encouraged by Emily's generous offering*," he had attemped the enlargement of a free school for the poorer children at St. Joseph's—we cannot help suspecting that the earlier Catholics of our Quaker City, owed a precious debt of gratitude to this noble young daughter of Lorraine.

Father Felix was rejoiced when he learned that she had consecrated herself entirely to God. On May 15, 1856, he thus expressed his satisfaction in a beautiful letter sent her; and encourages her to persevere:

"My very dear Sister,

"I have now a double right, dear Emilie, to give you this sweet and beautiful name, *dear Sister;* in union with the prayers of those saintly heroines, who, in all parts of the world, are devoting themselves with so much courage to the spiritual and temporal comfort of all human misery,—continue always a faithful and devoted daughter of the great Saint Vincent de Paul, and a true Sister of Charity."

Having passed successfully through her novitiate, Emily, better known as Sister Marie, became the head of one of the houses of her Order in Paris, the Holy Infancy of the Blessed Virgin Mary, (*La Ste. Enfance de Marie;*) and she is still Superior of that orphanage and *ecole professionelle* in the Rue Geoffrey—l'arnier, No. 30.

She must have shared with her Sisterhood the horrors and privations of the Commune; and she is said to have been the counsellor and comforter of the Empress Eugenie, in the dark days of her declining power and prosperity.

Many a time in those troublous years, she must have made her way down the dark, old-fashioned street, which leads past the great arch-way to the ancient church of Our Lady of Victories. And many a time in the wide, quaint interior, where every inch of the walls not covered by the enormous oil-paintings, is inlaid with small, marble tablets, (literally in thousands,) each bearing its touching acknowledgment of prayer granted or favor received, —many a time she must have knelt before the altar, all a-blaze with votive candles, and prayed fervently for her dear ones at home and abroad.

Father Felix, in one of his letters to her, (his god-child as well as his youngest sister,) begs for a memento at this very shrine of *Notre Dame des Victories;* and as the epistle in its entirety is a beautiful record of his life at St. Joseph's, in the *Auld Lang Syne*, we cannot do better than give it here to our readers, in full. The original, of course, was in French:

"J. M. J. PHILADELPHIA, *July, 1857.*

"MY DEAR EMILIE,

"A few days ago, I wrote to you in great haste, at the request of a young lady who was setting out for Paris, and who desired to pay you a visit. Her name is Cecilia Logorot, I think; she had been in America for some time, and was desirous of meeting her parents in Paris. I intrusted her with a little parcel of medals, *Agnus Deis*, etc., for your good Sisters and your little orphans.

"I thank you a thousand times for your interesting letter which, like a fragrant bouquet, reached me on the feast of St. Felix. As usual, on the 30th of May, our good children and the Sodalists were present at my Mass, and offered their Communions for your unworthy brother: they surprised me, also, by a little hymn, recently composed in honor of St. Felix, Pope and Martyr, and it was very well sung, indeed.

"For a long time you, alone, in your letters, have reminded me of my relatives and friends, the thought of whom is always so dear to me; and you have been so kind as to copy for me the letters of Pierre and Mélanie. What a consolation to know that our dear Russian and our amiable Pole are faithful to their religion! Our dear parents prayed for him and will continue to pray for us; for me, above all, the most negligent and most ungrateful, who, after receiving so many graces has profited so little.

"Our young Sodalists of the Holy Infant Jesus, of St. Aloysius, and the Holy Angels, as well as the members of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality had their grand celebration and joyful processions during the month of May. At the end of the month they had a picnic. After the coronation of a young Queen, chosen by the votes of her companions, and a series of innocent amusements, we had a beautiful procession; a rustic chapel had been erected by our Sisters, under the wide-spreading branches of an old oak tree, and whilst we were singing '*Evviva Maria! E chi la creo!*' —Bishop Wood, recently appointed the Coadjutor of this diocese, crowned the beautiful statue of our much loved Mother.

"After this ceremony, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in a church of the Society near by. Our children returned home full of joy, but very much fatigued,

"We have just got through our examinations and our distribution of prizes. At the end of the public exercises, our children, with their parents, went from the hall to the church where the Bishop, who distributed the premiums, gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The children who had received crowns, went and laid them on Our Lady's altar, thus giving her the garlands they had just received.

"Our Catholic schools are beginning to run well, but they cost something. It is not easy to get the parents to pay for them, as they are already obliged to pay taxes for the public schools. I employ some secular teachers for our little boys. But in a religious point of view, I am not satisfied. I have tried our lay-Brothers, but they are not trained for this kind of work.

"Our Scholastics teach the boys who are studying Latin; for the others, I am desirous of employing the Christian Brothers, but it costs too much, especially at the beginning. I have class-rooms, but no house for the Brothers to live in. Patience! Providence is so good.

"We celebrate, next Sunday, the feast of St. Ignatius, and the Bishop has promised to preach the panegyric of our holy Founder.

"You said in your last letter: 'I have sent you, through the Fathers in Paris,'—(what? the word is left out.) I have received nothing. If you have anything to send me, send it by some direct way.

"Will you ever decipher these lines? Whenever you and your good Sisters visit Our Lady of Victories, pray for your poor brother and god-father,

F. J. Barbelin, S. J."

His second sister, Josephine, had entered the Order of Charity before Emily, and taking the name of Sister

Julia, had been sent by her superiors to labor in the ancient city of Lille. This important manufacturing town is in the north of France, the capital, in fact, of the department of Nord, as it was once the ancient capital of Flanders.

The Paris gate, (as it is called,) a sort of triumphal arch erected in 1682 in honor of Louis XIV., after the conquest of Flanders, is still preserved as one of the mural adornments of Lille, as well as the Ghent and Roubaix gates, which date back to the Spanish domination, and are built in the Renaissance style, with brick of different colors.

The city derives its name from the old castle around which it originally arose, and which, being in the midst of marshes, was called *L'Isle* or, the island, corrupted into Lille. Indeed, the town, although elevated some seventy-five feet, lies on a low plain on the river Deule, whose waters fill the moat, so that the environs can be laid under water at any moment. This precaution, together with that of the great ramparts pierced by many gates, was doubtless rendered necessary by the numerous fierce seiges which Lille has sustained in the past, notably in the war of the Spanish succession, as well as in the later assaults of the Austrians.

It is the chief fortress of the north of France, the first army-corps having here its head-quarters; and a pentagonal citadel can be seen west of the town, on the banks of the Deule.

But being, besides, the seat of extensive and thriving manufactures, the good Sister Julia found a wide field for her devotion and charity, among the myriad poor toilers in that human hive. There, close at hand, were the spinning-mills and the dye-houses, the sugar-refineries and the distilleries;—a little farther on the tan-

pits and the bleach-fields; while around the suburbs, the great oil-mills, porcelain factories, glass and pottery works, afforded employment to thousands of busy laborers.

And O, what a golden harvest of immortal souls for one as zealous and devoted as Sister Julia Barbelin! She seems to have possessed many of the personal characteristics of her brother Felix; the same indomitable energy, the same marvellous ingenuity in the cause of charity.

As Lille is only about one hundred and fifty miles north-east from Paris, Sister Julia had more frequent opportunities of meeting and conversing with her dear, young Emily, than either of them had of seeing Sister Gabrielle, who was working away, all this time, among her poor, sea-faring folk of Marseilles.

They had occasional chances, also, of calling upon their reverend brother Xavier, who was not far off; and it is evidently to one of these happy visits that their beloved exile, Felix, alludes, in the following letter to his *Sœur Julie*, written on the feast of Our Lady's Presentation:

"J. M. J. UNITED STATES, PHILADELPHIA.

St. Joseph's Church, November 21, 1860.

"MY DEAR JOSEPHINE,

"I received your interesting letter of the 23d of last June, and it gave me a great deal of pleasure. Your interview with Marie must have been very consoling; and together you went to see Xavier! Perhaps, you paid another visit to Marie when she took her vows?

"I esteem the goodness and condescension of your kind Superiors. I have received several generous offerings from Emilie, and, quite lately, a box containing

some very fine things. I am very thankful to our dear Sisters, and hope to make a good use of their presents for the encouragement of our Catholic youth. Among the precious gifts, I found a magnificent relic of our great patron, St. Vincent de Paul; some of the hair of my father and mother; and three old letters of Jean Pierre, which I have read with great interest. As, probably, you will write to Emilie before I do, thank her, I pray you, for having sent me these letters. In my last letter to Emilie, two weeks ago, I enclosed, at your wish, a note for Mélanie and Jean Pierre.

"Owing to the heat, we have less to do in July and August; but then we have to make our annual Retreat, and we give the Spiritual Exercises to the people or to religious communities. I gave a Retreat this year to the Seminarians of Philadelphia; and another, to a Community, three hundred miles from Philadelphia; they were a hundred Sisters of Mercy, and their house is on the top of the Alleghanies.

"Now, the Bishop has just asked me to give another Retreat of eight days, before the feast of the Immaculate Conception, to the Sisters of a new Congregation in honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; their house is twenty miles from Philadelphia. I call these new Sisters the "*Blue Sisters*," because their religious habit is blue. I received, a moment ago, a letter from the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, who live seven miles from Philadelphia; they ask for a short Retreat, and want me to receive the renewal of vows. Whilst I am scratching down these lines, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who are making their Retreat, expect me to hear their confessions.

"You see that, besides our ordinary occupations, we have plenty of extras, and more, even, than we want. Our Sisters of Charity give less trouble, as they make

their Retreat by themselves, being satisfied with some direction from a good Lazarist Father, when there is one near by; otherwise, one of Ours helps them. The first Retreat I ever gave was to the Sisters of Charity, in Richmond, Virginia. I told them, as Xavier told you, that the object of our Society and yours is the same,—the glory of God, the salvation of our neighbor, and the care of youth.

"How much I would like to give a Retreat to the Sisters of Lille! But it must be in English, since I have nearly forgotten my French.

"You ask why it is that the Annals of the Propogation of the Faith say nothing about the progress of our holy religion in Philadelphia. The letters in the Annals are about the new missions, principally. In the twenty-five Catholic Churches of this city, the good is done in a regular way, going on, day by day, without any noise. In our Catholic papers, there are accounts of the various good works, new asylums, hospitals, new churches, schools, etc.

"We have many conversions; but the Catholics take up nearly all our time. Though immigration is slackening, still thousands of Irish are coming continually, and these, added to our old Catholics, and the Protestant converts, form a numerous Catholic population. For instance: at St. Joseph's, we are three Fathers; on Sunday, we have eight different services, sometimes more.

"The church is open from five o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock in the evening. A crowd goes out, and another comes in; and we have to preach at every service. We have from five hundred to a thousand Communions every week in our little church. Everywhere, but especially here, the harvest is abundant, but zealous reapers are few.

"In 1790, the population of the United States was 3,900,000; now it is over 30,000,000. The population of Philadelphia is 568,000, an increase of 160,000 in ten years; there are 90,000 houses; 28,700 having been built since 1850.

"A President favorable to the abolition of slavery has recently been elected; the Southern States, where the slaves are held, seem to be very much irritated, and threaten to secede, and form a Southern Confederacy. In that case, farewell to the prosperity of our powerful republic. The Catholics pray for the preservation of the Union. You and your good Sisters must pray for your poor brother,

F. J. BARBELIN, S. J."

"It is enough
To catch one glimpse of heaven's blue,
For us to know the beauty of the sky.
It is enough to tell a little part
Of her most holy life, that you may know
The hidden grace and splendor of the whole."

This dear Sister Julia, having fought the good fight, and run the brave race of the faithful religious, has long since, (we trust,) received the crown of life from the hands of her Divine Spouse.

After a career of heroic labor and self-sacrifice, she died at Lille, on December 11, 1878, beloved and bewailed by all. No eulogy of the writer's however eloquent, can tell the tale of her deeds and virtues, half so well or so feelingly, as the subjoined obituary notice of the dead Sister, which has been translated and abridged from *La Vraie France*, a journal of Lille, bearing date December 17, 1878:

"SISTER JULIA (BARBELIN)

"A *religieuse* well known throughout the city of Lille for her ingenious and indefatigable charity, departed this life on Tuesday morning, at the House of the Sisters of Charity.

"She was quite remarkable for the numberless good works she undertook, and the success attending them; her labor was especially among the poor. Her deeds of mercy cannot all be told; true charity does not boast, and nothing is more disagreeable to it than publicity and éclat. It would be necessary to follow the good Sister on her errands of mercy, to see what great things she did. *Her* work, in particular, was a grand one, and her death leaves a void difficult to fill.

"To say that *Sœur Julie* was a SISTER OF CHARITY is to tell in one word her whole manner of life; it is at the same time, her eulogy, as well as her best claim to the gratitude of the public. Men who undertook to despise holy things, and to destroy, one by one, the great institutions of the Catholic Church, men who insulted and menaced the Religious Orders, restrained themselves in Sister Julia's presence. They knew that they could easily excite the mob against the Jesuit or the Dominican, (many of whose good works were comparatively unknown to them,) but their endeavors against the Sisters of Charity were in vain. *Their* deeds of goodness, in visiting the sick and the outcast, were too well known. The people felt that the claim of these Sisters was above all insult or threat. Monsieur Dutillert, a rabid Republican, voiced the sentiments of all when he praised the Sisters. As Mayor of Lille, his words showed how he and every other citizen respected them.

"Sister Julia was born at Lunéville. It matters not what family name she bore; all was eclipsed by that of SISTER JULIA. By this name, she is known among the poor: by this name, she will receive her heavenly reward. When young, she was attracted by the example of her elder sister, who had become a Daughter of St. Vincent. One of her sisters, (a younger one,) is now Superioress of a Home in Paris. One of her brothers is a Jesuit Father, and another died in that order; a third brother is a Professor in a Russian University.

"In 1840, Sister Julia took her vows at Lille, and asked to be sent to the foreign missions. Her superiors thought otherwise, however, and put her in charge of the poorest section of our city. In the unhealthy slums where the rays of the sun never penetrate, in the narrow alleys where two persons cannot walk abreast, Sister Julia sought the poor and the outcast. To discover and aid the objects of her charity, in their under-ground dens or their miserable attics,—Sister Julia had to go among the most depraved creatures, who did not spare her insult or sarcasm,—but the folly of the Cross kept her to her beloved task. "Their virtue," said St. Vincent, "is the safe-guard of my Sisters." Thus he spoke, when asked why he did not give them a veil.

"For fifteen years, this holy Sister, besides having care of the poor, was in charge of an orphanage. In 1854, the Sisters were placed over the municipal institutions of charity at Lille. Here, for twenty-four years, Sister Julia labored for the unfortunate. Day after day, she went her rounds of mercy: but we must not suppose she was always receiving blessings for her kindness; on the contrary, *curses and blows were her rewards on many occasions!*

She formed a society of more than three hundred

women, whom she had rescued from dangerous courses. These came in a body to Mass, every Sunday. For them she toiled continually, until they had secured the wherewith to live virtuously and decently. Her appeals in their behalf, in such cases, were irresistible. Each one of her benefactors had a special department. It is said that the Cardinal of Cambrai had to furnish the bonnets for her poor *protégés*. Every time he came to Lille, Sister Julia called on his Eminence, and as, at each visit, the bonnets of her women were worn out, it was necessary to bespeak new ones. The Cardinal would smile, but the next summer the whole Society was fitted out with new bonnets.

"Sister Julia, also, founded at Lille, a Union where twenty orphans were supported by her care. At the time of her death, she was engaged in a work for tramps, in order to give them a lodging-place at night.

"Can we say more of this holy woman? Shall we tell of her devotion to those stricken down by the cholera in 1867,—of the spiritual consolation she imparted while nursing the sick? These things are known only to God.

"Tuesday morning, feeling the approach of death, she received the last Sacraments with sentiments of the greatest faith and piety; addressing the Sisters kneeling around her bed, she spoke of her poor, naming them in turn, and committing them to the care of the Community. She told of a family to whom a blanket was to be sent; and then knowing her task on earth was finished, she uttered a pious ejaculation, and straightway slept in the Lord. The poor has lost a mother, but Heaven has gained a saint!

"The funeral of Sister Julia took place on Thursday morning, in the Church of St. Saviour, and was attended

by a great concourse of people. The officers of the public charities were in attendance; and the orphans and the poor filled the church. Crowds assembled in the streets to do honor to the remains of *Sœur Julie*, as the funeral cortege passed to the grave. The tears of the poor were shed,—tears, precious before all others, and which, after the heavenly reward, are the highest homage a creature of God can deserve."

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER IGNATIUS XAVIER BARBELIN, S. J., AND THE APOSTOLIC SCHOOLS.

THE youngest son of this remarkable and holy family is the Rev. Ignatius Xavier Barbelin, of the Society of Jesus, at present Superior of the Apostolic School at Littlehampton, (Sussex,) England.

At the time our beloved hero, Felix Barbelin, quitted France for the foreign missions, his brother Xavier was but a little boy, (being the Benjamin of the house,) but he had already, as we have said, received his first pleasant and palatable lessons in Catechism from that dear, elder brother.

Who can say how much those early instructions may not have had to do with forming and directing the future vocation of the little Xavier? Felix was his god-father, (as well as Emily's;) and we may reasonably suppose that it was the young sponsor's boyish, but marked, attraction to the Society of Jesus, which led to his baby-brother's receiving the names of its two great founders.

At any rate, the little boy followed closely in the footsteps of his absent god-father; and, after his preparatory studies, entered, in his turn, the Grand Seminary at Nancy. Here, as he tells us, he found still lingering among the Professors, many sweet and edifying memories of his eldest brother. It is to Father Xavier, indeed, that the writer is indebted for a number of beautiful incidents in our hero's early life, which, but for the Superior of England's Apostolic School, might have sunk into dumb and blank oblivion.

And, as if he were to still further repeat the experience of Felix in the old days at home, Xavier became, (after his ordination, however,) the Director of the Little Seminary at Pont-à-Mousson. He held this position for ten years, a good, devoted priest, caring faithfully for the interests of his young seminarians; yet able at intervals to quit

"the banks of the blue Moselle,"

and visit his aged parents and his little sister Emily in the old home, forty miles away.

But God has his own designs on the souls of his chosen servants. "Make ready for Me a large *upper* room furnished," He whispers often in the ears of His elect; and even in the midst of the grand bivouac of the secular Priesthood,—to some listening sentry of Christ, some brave, heroic man, keeping his midnight-watch in darkness and cold, it is given, at times, to hear the thrilling cry: "Friend, go up higher!"

And so the voice of the Lord came to Xavier Barbelin in the midst of his priestly duties. It was his custom to make an annual Retreat with the good Jesuits at Metz; and it was here, without doubt, that he first became enamored with the spirit of their institute.

He tells a pleasing incident of one of these occasions which reveals the high repute in which his brother Felix was held by the Father General of the Society. Whilst Father Xavier was making the Exercises of St. Ignatius at the capital, a good lay-Brother was charged with the care of his room. The Brother was well-acquainted with the Barbelin family, and asked news of Father Felix.

"But it is *you*," said the reverend visitor, "who should be able to tell me of him, as he is a member of your Society."

"So thought I, your Reverence," returned the Brother, "but I was mistaken. Mr. Felix, I find, is not a Jesuit."

"What!" cried the Father, "my brother not a Jesuit! That is too much. We have just received a beautiful letter from Philadelphia. He is Rector of the College there, and Superior."

"No, your Reverence, you are mistaken," insisted the good lay-Brother; adding by way of explanation: "*I* used to think as you do, but we have a Catalogue in which all the Fathers and Brothers of the Society are inscribed, and which I have read over and over again,—yet I did not find therein the name of Father Felix Barbelin. So he is not a Jesuit."

It was useless to say more. Nothing could make the worthy Brother believe that either he or his catalogue was at fault; and Father Xavier was forced to leave him undisturbed in his erroneous convictions.

The following year, however, when the Director of the Seminary at Pont-à-Mousson came to make his customary Retreat at Metz, poor Brother B. hastened to correct his mistake, and going down upon his knees, humbly begged Father Xavier's pardon for having,

involuntarily, excluded from the Society one whom the Father General had publicly commended as a model to them all,—as a real saint!

And then it came out, that Very Rev. Father Roothaan, S. J., had visited Metz during the year, and given an exhortation to the Fathers and Brothers of that house. In the course of his remarks, having recalled the remembrance of the first members of the Society, the Father General added:

"Even at this day, we have in the Society, Fathers who by their piety, devotedness, and holiness of life, emulate the example of our founders; I might name several in distant lands——"

And the very first name he mentioned was Father Felix Joseph Barbelin, of Philadelphia, whom he eulogized highly.

Of course, the example of that holy and beloved relative, could not help but influence Father Xavier, and attract him still closer to the Company of Jesus.

But alas! a fresh heart-break was in store for his tenderly devoted mother. It was not enough that her eldest-born had consecrated himself to the arduous life of the foreign missions,—that her two dear daughters, renouncing the delights of home, had also gone forth to toil and suffer for the poor of Christ, but now her beloved young Abbé Xavier must needs follow Felix in the *Via Crucis* of the religious vocation. What greater, what more cruel trial, could her loving heart support,—and live!

Hence, when the call of the divine Master became too pressing to be longer resisted, and when Father Xavier expressed his intention of entering the Noviceship, the family physician and several priests, (who were friends of the Barbelins,) told the young Abbé that he

could not in conscience go, since, if he persisted in entering the Society, his mother would literally die of grief.

Poor Father Xavier was sorely perplexed. But the sublime spirit of self-sacrifice which animated the mother of the Maccabees in the Old Law, and nerved the heart of a St. Felicitas in the New, is not lacking, thank God! even in the degenerate days of the nineteenth century. Madame Barbelin was more than a mother,—she was a *Christian:* and when the supreme moment came, she did not weakly shrink from the crowning holocaust of her long, heroic life.

> "One trial more must yet be past,
> One pang—the keenest and the last;
> And when with brow convulsed and pale,
> My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,—
> Redeemer! grant my soul to see
> That, 'as her day, her strength shall be!'"

So might that valiant woman of Lorraine have exclaimed, in the words of one of America's sweetest singers. Bravely seeking the presence of her youngest son, she said to him;

"Yes, I feel that it will cost me my life, but I have no right to oppose the Will of God:—you ought to go."

Sublime words, worthy the mother of such a generous, self-sacrificing family!

"Three months afterward," says Father Xavier, "notwithstanding a suffering state of health, she came, accompanied by my young sister, to see me for the last time. One month later, (August 30, 1853,) she died like a saint." As her day, was, in truth, her strength.

Sorrowing, but not as those who have no hope, her affectionate son persevered in his novice-ship, and was stationed, in due time at the College of *La Providence*, at Amiens.

This old city in the plain of Picardy was called "Little Venice" by King Louis XI., because in the old quarter of the town, it is cut up with the numerous canals of the Somme. It was the birth-place of Peter the Hermit; and has another historical significance from the Treaty of ephemeral endurance, signed there in 1802,—the "Peace of Amiens," arranged by Joseph Bonaparte on the one side, and the Marquis of Cornwallis on the other, in a vain attempt to settle disputed points between England, France, Spain, and Holland.

This was about sixty years before Father Xavier Barbelin found himself located at the College in the Rue de Narine; and some ten years later, Amiens fell into the hands of the Germans, during the Franco-Prussian war. The French owed their defeat to General Manteuffel, whose line of battle, on November 28, 1870, extended from Saleux to Marceleane, the extraordinary distance of more than four leagues.

The year before, a new and remarkable work had been inaugurated in the capital of the Somme. Father Felix Barbelin, in his far-off American mission, had often spoken of the good that could be effected by a College whose sole end would be to seek out and train up apostolic laborers for the vineyard of the Lord. But it was reserved for a certain Father de Foresta to lay the corner-stone of this new institute, at Avignon, in the year 1865. The zealous founder had been so consumed with desires for the salvation of souls and the conversion of the heathen, that all through his religious life as a son of St. Ignatius, he had yearned to go as missionary to China.

God willed it otherwise, however, and the counsels and commands of his superiors restricted his labors to his native land. Our Lord is ever bountiful to the gen-

erous soul that seeks His glory. He saw and counted every burning desire of His servant's obedient heart, and He, (who so truly accepts the will for the deed,) sent him, in the end, the inspiration to found the Apostolic Institute.

A training-school of vocation, not only for the Society of Jesus, but for any other of the religious Orders of the Church, to which the students may feel a special attraction, those of its graduates who become secular priests, bind themselves by a promise to go forth as laborers on the foreign missions.

The importance and sublime ends of *l'Ecole Apostolique* can be readily recognized at a glance. What the Church especially needs to-day is not merely good priests of undoubted virtue and blameless lives, but an unfailing supply of Apostolic workmen—systematically trained to meet the myriad difficulties and dangers of a missionary life,—clear-witted and generous-hearted enough to achieve the grand work of the Apostolate.

Monsignore de Segur,—who used to call the Apostolic School "one of the most splendid flowers of the Church's garden,"—has further said that: "It is with vocations as it is with plants; in order that the germ of a plant—of a lily, for instance—may grow, unfold its leaves and beautiful flowers, certain conditions are required, without which all would be lost. Good ground is necessary; also the light of the sun to a certain degree: heat and dew from heaven. Great care must be taken to save the stem of the lily from being broken. It is even so with vocations to the priesthood; that they may grow and bear fruits, they must be taken care of, they must be guided, must move in an atmosphere of sanctity, otherwise, they are sure to perish."

To save the stem of the lily from being broken,—such was one of Father de Foresta's paramount concerns. This blessed work was begun at Avignon,—the venerable seat of the exiled Popes in the fourteenth century,—Avignon, whose blustering unwholesomeness has been epitomized in the old proverb: "*Avenio ventosa, sine vento venenosa, cum vento fastidiosa*,"—(windy Avignon, liable to plague when it has not the wind, and plagued with the wind when it has it.)

But plagues and winds to the contrary, the grain of evangelical mustard-seed sown within the crenellated walls of *Avenio ventosa*, by Jesuit hands in 1865, took root, and bade fair to become a great tree in whose branches the (apostolic) eagles and doves of Christ might all find shelter.

In the College of *La Providence* at Amiens, the religious were reading the annals of Father de Foresta's institute, with the deepest interest.

One day at recreation there, the Father Socius said to Father Xavier Barbelin: "*You* should establish a similar work at Amiens."

"I can scarcely find time for my present employments," was the latter's reply.

"It is a pity," said the other, "for it would have given pleasure to Father Provincial."

"O, that is a different thing," said Father Xavier. "If it be the desire of my Superior, all I ask is permission to consult St. Joseph. We are within ten days of his feast; I shall make a novena with some of our Fathers, and then I will communicate with the Father Provincial."

The novena was made; on the feast of St. Joseph, Father Xavier made a pilgrimage to St. Acheul, where he offered the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and begged our

divine Lord to make known to him His will, through the merits of His adopted father.

Then and there, "I understood perfectly," says the founder of *l'Ecole Apostolique* at Amiens, "that Almighty God desired the work to be undertaken,—but that to direct it, I myself must become a better religious;—this I promised."

It was agreed upon, at once, with the Father Provincial, that Father Xavier should go and prepare everything so as to open the school at the close of vacation.

The new foundation was near the College of *La Providence;* and, in spite of exterior circumstances, war, German occupation, revolution, and other material difficulties, the School increased so rapidly that it was soon unable to accommodate the many embryo Apostles who flocked to it from all parts of the world,—from France, England, Ireland, Iceland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Lapland, Russia, Germany, Belgium, Italy, and even America.

It was established the very year Father Felix Barbelin passed to his eternal reward; and as St. Joseph had been, from first to last, the tutelar patron of Philadelphia's Apostle of the little ones, so he was the devoted guardian of the founder of the *Apostoliques* in Amiens.

It was he, the Foster-father of Jesus, who procured for the little missionaries of Father Xavier, many striking favors, both temporal and spiritual; and when the decrees of proscription were issued in 1880, condemning to exile, not only the inmates of the house of Amiens, but those of its offspring, the Apostolic School of Boulogne, it was St. Joseph who raised up for them all a generous and devoted friend across the channel, in the Rev. Irvin Neave, parish-priest of Littlehampton, who secured

for them a charming asylum in that little sea-side resort in the south of England.

Situated between Brighton and Portsmouth, just across the sea from Honfleur, Littlehampton is one of the loveliest spots in Sussex, with a chain of beautiful parks along its coast, the chief of which is Arundel Park, not far from the splendid castle of the Duke of Norfolk.

And here at Hampton House, now known as St. Joseph's Apostolic School, Father Ignatius Xavier Barbelin is at present engaged in training his young Apostles for the mission fields of the vast, unexplored regions, whose inhabitants are sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.

Numbers of Schools similar to his own have been established by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus during the past twenty years, in different quarters of Europe; and Pius IX., of holy memory, not only opened the treasury of celestial Indulgences in their behalf, but also granted them the privilege of celebrating every year a special Mass and Office, in honor of "the Child Jesus in the Temple at the age of twelve years,"—a particular feast of the *Apostoliques*, observed annually on the Sunday within the octave of the Epiphany.

Our present illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII., confirmed the privileges extended to them by his lamented predecessor; and a few days after his enthronization, sent them a special blessing.

The angelic piety and simplicity of these young clients of St. Aloysius, St. Stanislaus, and the Blessed Berchmanns, are evidenced in an extract from a letter which we translate from one of Father Xavier's *Comptes-rendus*, (or annual bulletins issued to the patrons of his School in Amiens and Boulogne.) It is addressed by a young *Apostolique* to the mother of one of his comrades:

"My well-beloved Mamma,

"In reading these first words of my letter, you will doubtless exclaim to yourself: 'Who is this little gentleman, who has the assurance to call me his mother?' I am going to prove to you by a syllogism that I am in the right,—that I am your child, and you are my mother. The mother of a child is at the same time that of his brothers, and since I am the brother of Louis, who is your child, then you are my mother. Louis became acquainted with my Papa whilst he was coming to Littlehampton, and since that voyage, Papa loves all the *Apostoliques* as his own children. Louis writes to him from time to time; and I show him my letters and papa's replies. In return, Louis showed me yesterday, your last good letter. I was charmed and profoundly edified in reading it; I could almost believe that I was reading a letter from my own dear mamma. It really seemed to be the same thing.

"How happy are you to be able to communicate every day! My parents have done so, also, all the thirty-two years since they were married. Here, we are only permitted to communicate once, twice, or at the most, three time a week. Louis communicates three times a week, a privilege which is not granted to any but the very best-conducted. As for *me*, I am not actually a little demon, only a little *bébé*; in spite of my seventeen years and seven months, I am not allowed to approach the holy Table oftener than twice a week. So that when I see Louis and my other brothers go to communion more frequently, I envy their happiness. And when those who have thus communicated, return to the study-hall after their thanksgiving, I try to approach as closely as possi-

ble to Louis, my neighbor, in order to adore Jesus who is within him, visiting his heart."

* * * * * * * *

Do not these closing words recall the incident of the little St. Mary Magdalene dei Pazzi, in her guileless infancy creeping close to her mother after Holy Communion, because, (as she said,) her mother's garments at those times were full of the odor of Jesus, full of the exquisite perfumes of the Host?

"Draw me," such a soul might exclaim to her Beloved, the Choicest among thousands: "Draw me, and we will run,—" (not *I*—as Segneri remarks,—but *we* will run,) "after the odor of Thine ointments!" The great heroic heart of a saint, of an Apostle, does not run *alone* to follow Christ, but brings with it innumerable companions and disciples to the feet of its divine Master.

One of the latest foundations of Apostolic Colleges is that of the Sacred Heart at Limerick, Ireland; the Isle of Saints having been pronounced in itself an inexhaustable mine of vocations for the Apostolic life. Many of our readers may have been present at old St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, in the beginning of the current year, (1886,) when Rev. Father William Ronan, S. J., made his eloquent and touching appeal in behalf of that same Limerick College, of which he is the worthy questor; and they will not soon forget the impression produced upon them, by the sublime, but simple, (or sublime *because* simple,) words of the Irish Jesuit.

A number of our American bishops in the South and West, have concluded, it is said, to follow the example of his lordship of Limerick, and make the Apostolic

School of Mungret Abbey, in future, their diocesan Seminary.

Thus, while Father de Foresta unselfishly resigned the hope of becoming himself a missionary to China, the institute which he founded, has been sending forth, ever since, and, please God, will continue to send forth to the end of time, its thousands of zealous young missionaries,—not only to the (miscalled) Celestial Empire, but to evangelize the heathens of the whole unconverted world.

"Amen, amen, I say to you," saith our Lord, "unless the grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." So, let the good will of a holy man fall into the sacred soil of religious Obedience, and there expire to all selfish interests,—and lo! its royal harvest is swift and sure of coming.

Father de Foresta, in France, renouncing through obedience, his mission to China, and Father Felix Barbelin, in the United States, sacrificing, (as we shall soon see,) for the same cause, *his* mission to the American Indians,—in the rich fruition of their joint, heroic labors, may feelingly proclaim this truth to many a suffering soul, whose noblest desires have been thwarted, and whose purest plans set at naught by the rulings of the all-wise and all-powerful Will of God:

"I think if thou couldst know,
O, soul that wilt complain!
What lies concealed below
Our burden and our pain;
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those longed-for things
We seek for now in vain,—
I think thou wouldst rejoice, and not complain

PART II.

RELIGIOUS LIFE AND LABORS OF FATHER FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN, S. J.

"Thus he conducts, by holy paths and pleasant,
Innocent souls and sinful souls forgiven,
Towards the bright palace where our God is present,
Throned in high heaven."

—*Cardinal Newman.*

"And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

CHAPTER I.

HIS VOYAGE FROM HAVRE.—HIS ARRIVAL AT NORFOLK.—HIS NOVITIATE.—GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.—HIS ORDINATION.

ALL this while, we have left our dear young Abbé Felix on board his good ship, which is ploughing its way through the wide green fields of water, quite unconscious of its honor in bearing the future Apostle of Philadelphia to the shores of the New World. Less than a score of years earlier, Napoleon I., the vanquished

hero of Waterloo, had been borne upon the *Northumberland* between the coasts of Africa and South America, to his banishment on the island of St. Helena. Chateaubriand, (who, by the way, was a contemporary of Felix Barbelin's, resigning office under Charles X., the very year Felix quitted France,)—the author of the "Genius of Christianity," wrote of that voyage of the hapless Emperor:

"Bonaparte crossed the ocean to repair to his final exile, regardless of that beautiful sky which delighted Columbus, Vasco de Gama, and Camoens. Stretched upon the ship's stern, he perceived not that unknown constellations were sparkling over his head. His powerful glance for the first time encountered their rays. What to him were stars which he had never seen from his bivouacs, and which had never shone over his empire? Nevertheless, not one of them has failed to fulfil its destiny; one-half of the firmament spread its light over his cradle, the other half was reserved to illuminate his tomb."

How different were the experience and the emotions of our dear Felix in *his* voyage to a final, but self-imposed exile! No ambitious and baffled potentate was he, no disappointed and embittered politician. "The heavens declare the glory of the Lord, and the firmament showeth his handiwork!"—often were those sublime words upon his lips, as he gazed up with pure, adoring eyes into the broad, starry arch above him, or peered forward into the midnight darkness of the main, beyond its curtaining clouds, longing to annihilate time and space, and make haste to begin his labors as a soldier of Christ, in the vast, unknown continent toward which he was sailing.

Of him, indeed, it might have been said, as of

Napoleon, that "while one-half the firmament spread its light over his cradle, the other half was reserved to illuminate his tomb," but between these two extremes of birth and death, lay not in *his* case the transient glories of blood-bought conquest, or the passing glitter of imperial sceptre and crown, but the bloodless victories of immortal souls, the sure promise of a crown and sceptre more lasting and more splendid than earth could ever give.

It was on or about the feast of St. Stanislaus Kostka, the little confessor of the Society of Jesus, that the future Jesuit set sail from Havre. Those were not the days of swift and costly steamships, of rapid and pleasant transits across "the Atlantic ferry." To go down unto the sea in ships was both a tedious and perilous undertaking fifty years ago; and the old-time navigators needed stout hearts and exhaustless patience.

The feast of our Lady's Presentation came and went,—then St. Francis Xavier's day, (full of tender thoughts, no doubt, of the little brother Xavier at home;) next, the prime festival of our peerless Queen, her Immaculate Conception, shining out amid the purple shadows of Advent, like a pure diamond or a pearl of great price, upon folds of violet velvet. Still the vessel pitched and tossed upon the stormy waves, the mighty billows threatening often to engulf her, the fierce December winds lashing her sides and masts, as with the myriad whips of unseen furies.

Once, a frightful tempest arose, and the Captain, (an old jack-tar,) declared he had never in all his experience seen anything so terrible. It was as though all the malign spirits of the sea and air were fighting to drive back the ship and her precious burden from their destined

port, striving to sink the future missionary in the deepest depths of that awful ocean.

Our poor young hero was prostrated with *mal-de-mer*, and in those trying weeks of mortal fear and sickness, doubtless, the *mal-de-pays* was not wanting to pierce the very core of his lonely, loving heart. It is in times of physical exhaustion, and in that season of reaction which invariably follows hard upon days of heroic deeds and grand self-sacrifice, that the evil one is ever busy with his perplexing doubts and temptations.

Our own late Bishop of Philadelphia, the saintly John Nepomucene Neumann, tells us in his journal, (a touching record of his youth, in which he most ingenuously lays bare to us the secret trials of his virgin soul,)—how long and bitter were the hours of desolation that immediately preceded and followed his departure from his loved fatherland. Forced to leave home, (as Felix had been,) without having received the crowning grace of Holy Orders, young Neumann gave vent to his grief in these pathetic words:

"I must set out on my journey without imparting the priestly blessing to my dear parents and friends, without offering the Holy Sacrifice for their spiritual welfare. This thought grieves me to the heart. It will render the separation more difficult——" So far the piercing cry of flesh and blood; but the sublime faith and courage of the servant of Christ supply the closing apostrophe: "Still, O my Jesus! I am Thine,—my parents are Thine! Multiply *my* sorrows, but pour out on them Thy consolations!" *

Through dark days, however, as well as bright ones, (St. Philip de Neri used to declare that God gave them to us alternately during life,) the hand of the great Mariner

* Life of Rt. Rev. J. N. Neumann, D. D., Chapter vi. page 92.

guided the old French ship, (as it had guided Neumann's,) —to its destination;—and six weeks after leaving Havre, on the 21st of December, 1830, Felix Barbelin landed at Norfolk, Virginia.

The first person to welcome him on his arrival, was the pastor of the Catholic Church at Norfolk, Rev. Alexander Hitzelberger, who afterwards entered the Society of Jesus, and lived for some time at old St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, as one of Father Barbelin's assistants. Some of our elder readers may still recall the superior English of Fr. Hitzelberger's discourses, and the charm of his singularly clear and measured enunciation.

As it was close upon Christmas, Felix pushed on at once to Georgetown College, District of Columbia, where he must have spent the Christmas holidays of that year; since we find him, on January 7, 1831, entering upon his noviceship at Whitemarsh, Maryland.

He was then in the twenty-third year of his age. His novice-master was Rev. Father Fidelis Grivel, S. J., and under his kindly, judicious care, Felix began at last his long-desired career as a genuine son of St. Ignatius. We can imagine with what fervor he devoted himself to the various exercises of the novitiate: how promptly he responded to the *Benedicamus Domino* in the dawn of the winter day,—how eagerly he hastened to the chapel for his visit before meditation; how humbly and lovingly he drew close to his Beloved, in those long hours of prayer when he sat with Mary at the Master's feet, hearkening to the Voice whose accents "are sweeter than honey and the honey-comb."

We can fancy his great devotion at the daily Mass; and it will certainly be a pleasure for us to follow him in spirit, while he partakes of that daily bread of the Jesuits, the reading of *Rodriguez*; while he joins with

his fellow-novices in some light manual-labor, (for the greater increase of humility;) and while he assists at the Conferences, or bears his part in those Catechetical instructions for which he was, later, to become so famous.

After his particular examen, just before noon, (a practice which Benjamin Franklin describes in his autobiography, and which, as some one remarks, he probably got from the Catholic family with which he boarded in London,) we will venture to accompany our hero to the Refectory, where he is certainly not behind his companions in his little acts of penance and self-abasement. And we may suppose that the Latin in which he accuses himself of any little breach of the rules, is better than that which was termed in other days, "a fracture of Priscian's head."

One novice, less skilled, once confessed on such an occasion: "*Orbem terrarum fregerim*," meaning that he "broke an earthen plate!" And another, being told to make a matter of having broken his *Prie-Dieu*, or praying-desk, and having had no opportunity to consult a dictionary, began: "*Reverendi patres et fratres carissimi, accuso me de meâ culpâ nem quod—nem quod—*" but there he stuck fast—and having stammered "*nem quod, nem quod—*" several times, in a vain attempt to ciceronianize the word *Prie-Dieu*, he gave it up at last as a bad job, and, looking up innocently at the minister, broke out with: "Father, how do you say *Prie-Dieu* in Latin?"

Something like a laugh resounded in that solemn place, as a voice retorted in sententious accents: "Say *aliquid*."

We think it was Father Faber who once said that a Jesuit novitiate was more like a little paradise, than any other spot outside of heaven. And the remark has a

special force and significance as coming, not from a son of Loyola, but from a devoted son of Philip de Neri.

An experienced American writer who was privileged to share the noviceship with many distinguished Jesuits, (but whose bad health prevented him from completing his course,) has left this tribute to the novitiate, which is well worth citing:

"It is a little republic of the Spartan stamp; there are no servants, no menials. Each must do his own work, in spite of any aristocratic pretensions he may have; and these, in some parts of continental Europe, are no slight matter. Be he what he may, once invested with the black cassock of the order, distinctions are forgotten; and my Lord This, or Cardinal That, is reduced to simple Brother or Father. . . . . There was once a residence in Belgium of which the Earl of Shrewsbury was rector, a viscount and baron, minister and sub-minister. Even in the present century an ex-King, in the abundance of the article, became a lay Brother among the Jesuits in his kingdom of Sardinia, and, in all probability, died amid his prayers and beads, a happier man than his ill-starred descendent Charles Albert, lured by ambition, by republican and national feelings . . . . . to cope with the power of Austria, and die a fugitive at Lisbon.

"This leveling in religious orders dispels all complaint; and one who had seen Cardinal Odescalchi a few years since, after holding the highest offices in the court of Gregory XVI., afterwards as a simple Jesuit, sweep his room, and proceed along the corridor with the dust-pan in one hand and the broom in the other, could not feel himself lowered by doing the same. Good Father Odescalchi! how gravely he moved along! Verily, the broom seemed a crozier, and the dust-pan some sacred vessel, so dignified his port and mien. This, alone, would

lead you to suspect his former position; for in his intercourse with us, he was all ease and affability—in nothing differing from the rest."

Cardinal Odescalchi was the one who ordained to the priesthood our present illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII; and the Golden Jubilee of that happy event will soon be celebrated all over the Christian world.

But, to return to our dear novice at Whitemarsh. The days passed rapidly, every moment filled in with prayer or work, study or needful recreation; and all offered up with a free heart to the greater glory of God.

Once, during vacation, an amusing incident happened. The novices were making an excursion into the country, and our hero was one of the party. Their destination had, of course, been indicated to them in advance by their superiors; and whilst they were *en route*, the leader of the band expressed a desire that some one of the youngsters would go ahead, and prepare for the arrival of the others. Felix in his desire to please, volunteered to become the scout; forgetting all the while that he did not know the road.

His offer was accepted,—and off he posted. But, alas! the woods of America were not the woods of Lorraine. Night began to fall. He soon lost his way. After trying repeatedly to find it, trudging round and round in hopeless bewilderment, he suddenly bethought himself that his dear mother at home when she lost her thimble, needle, or scissors, was accustomed to pray to St. Antony for help. It had grown dark by this time. Down he knelt in the middle of the road, and invoked with fervor the saint of Padua:

"O, dear St. Antony! it is yours to recover that which is lost,—assist me, then, to find the lost road!"

He had scarcely concluded the *Pater* and *Ave*, in

honor of the saint, when he saw the glimmer of a light through the darkness ahead. He followed the friendly beacon, and found that it shone from the windows of a house, near at hand. The proprietor was a Protestant gentleman, but he received the lost novice most kindly, and at once put him on the road which led to his destination.

It was a literal fulfilment of the text, "the first shall be last;" for, on reaching the terminus of his tiresome route, Felix found his companions all awaiting him: and much amused they were at the adventure into which his good nature had betrayed him. During the remainder of his life he reposed great confidence in the intercession of St. Antony, and when anything was missing at old St. Joseph's, it was always his habit to recite a *Hail Mary* in honor of the great Franciscan.

Having passed through his period of religious probation in a most edifying and satisfactory manner, he made his devotional vows at Whitemarsh on the feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, January 15, 1832. He was then sent back to Georgetown College.

The antiquated and aristocratic town in whose west-end the College stands, was founded by the colonial government as early as 1751, on the left bank of the Potomac, and is only two or three miles from the Capitol. It has a beautiful site along a range of hills, whose tallest points, known as Georgetown Heights, are adorned with charming villas and country seats, an extensive prospect being afforded of the river below, and the city of Washington in the distance.

Georgetown College is the oldest Catholic college in the United States. The Jesuit Fathers established it first as an Academy, in 1789, but ten years later, it was

chartered as a College, and in 1815, received the right to confer degrees.

It has now a handsome library of upwards of 30,000 volumes, an extensive apparatus for physical science, and a museum of Natural History. But when Felix Barbelin went thither from Whitemarsh, more than half a century ago, things were much more primitive, and appliances more limited. The institution was then simply an English and classical College, the medical and legal departments which it now posesses, not having come into existence, respectively, until 1851 and 1870.

Our dear Felix became forthwith, Professor of French and assistant Prefect at the College; and meanwhile, pursued to their close his philosophical and theological studies. As a Professor or a Prefect in an American College, he was not a decided success. It was not the real mission for which heaven had designed or fitted him. There was a certain originality about him, a sort of freedom and childlike *naïveté*, which could not be planed down to fit the monotonous groove of college-requirements. He was essentially a flower of the field, and a lily of the valley.

Even in the after days, when presiding over the large and flourishing Sunday-School at St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, every one knows that Father Barbelin could never keep order as other strict disciplinarians kept it. His only law was the law of love: and he had all the toleration of an indulgent father, (or rather *mother*,) for the good-natured disorder of his noisy but devoted flock of lambs. He could tolerate anything,—except sin.

Just about the time of his arrival at the College, an unusual mutiny had broken out among the students, which made it hard lines for some of the Professors;

but, (as a contempory remarks,) so great was the respect of the rebels for the little French Prefect, that he could move among them freely, without fear of consequences. Nevertheless, his simplicity, and his imperfect knowledge of English and the customs of the country, were rather at a disadvantage among a set of lively lads, whose tricks and tantrums were quite beyond his control.

Some of the boys of that famous class, now matured and sobered men, can still indulge in a hearty laugh over their reminiscences of good Mr. Barbelin, Professor and Prefect, vainly striving to "keep studies," or disseminate the elegancies of the French tongue, among the mischievous and merry collegiates of old Georgetown.

But, like the fable of the boys and the frogs, what was fun to them was nearly death to their victimized teacher; and that he felt deeply the manifold annoyances of his position, can be gathered from the following letter, which he wrote later to a friend in Rome,—Mr. Mulledy, who, if we mistake not, afterwards became a member of the Society of Jesus. The original epistle, written in English, abounds with curious idioms and abbreviations; but we will try to make its sense clear to our readers:

"*A. M. D. G. et B. V. M. H.*

"GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, *April 22d, 1834.*

"MOST DEAR BROTHER,

"One of our students is starting this very day for Philadelphia, intending soon to go to Rome, there to continue his studies. Though but a few moments remain to me, I will at least in a few lines renew to my beloved friend the assurance of my sincere affection. Since your departure and that of our good companion, how often was

I, in spirit with you! And last year especially, for it is in time of trial that we feel most severely how hard it is to be separated from a bosom friend. I say, in time of trial; for being then Prefect for the first year here, being in want of the English language, and so many other qualities, ... that year was in the highest degree difficult for me, and God knows what I had to suffer; but thanks to Him, thanks to my good Mother Mary, the Mother of our dear Society!—this trial is over, and Mary has not abandoned her unworthy child. Though I am this year in the same office, I am far from finding in it the same difficulties. Besides, I teach the second French Class; Mr. Lucas, the first; and Mr. Lilly, the third.

"Since the violent *émeute* which broke out this year in our College, more than eighty boys have left; some others have joined; thus we have one hundred and twenty boarders, and twelve half-boarders.

"The Philodemic goes on its way in an honorable manner, though the number of its members has been considerably diminished; since the return of Father Ryder, Father Fenwick, who was its President, gave in his resignation, and Father Ryder again resumes the chair. Cleary is Vice-President. Some other Societies, such as the Academic, Pytosophical, Peithean, Philogallic, Nightingale Club, etc., have successively flourished."

[He had managed to revive in the College the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which had been established there December 8, 1810, but had fallen from its first fervor; and he induced many of the merry, but innocent, students to enroll themselves in the service of the Immaculate Queen. He alludes to it in this same letter to Mr. Mulledy:]

"Our Sodality is going peaceably its humble way.

Father Fenwick is Moderator; G. Kennedy, Prefect; J. Meridith, first Assistant; and Nicholas Stonestreet, Secretary. Lee Horsey died a few days ago, at Emmittsburg. This morning, all our College assisted at the burial of Brother Faye, who died of consumption just after having taken his vows. I fear lest his brother be taken away by the same disease. All the Fathers and Brothers are tolerably well. Father Mulledy had a few days past a violent attack, but he has now entirely recovered. Father Grassi has been dangerously sick, but is now as well as ever, is always much feared by the boys, and is the firmest pillar of study in Georgetown College. Father Fenwick is tolerably well, just come back from a little trip to Frederick and Emmittsburg, and more than ever the friend of all our boys. The vocation of Mr. L— for martyrdom acquires new strength every day. Mr. Bally * is always sickly, and Mr. V— in the third heaven. Brother Henry seems to have enjoyed very good health for these two years past: he is always chief doctor of the Infirmary, assisted by Brother M—, whose sanctity and charity continually increase.

"The New-building continues to be the admiration of all visitors. The old Chapel has been divided into several rooms.

"Fathers Lucas and Hardy still attend Trinity Church, where, on Good Friday, your brother delivered a most excellent sermon. Father McElroy is at this moment at the College, always taken up with his extraordinary enterprises for the glory of God. His brother studies that he may follow his example. . . . . O, please excuse my scratching: my hand is running fast that I

* Rev. Augustine Bally, S. J., Superior of the Mission at Goshenhoppen, who lived to a green old age.

may be able to trace a few lines to my good Mr. B. (Barber.) Pray for your old friend, intercede for him at the tomb of the Saints of the Society of Jesus, you have the happiness to venerate: but above all, pray for me to our good ——

"Of course, our last agreement is still present to my mind.

"*Totus tuus in Smis C. J. M. J. et Ign.*

(BARBELIN.)"

He made his first religious vows in the chapel of Georgetown College, on the Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, January, 1833; the celebrant of the Mass on that occasion being Very Rev. Peter Kenny, S. J. Father Kenny was Visitor from Ireland, and the founder of the Maryland Province. He was a famous pulpit-orator, and remained in this country about three years.

It was not until November 13, 1841, (the feast of St. Stanislaus Kostka, the patron of his voyage to America,) that our hero made his last vows in Holy Trinity Church, Georgetown; and the one who received them was the Very Rev. Francis Dzierozynski, S. J., Superior of the Province. But meanwhile, his labors and studies went on unceasingly at the College.

It was during the administration of Andrew Jackson; and being close to the seat of government, Felix had frequent opportunities of satisfying his curiosity and interest in the affairs of the nation, of which he became a naturalized citizen in December, 1835. From first to last, he was devoted to the best interests of his adopted country. He had a natural genius for statesmanship, and when we present a letter which he wrote about this time, to a friend and fellow-novice in Europe,

our readers will no doubt be surprised at his conversance with the leading questions of the day, and his general grasp of the political situation :

"*A. M. D. G. et B. V. M. H.*

"My dear Mr. Barber,

"O, that I could fly with the bearer of this letter, and press to my heart the beloved friend with whom I spent the two finest years of my life! God does not wish that I should so soon enjoy the pleasure of your presence: let His will be done. My co-scholastics, in their letters to you and Mr. M—, have entered, I suppose, into every particular concerning the College. I shall not repeat them: only allow me to request you to join us in thanksgiving for the goodness of God towards this most dear and interesting country. Conversions take place every day, and new churches arise. A fine one, (the best, it is said, after the Cathedral,) has just been blessed in New York by the Bishop. Mr. Pease (Pise?) delivered a splendid oration. (That young clergyman, after having been missionary at Washington, Annapolis, Superior of the new College of Bishop Dubois, is now parish-priest in New York.) The abstinence of Saturdays, as you likely know, has been suspended for ten years: new Bishops have been appointed; a new See formed, and another at Vincennes to be formed: but you know, I suppose, this news before we do.

"You heard about the warm question last year concerning Nullification, and that of this year about the Bank; those contests have no other effects for us, but that of affording us opportunity of listening to fine, eloquent speeches of Messrs Clay, Webster, Calhoun, etc. Their talents, the public papers, the inhabitants of the different cities are against the President, but the greatest

part of the good, wise old farmers are in favor of Jackson. The votes have just been taken in the two Houses; the majority of the Senate was *against* the measures taken by the President; and the majority of the House of Representatives *for:* thus, still does the President triumph. Many bankruptcies take place, many banks are shut up, etc., but all these inconveniences shall be, I hope, transitory.

"Major Downing, that old friend whom you know, I suppose, has, after a little while of silence, brought forth a last letter which beats all his preceding epistles. The old Randolph, Wirt, Blair, etc., and several other respectable members of Congress died this year, (1834:) and one of them died in the House, just as he was beginning his speech against Jackson. His wife, who was in the opposite gallery, broke out in lamentations, and the House immediately adjourned.

"Canada has just sent ninety-two resolutions, in which their grievances were mentioned, to the English Government; they are to be supported by O'Connell. In case England should be engaged in a war, most probably Canada would declare itself an independent Republic; the man who would unite the votes for the Presidency, is already designated.

"Bishop England is back from his journey to Hayti. I have no time to read over this little scratching, which I wrote *currente calamo*, but your good heart will excuse me. I am most obliged to you for kind remembrances; but it is in your prayers, especially when directed to the Blessed Virgin, that I wish to be remembered, according to our compact. The stage is just starting, farewell, dear friend. BARBELIN.

P. S.—Mr. O'H—, ancient student of our College, who is, or was, to carry you this letter, has a certain design to join the Society, if no change . . . . . "

In 1835, on the festival of the Seven Dolors of our Blessed Lady, which fell that year on Sunday, September 17th, Felix Barbelin was ordained to the priesthood, by his Grace, Archbishop Eceleston of Baltimore,—having received the sub-diaconate and diaconate on the 15th and 16th of the same month.

With him, as twin spirits in the grace of Holy Orders, were the elder of the Fathers King, S. J., and Father Bally (mentioned in one of the above letters,) who was for many years pastor of the Church of the Most Holy Sacrament, Churchville, Berks County, Penna.

What a happy day was that when, at last, the Archbishop's hands were imposed upon our beloved hero, and the seal of the holy oil consecrated him forevermore to the service of the altar! Only God and his blessed Mother could understand the fulness of the joy which inundated his saintly soul, when he seemed to hear the chorus of invisible angels singing to him in strains of celestial sweetness: "Thou art a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedech!"

For this he had forsaken his own dear Lorraine, for this he had sacrificed parents, home, relatives, and friends,—and now, clothed in the royal garment of detachment, which adorns the King's elect, he could look up to heaven with a free heart, and cry out to the supreme Arbiter of his future destiny: "Speak, Lord! for thy servant heareth!"

He had not long to wait for the divine fiat. There were, to be sure, two years of parish duty as assistant to Father Lucas, at Holy Trinity Church, Georgetown; he was appointed to that position in 1836. But this was only a scattering fire for the young soldier of Christ. He used to often laugh in later years, over the recollection of the first marriage he blessed during his Georgetown

mission—that of two paupers at the District almshouse! Thus did Poverty, (the fair, austere bride of St. Francis Assisi,) set her immortal signet on the work of our young missionary, and espouse him for her own.

When he had attained the age at which his divine Master went forth from the seclusion of Nazareth, to preach, and teach, and heal, through all Judea,—"Jesus himself was beginning about the age of thirty years,"—the fiat of holy obedience came to Father Felix Joseph Barbelin through the lips of his superiors, and Philadelphia was the Promised Land of his apostolic labors.

He had offered himself to the Indian missions,—but he had been told that *his Indians were in Philadelphia.*

CHAPTER II.

FATHER GREATON'S "POPISH CHAPEL"— IS REBUILT IN 1757.—ITS PASTORS AND PRIESTS.

"In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn, the apostle,
Stands, on the banks of its beautiful stream, the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads, whose haunts they molested."

TO this, our old City of Brotherly Love, (where Longfellow thus located the exiled Evangeline,) came the early Jesuit missionaries from Maryland in the seventeenth century, to attend to the spiritual wants of its few Catholic inhabitants. As early as 1686, only four years after the settlement of Pennsylvania, Mass was said in certain private houses in Philadelphia, being offered for the first time in our city, some say, by a Father

Harvey, S. J.,—but, (as is more authentically stated in the *Woodstock Letters*.) by Father Harrison of the Society of Jesus; and the adorable Sacrifice of the altar continued to be offered, and the Sacraments administered secretly by holy missionaries of the same Society, for nearly half a century thereafter. They could only officiate in private, however; and in public, were always disguised.

During those fifty years of arduous and difficult ministry on the part of the sons of St. Ignatius, the Catholic element in Philadelphia increased to such an extant, (presumably by the influx of Irish emigration.) that their religious Superiors in Maryland deemed it fitting and proper to give the good people a church and pastor of their own. To this end, the Rev. Joseph Greaton, S. J., was dispatched to the Quaker City on the Delaware, in 1731.

Says the modest historian of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, (published at Woodstock College, Maryland.)—"We lately found an interesting paper relating to this first visit of Father Joseph Greaton to Philadelphia. On this paper we find the following note: 'This I have heard from Archbishop Neale, the 4th of December, 1815, the first day he was Archbishop of Baltimore.' The document itself is as follows: 'Mr. Greaton, one of the Jesuits of Maryland, being informed that in Philadelphia there was a great number of Catholics, resolved to try to establish a mission for their spiritual comfort. In order to succeed the better, he went first to Lancaster, where he had an acquaintance by the name of Mr. Doyle. The object of his journey was to know from his friend the name of some respectable Catholic in Philadelphia, to whom he could address him-

self, and by whom he could be seconded in his laudable exertions to found there a mission.

'Mr. Doyle directed him to an old lady very respectable for her wealth, and still more for her attachment to the Catholic religion. Father Greaton, on his arrival at Philadelphia, presented himself dressed like a Quaker to the lady, and after the usual compliments, he turned his conversation on the great number of sectaries who were in that city. The lady made a long enumeration of them—Quakers, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Church of England members, Baptists, etc., etc. The Father then asked her:—'Pray, madam, are there here any of those who are called Papists?'

'Yes,' she replied, 'there is a good number.'

'Are you one?' asked the Father.

The lady stopped a little, and then acknowledged that she was.

'I am one, too,' added the priest.

This gave rise to many other questions, among which was the following: 'Have the Catholics any Church?' The lady answered 'No, they have none.'

'Do you think they would be glad to have one?' continued Father Greaton.

'Most certainly, sir, but the great difficulty is to find a priest.'

'Are there no priests in America?'

'Yes, there are some in Maryland, but it would be impossible to get priests from that quarter.'

'No, not impossible,' said the missionary, 'I, myself, am one at your service.'

'Is it true?' asked the lady, with warm interest, 'is it true that you are a priest?'

'Yes, madam, I assure you I am a priest.'

"The good lady could not contain her joy to see after

so many years a Catholic priest, and like the Samaritan woman who, having found our Lord Jesus Christ, ran to announce it to the citizens of Samaria, she went through the neighborhood, and invited her Catholic acquaintances to come and see a Catholic priest in her house. This was soon filled with Catholics, for the most part Germans. Then Father Greaton began to expose to them the object of his journey. At that very meeting, a subscription was opened to raise sufficient funds to buy lots, and build a Catholic church. All willingly contributed to this good work. They bought lots and a house of their hostess, who acted in a very generous manner."

Father Joseph Greaton has been supposed by some to have been a native of Ireland, from the province of Connaught. Some importance has even been attached to the fact that his name is occasionally found recorded as Josiah or Isaiah Crayton; but, in spite of the pleasure it might afford many of our readers to believe that the first pastor of old St. Joseph's, was a full-blooded Irishman, we are forced to admit that the most reliable authorities declare him to have been a native of Lynton, Devonshire, England. The name Josiah or Isaiah Crayton was, doubtless, assumed with his Quaker coat and broad-brimmed hat, as one more in keeping with a supposed disciple of George Fox.

Father Felix Barbelin once held in his possession an ancient manuscript letter, addressed to Father Greaton by a friend in Boston, in which the writer speaks of the beautiful homestead of the Greatons at Ilfracombe in Devonshire. Back of that old market-town and seaport on the Bristol Channel, the bold headlands are adorned with many fine villas and cottages which rise in terraces, commanding picturesque and magnificent views; and we may reasonably suppose that it was in one of

these venerable mansions that Joseph Greaton first saw the light, some forty years after the Parliamentary War. He was born in 1680, it is conjectured of a wealthy Royalist family, since, as he was intended for the Church, and the penal laws of, (what might be called with grim satire,) "merry England," were then in force,—he was sent to the Continent for his theological studies, and there became a priest. After ordination, he entered the Society of Jesus, July 5, 1708; and made his vows of solemn profession on the feast of St. Dominic, August 4, 1719.

About that date, he came into his patrimony, which appears to have been considerable; for contrary to the custom of the Society, he was granted permission to apply his inheritance to missionary purposes.

"It was with this money," says the reverend annalist of St. Joseph's Church, "that he purchased the grounds on the Nicetown Road, and in other places in the City and State; and it was with Father Greaton's money that Father Harding, at a later period, procured a large lot of ground in Fourth Street above Spruce, extending back to Fifth Street, and built the original St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, no appeal having been made to the faithful, and no grant having been obtained from the Proprietor."

Before coming to locate in Philadelphia, Father Greaton had formed, at Lancaster, the nucleus of a Catholic congregation, which was afterwards attended by Father Geisler, S. J., and, later still, by the Very Rev. Bernard Keenan, of venerable and precious memory, who was the first priest ever ordained in the Quaker City.

The Jesuit founder of old St Joseph's, was a man of singular zeal and energy of character, who travelled and labored with persevering courage through the three states, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. But the mis-

sion which was to make his name famous and beloved to all Catholics of our time, was his foundation of that "*blessed St. Joseph's*," (as the saintly Bishop Bruté termed it,)—the cradle of Catholicity in this part of the world, the church to which has been most appropriately applied those words of the Inspired Text:

"My eyes shall be open, and my ears attentive to the prayers of him that shall pray in this place: for I have chosen and sanctified this place that my name may be there forever, and my eyes and my heart may remain there perpetually."

It was in 1731, that Father Greaton purchased a lot of ground near Fourth, and south of Walnut Street, and began the erection of St. Joseph's Chapel. It was only a room eighteen feet by twenty-two, whose modest proportions might have recalled the living-room of the Holy Family at Nazareth, or the Cenacle of the Apostles at Jerusalem. It was completed in February, 1732, and the first Mass was celebrated in that primitive church on February 26th, of the same year.

The chapel was so built as to seem a portion of the good Jesuit's residence, having very much the appearance of an out-kitchen attached to the large and substantially-erected mansion, which was commenced in 1732 and completed in 1733. That ancient, roomy house is still standing, and forms a part of what is now called St. Joseph's College.

Before it was ready for occupation, the little Chapel had excited the jealous suspicions and fears of the Quakers. As early as 1708, William Penn in a letter to Governor Logan, (dated 7th month, 29th day,) reproached him with the words: "Here is a complaint against your government, that you suffer publick Mass in a scandalous

manner. Pray send the matter of fact, for ill use is made of it against us here."

This reproach to the contrary, it is contended by some, that the Quaker founder of our State and City was secretly a friend of the Catholics, and that his protest to Logan, (like Pilate's to the Jews,) was prompted solely by a fear of "the powers that be;" but, as one of our Catholic journals recently remarked: "Whether William Penn was a friend to Catholics or not, his last male descendant, the grandson of his granddaughter, William Penn Gaskell, died a Catholic in Philadelphia, and is buried at St. John's Church."

St. Joseph's Chapel at Fourth, below Walnut Street, was surmounted not with a cross but with a chimney: its congregation, (as Thompson Westcott asserts,) consisted of eleven members, although a more reliable authority in those old church statistics, computes it to have aggregated forty people; ("where," asks Mr. Griffin, "were the Irish emigrants?")—yet, insignificant as were these beginnings, they could not escape the notice of the authorities.

Finding his little chapel threatened, Father Greaton appealed to the Governor for protection; but the latter gave him to understand that his only resource was to make the basement of the Church, his dwelling-place. The authorities could secure to him the unmolested possession of a residence, but not of a Popish Chapel. Father Greaton took the hint, and up to the time when his residence was ready for occupancy, he made his abode in St. Joseph's basement, having his sleeping-room and kitchen, (the writer has been told,) just about that spot where the back staircase of the present residence terminates, underground.

It was somewhere along here that he received from Eng-

land several valuable paintings in oil, wherewith to decorate his little Chapel. One of them, a picture of St. Ignatius, Founder of the Society of Jesus, is still to be seen at St. Joseph's, having been inserted above the mantel in that room known as the Provincial's Room; another, the *chef d'œuvre* of some old master, represents St. Francis of Assisi, contemplating a Crucifix, and is in the principal parlor. But, meanwhile, the vigilant Quakers were becoming convinced that active measures were needed to uproot this flourishing little plant of Popery from their exclusive centre. Philadelphia might mean City of Brotherly Love to the followers of Fox,—but there was no *brotherly love* to spare for the offensive Romanists.

At a session of the Provincial Council, July 25, 1734, (Thomas Penn, one of the proprietors, being present,) Lieutenant-Governor Patrick Gordon, as president of the meeting, informed the Council, (we copy from the minutes thereof:)

"That he was under no small concern to hear that a house, lately built in Walnut Street, in this city, had been set apart for the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, commonly called the Romish Chapel, where several persons resorted on Sundays to hear Mass openly celebrated by a Popish priest. He conceived, he said, the public exercise of that religion to be contrary to the laws of England, some of which, particularly the 11th and 12th of King William III, are extended to all His Majesty's dominions; but those of that persuasion here, imagining they have a right to it from some general expressions in the Charter of Privileges, granted to the inhabitants of this Government, by our late Hon. Proprietor, he was desirous to know the sentiment of this Board on the subject. It was observed hereupon that, if any part of the said Charter was inconsistent with the laws of England,

it could be of no force, as being contrary to the express terms of the Royal Charter to the Proprietory. But the Council having sat long, the consideration thereof was adjourned to the next meeting; and the said laws and charters were then ordered to be laid before the Board."

So the matter rested for a little while, which, however, must have seemed long enough to the first pastor and people of St. Joseph's, until July 31st, (curiously enough, the feast of St. Ignatius of Loyola, who must have been making special intercession for this young foundation of his disciple') when the subject was reconsidered as follows:

"The minutes of the preceding Council being read and approved, the consideration of what the Governor then laid before the Board touching the Popish Chapel was resumed, and the Charter of Privileges, with the laws of the Province concerning liberty, being read, and likewise the statute of the 11th and 12th of King William III, chapter 4, it was questioned whether the said statute, notwithstanding the general words in it, 'all others, his Majesty's Dominions,' did extend to the plantations in America, and, admitting it did, whether any prosecution could be carried on here by virtue thereof, while the aforesaid law of this province, passed so long since as the fourth year of her late Majesty, Queen Anne, which is five years posterior to the said statute, stands unrepealed. And under this difficulty of concluding upon anything certain in the present case, it is left to the Governor, if he thinks fit, to represent the matter to our Superiors at home, for their advice and directions on it."

Nothing more was done at this time, but four years later, after Governor Gordon's death, the Penn family did not hesitate to reproach his successor with his remiss-

ness in the matter, writing at that date, (1738,) to James Logan: "It has become a reproach to your administration that you have suffered the publick celebration of the scandal of the Mass."

Nevertheless, although those primitive City Fathers, controlled by a deliberate and temporizing spirit, are said to have taken no active measures to rid themselves of the objectionable *Mass-house*, tradition tells us that it was thrice leveled to the ground by the British soldiery, and was only saved a fourth time from a similar fate, by the consummate prudence and address of Father Henry Neale, S. J., who arrived from England in 1740, and became Father Greaton's first assistant at St. Joseph's, on April 21, 1741.

It was, doubtless, this intolerance on the part of his countrymen, which led the English Jesuit to build his little chapel in such a secluded spot. Under the spreading walnut trees which gave name to the ancient street, St. Joseph's of 1744 was close to one of the largest buildings of the times, the old Quaker Almshouse, enshrined in the lines of our American poet as:

"—— the almshouse, home of the homeless,"

which,

"Then in the suburbs stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands."

Its very contiguity was in itself a protection to the little "*Romish Chapel:*" and within the distance of a quarter of a mile was then the house of our First President, the immortal Washington, he who said to a priest, (afterwards an Archbishop of the Catholic Church,*) in allusion to a full-length picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which hung at the head of his bed: "*I cannot love the Son without honoring the Mother.*"

* Most Rev. Ambrose Marechal, D. D., of Baltimore.

Here, with the commodious homesteads of the wealthy Friends on the north and east, and with the stately mansions of the foreign ambassadors, with their full retinue of Catholic servants, on the south and west, the good Father Greaton lived and labored for the space of eighteen years.

His assistant, Father Henry Neale, in 1747, purchased from the proprietors of Pennsylvania, 121 acres in Berks County, the place known as Goshenhoppen, for £25. The following year, Father Greaton purchased 373 acres in the same locality for £51; and these two tracts formed the foundation of the Jesuit mission at that point, which still continues active and flourishing, under the name of Churchville, Colebrookdale.

It was about this time that Kalm, a Swedish traveller, visited Philadelphia. He has left it on record that, "the Roman Catholics have in the south-east part of the town, a great *house* which is well-adorned, and has an organ." This description probably referred more to the pastoral residence than to the Chapel.

A calm steals over the heart, rebuking the busy, bustling spirit of to-day, when we contemplate in fancy, that primitive temple under the waving walnut trees; those peaceful shades through which the old-time Jesuits paced to and fro, murmuring sacred office or holy beads, —their seclusion only stirred in a dreamy sort of way by the soft rolling by of a foreign minister's coach, or the occasional passing of a placid Broadbrim, or demure Quakeress along the sunny road to the ancient Almshouse. And all the while, low to the east, the little antiquated boats went up and down the blue waters of the Delaware, so lately mirroring on its shining bosom the canoes of the plumed and painted savages.

The mission of Father Henry Neale at St. Joseph's

was a brief one. His duties were onerous, and we judge him to have been a delicately-reared gentleman of station. He succumbed to the heavy toil of missionary life in 1748, dying on the fifth day of May, at the comparatively early age of forty-six. Although a native of England, he was related to the well-known Neales of Maryland; and had been a member of the Society of Jesus for nearly a quarter of a century. He was buried near St. Joseph's Chapel; and Father Greaton was again left to labor alone.

Occasional assistance was rendered him, however, by Father Robert Harding and Father Theodore Schneider. The last-named was a Bavarian who had entered the Society at an early age, and was a man of great erudition, having, it is said, professed Philosophy at Liege, and been Rector Magnificus at Heidelberg. It was he who built in 1748, the first Chapel of the Most Blessed Sacrament at Goshenhoppen Farm,—the land purchased, (as we have before stated,) by Father Neale, the year prior to his death. In his labors at that spot, he was assisted for a while by a Father Wilhelm Wapeler, a native of Westphalia, who founded the ancient Jesuit mission at Conewago, Adams County, Pennsylvania, in 1741.

In 1750, Father Joseph Greaton, the founder and first pastor of old St. Joseph's, was recalled to Maryland by his Superiors; and, three years later, on the 19th of September, he died at the House of the Society at Bohemia Landing. During his eighteen years' pastorate at St. Joseph's, Father Greaton always claimed to be a citizen of Philadelphia, and in his will, styled himself "of Philadelphia." *

That document bears date September 2, 1749. A

* A stained glass window has very appropriately been inserted by the Sacred Heart Sodality, to the memory of FATHER JOSEPH GREATON in the recently renovated Church of St. Joseph, Willing's Alley.

reliable authority says that, "He devised all his worldly goods to his friend, Robert Harding of Philadelphia, gentleman; and in case of the death of Robert Harding before himself, to Robert Digges of Prince George Co., Maryland; the executor to be Mr. Harding or Mr. Digges. The witnesses to the will were Rev. Theodore Schneider, John Dixon, and Patrick Carroll.

"This 'last will and testament of Joseph Greaton' was proved in August, 1753,"—the month before his death. The residuary legatee, "Robert Harding, gentleman," was no other than Father Robert Harding, S. J., who had arrived in this country, from England, the very year St. Joseph's Chapel was erected. He labored in Maryland, and occasionally in Pennsylvania, until Father Greaton's recall in 1750, when he was appointed to succeed the latter as second pastor of the little Chapel among the walnut trees. Father Schneider came once a month from his station at Goshenhoppen, to assist Father Harding in his ardous duties, and to hear the confessions of the Germans in Philadelphia, and thereabouts.

In April, 1757, Father Harding gave to the Provincial authorities an account of the members of his congregation. There were then seventy-eight females and seventy-two males, (mostly Irish.) who were over twelve years of age, and had made their First Communion. Father Schneider's congregation consisted of one hundred and seven males, and one hundred and twenty-one females, all Germans. This large increase in the number of worshippers called for more room; and accordingly, that same year, (1757,) the original little Chapel was pulled down to give place to a more pretentious structure running east and west, sixty by forty feet.

The Reverend annalist of St. Joseph's has preserved

and printed an extract from the letter of a gentleman, who in his youth was a member of this modest little Chapel. He describes it as follows:

"It occupied all the ground enclosed in the modern structure. It was an oblong building, ... with the ceiling arched in the centre, probably not more than twenty feet high from the floor; the sides along the north and south walls having flat roofs, about twelve feet high. It had no gallery, but there was a small organ-loft at the west end under the arch. The roof had its main supports from a series of posts resting in the pews of the north and south aisles. The Church was badly lighted, and worse ventilated. The few windows in the north and south walls merely afforded what is termed 'a dim religious light.' Transgressors who sought religious grace, found in that little Chapel naught to distract their minds or their eyes, in the way of ornamental art or gaudy show. It was built for and appropriated solely to the worship of the only Superior recognized by an intelligent and consistent Catholic.

"The walls exteriorly were rough-cast and pebble-dashed, thus throwing difficulty in the way of Young America inscribing his name thereon, for the edification and benefit of anxious inquirers or unborn millions.

"It was an entirely plain building about one hundred feet long, with a flat roof on each side about fourteen feet in width, extending the whole length. There were probably eight windows in the north front, of medium size, with old-fashioned, eight-by-ten window glass in them. The entrance to the church was through a small door-way at the end of each front; and this fact seemed to create a law for those who lived up town to use the Walnut Street passage-way, and for those who lived in a southerly direction to use the Willing's Alley gate.

"The only efforts attempted for many years in the way of internal improvement, consisted simply in white-washing the walls. The chancel enclosed about three-fifths of the width of the building, thus leaving room for several pews in the north-east and south-east corners, the latter of which were occupied by a race of colored Christians, who, I am afraid, have all been called away."

The writer further remarks that it was here that Rev. John Hughes was ordained; he who afterwards became Archbishop of New York, and held a distinguished position in literary, controversial, and political circles.

A picture of this ancient church, (well authenticated,) is still extant at St. Joseph's, and has been examined by the present writer. There was only one altar, and over it in time, was hung a splendid painting by Pennsylvania's own famous artist, Benjamin West, which at this date adorns the principal parlor of St. Joseph's residence. The beautiful work was executed in Rome, and was presented by Mr. West to Father Farmer, S. J., (of whom we will speak further presently,) in grateful acknowledgment of letters of introduction to various artists in the Eternal City, given to West by the gifted Jesuit.

The subject of this ancient altar-piece has been defined by some as the flight of Hagar and Ishmael; but others, more skilled in the proprieties of art and historic unities, declare it to be a representation of the return of the Holy Family, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, from Egypt to Nazareth. * * * * * *

Mr. Griffin, in his sketchy little *History of Old St. Joseph's*, speaking of this particular period of Philadelphia Catholicity, says: "Although the number of Catholics was not as large as the arrivals might lead us to infer, yet the few there were alarmed some Protestants.

England and France were then at war. Braddock's defeat excited alarm—that Catholics would massacre the Protestants. Lord Louden, who commanded the British forces in America, ordered a census to be taken. That showed that 'in and about' Philadelphia there were on April 29, 1757, a total of 403 Catholics, male and female, above twelve years of age who 'received the Sacraments,' and that 253 of these were Germans. The whole number in Pennsylvania was 1635, and these were in care of Fathers Harding, Schneider, Farmer, and Manners. The returns showed Catholics in Lancaster, Berks, Chester, Cumberland, York, and Northampton counties, besides Philadelphia. A law was then passed, prohibiting Catholics from being members of militia companies, and they were, also, prohibited from having 'any arms, military accoutrements, gun-powder, or ammunition.'"

Father Farmer, S. J., whose real name was Father Ferdinand Steinmeyer, was sent to St. Joseph's in 1759, not only to assist Father Harding in the care of his growing flock, but also to perform missionary duty through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York, which was then called New Cæsarea.

This remarkable man, to whom the ancestors of half a million Catholics in New York owed their first lessons in Catholicity, was a German, born in Suabia in 1720. He was thoroughly educated; and in his youth, devoted himself to the study and practice of medicine. But God called him to be a physician of the soul rather than of the body; and he entered the Society of Jesus at the age of twenty-three. He offered himself for the Foreign Missions, and was appointed to China; but the order was suddenly revoked, and he was sent on the English Mission. He labored at Lancaster for some half-dozen years, a model of poverty and humility; and then in 1759, (as

we have said,) was sent to St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, to assist Father Harding.

Every month, he visited New York *on horseback*, and devoted himself to the work of instructing, confessing, baptizing and anointing such as needed his priestly offices there, and in celebrating holy Mass.

"The amount of self-sacrifice, labor, and suffering that such a charge demanded," says the gentle historian of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, (*in "Our Cardinal's Lifetime,"*) "may not, at first sight, appear; for modern conveniences in the way of travelling have accustomed us to look lightly upon journeys. A century ago, such an apostolic district involved long days spent in the saddle, exposed to the weather of all seasons.

"Father Farmer is thus described by one of his spiritual children and converts, (Mrs. Corcoran, of Philadelphia:) 'He was tall and upright, of a ruddy, pleasing countenance, graceful in manner and fluent in conversation, full of *bonhomie* and anecdote. He was a frequent and welcome guest at the table of Catholics and Protestants, partaking moderately of the good things placed before him; not unfrequently called from the hospitable board of some wealthy citizen to anoint the dying or advise the doubting, and always leaving a void behind him. In his disposition, he was gentle, like his Model, but showing by the bright flash of his light gray eye, that he could feel for his Master's honor and defend his cause. He was a philosopher and astronomer, intimate with the *literati* of his day, and, in 1779, one of the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, soon to be Philadelphia's pride.'

"Such was the man, who by his devoted labors gained the hearts and won the admiration and veneration of all among whom he ministered. Such was the man, whom the Catholics of New

York considered the real Apostle of the Faith in that city."

When Father Carroll, afterwards the first Bishop of Baltimore, became Superior of the American missions, he appointed Father Farmer, Vicar of New York, which he governed from St. Joseph's. He it was who formed the primitive congregation of St. Peter's Church in New York City, which celebrated, last year, the centennial of its erection in 1785. The Catholics of the great metropolis have, therefore, just cause to acknowledge with humility and gratitude their obligations to the good Jesuit Father from old St. Joseph's, Philadelphia.

And while Father Farmer devoted himself to the care of souls in Gotham, Father Harding was laboring as a faithful steward of Christ in the Quaker City. Caring zealously for all the spiritual needs of the living, he buried the dead in the little churchyard, west of St. Joseph's, where the treasured remains of those who had passed to the Silent Land, reposed peacefully under the spreading walnut trees.

"It was rather the increasing demand of resting-places for those who 'sleep in the Lord,'" says the Reverend annalist of St. Joseph's, "than the increased number of those 'fighting the combat,' that induced Father Harding, in 1763, to employ the money of Father Greaton in purchasing 'St. Mary's Burying Ground,' and, building that Church which, in 1810, was enlarged to its present noble dimensions."

All these works for the glory of God and the good of souls, did not prevent the pastor of St. Joseph's from aiding Father Farmer in his extensive missionary labors through Pennsylvania and the adjoining States; and so spending and being spent for Christ, nature yielded at last to the grievous strain upon her powers, and Father

Robert Harding died at St. Joseph's, on September 1, 1771, (as our annalist tells us,) "beloved by all, and keenly, bitterly, and affectionately lamented."

He was succeeded in the pastorate by Rev. John Lewis, S. J., whose administration of affairs does not seem to have been marked with any very striking events. He was soon recalled to Maryland, where he afterwards became Superior; and his successor at St. Joseph's was the famous Father Robert Molyneux, S. J., of colonial fame.

CHAPTER III.

ST. JOSEPH'S FROM THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION UNTIL 1838.

FATHER Molyneux, (despite the Gallic character of his name,) was an Englishman, born in Lancashire, June 24, 1738. He became a Jesuit the very year St. Joseph's was rebuilt by Father Harding. "His was an eventful life," says a local Jesuit writer; "his it was to instruct the first Archbishop of Baltimore in philosophy; his it was, while at St. Joseph's, to receive a copy of Bishop Challoner's letter, informing the Fathers in England of the suppression of the Society of Jesus; his it was to direct St. Joseph's congregation when it no longer made a man a pariah to be a Catholic, but when even a Quaker thought Catholic influence of sufficient importance to be courted,—in the early days of the colonial struggle."

Father Molyneux was pastor at the little old church during all the Revolutionary War. On JULY 4th, 1776, the very day when the grand drama of the DECLARATION was being performed at Independence Hall,—a drama which was likely at any hour to become a bloody tragedy,—a marriage took place at St. Joseph's, the contracting parties being, (as the old church-register avers,) a certain

James Welsh and Honora Mullarkey. A Philadelphia writer has only one comment to make on these brave-hearted, *ante-bellum* nuptials: "Being Irish," says he, "we needn't ask if they had descendants, but we ask are any of them living?"

Father Molyneux's assistant during all these stormy times was Father Ferdinand Farmer. Writing from Philadelphia on March 13th, 1785, Father Farmer thus addresses Rev. Dr. Carroll, of Baltimore:

"If my letters of the 22d of February are not lost, your Reverence will find that I applied for permission to say two Masses on Sundays, and also on the greater holy-days, in the absence of Mr. Molyneux; for our old Chapel is generally overcrowded at the first Mass, and the French priest or chaplain is leaving this city next month."

Dr. Carroll, as we have said, had already appointed Father Farmer, Vicar of New York, where his labors were arduous and many-sided.

"Nor was his zeal," says the historian of "*Our Cardinal's Lifetime*," "confined to New York itself, but all along the route from Philadelphia, he had his stations and his missions which he visited every month,—keeping the light of the true faith burning brightly, kindling devotion no less by his saintly example than by his God-inspired words. Troublous times were those in which he lived; all around him the great struggle for national independence was being waged; but no fear of death hindered his ministry. While souls needed his help, theirs should it be; and we find the patient, courageous, zealous priest passing and repassing through New Jersey, for two years (1776–78) the seat of the war, and occupied in turns by the royal and provincial troops. He penetrated alike the hostile camps, heedless of the risk of a

bullet. With admirable self-possession, he could attend unmoved to his simple duties, and baptize and instruct little children within earshot of the enemy's guns.

"There was another war going on, far more disastrous and terrible in its effects—his it was to baffle the snares and attacks of the powers of darkness. So he fought untiringly with weapons not of this world, having for his hope *in cœlo quies*—rest on earth he tasted not, desiring like the great Apostle to spend himself and be spent in his Master's cause. Proud was he of his title *Soc. Jesu missionarius*, and bitter was his grief when the Society of Jesus being suppressed, he had to forego this precious name. Its substitute, *missionarius apostolicus*, was perhaps more honorable in the eyes of the world, and truly did he deserve it, for his was the office and work of an apostle, his too the apostolical spirit and unction.

"Great was the interest he felt in the cause of liberty and independence; and not seldom did he point out the duties of true patriotism. He took part in the celebration of the Declaration of the National Independence; and in 1781, officiated in St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, at a solemn service of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the assistance rendered by the French troops to the cause of freedom."

The centennial of this latter important event was commemorated at St. Joseph's, (as our readers well remember,) on Sunday, October 23, 1881, when a grand High Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated, and an eloquent discourse delivered by Rev. William Francis Clarke, S. J., of Loyola College, Baltimore.

The occasion was one of peculiar solemnity. The altar was brilliantly illuminated, and adorned with vases of living plants upon pillars of porphyry; and the

venerable church was otherwise decorated with the American and French colors, which contrasted happily with the white and gold of the ecclesiastical colors, prescribed for joyous festivals.

About two thousand persons were present, among whom were many individuals of note and distinction; and the music of Haydn's Mass in C. (familiarly known as the *War Mass*,) was given by an augmented choir with full orchestral accompaniment,—the services concluding appropriately with the singing of the "*Te Deum laudamus.*"

The Marquis de Rochambeau, after having gracefully expressed, in a letter to the Rev. Joseph M. Ardia, S. J., then pastor of St. Joseph's, his regret on behalf of the French delegation, that he and his companions were unable to be present on the occasion, to join in that noble hymn of thanksgiving in which his ancestors participated with ours, a century ago,—called later at St. Joseph's to pay his compliments in person, and to visit the spot made memorable by that grand dual celebration.

On the evening of October 23d, in the same church, took place the blessing, by Rev. W. F. Clarke, S. J., (assisted by Rev. J. M. Ardia, S. J.,) of a new marble Tabernacle and Exposition, which had been erected on the main altar of St. Joseph's in commemoration of the great event of the morning. An appropriate instruction was delivered by Rev. Father Clarke, and the ceremonies were brought to a close by the solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Father Clarke, S. J., in his masterly discourse of the morning, presented so graceful and vivid a *resumé* of the events attendant on the surrender of Earl Cornwallis at Yorktown, to General George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces of America and France,

that we cannot do better than re-frame some of his beautiful word-pictures in our present work, for the benefit of future readers:

"The focus of excitement and eagerness for news," said the reverend orator, "was this city; for Philadelphia was then the seat of government. Here, Congress held its sessions, and then Congress was supreme; and here the foreign ambassadors had their residences. The French army had passed through Philadelphia on its way south in the beginning of September; but then its destination was unknown. Its reception here, on the afternoon of the 30th of August, was more like a triumph than a mere passage. The whole city was in the streets in gala dress. Ladies with gayest smiles, waved their handkerchiefs; men whirled their hats above their heads, and the air rang and rang again with *huzzas* of welcome.

"The President of Congress, in an elegant suit of black velvet, (says the chronicler,) at the head of that august body, and the French Ambassador, Chevalier de la Luzerne, assisted Count Rochambeau to review the troops as they filed by, in their brilliant uniforms and glittering arms, with banners flying and bands playing; and every one marvelled at the precision with which they performed their evolutions and fired their salutes, and seemed convinced that the gallant Frenchmen were invincible.

"On the following day, after a parade, which was witnessed by at least twenty thousand persons, the superior officers dined, by invitation, with the French Ambassador, and among them was the Ambassador's son, Count de Charlu, a lieutenant-colonel in one of the regiments. Scarcely were they seated, when a sealed package was handed the Minister.

"In a moment, every tongue was silent, every eye was fixed on his Excellency, every ear attentive. In the midst of breathless silence, he announced that Count de Grasse, with the French fleet, had reached the Chesapeake. A burst of applause greeted the announcement; the news reached the streets; the Secretary of Congress, Charles Thompson, called to pay his respects and offer his congratulations; and soon the rejoicing populace gathered about the house, and added to the hilarity and enthusiasm of the guests by repeated cries of 'Long live the King of France!'

"The French army resumed its march to victory or death. Weeks of anxious expectation passed. At midnight, between the 23d and 24th of October, the clattering hoofs of a galloping steed were heard echoing along the darkened and deserted streets of the city. Its rider, Colonel Tighlmann, one of the aides-de-camp of General Washington, alighted at the door of the stately mansion on High Street, (now Market Street,) near Second, occupied by the Hon. Thomas McKean, then President of the Continental Congress; and full of the importance of his great mission, knocked so loudly for admittance that a watchman was about to arrest him as a disturber of the peace. That mission was to announce the capitulation of Yorktown. News of such vast public interest could not be withheld for a moment from those who, day after day, had so eagerly and anxiously expected it; and the watchmen, to whom by order of Mr. McKean, it had been communicated, raising their voices to a shriller pitch than ever, aroused the sleeping inhabitants with the exhilarating cry; 'CORNWALLIS HAS SURRENDERED!'

"Night was instantly converted into day; lights gleamed in every house; men, women, children rushed into the streets, wild with patriotic curiosity, to learn the

particulars; the State-house bell rang out its merry peals; shout followed shout, *huzza* answered *huzza*, as citizen met citizen, and crowd mingled with crowd, hurrying from street to street, to hear or carry the news; and as the day dawned, the festive booming of cannon bore to the adjacent country, glad tidings of the brilliant and momentous victory.

"Congress assembled at an early hour; and, though every member had heard the joyful news, they were so electrified by the words of Washington, when Secretary Thompson read his letter announcing the surrender, that they could scarce refrain from interrupting it with their acclamations. They resolved to go that day in a body to a neighboring church, to thank God for the blessing he had bestowed on our arms, and appointed a committee of four to make further appropriate arrangements for honoring the victors, both officers and men, and for a celebration of the glorious event which should be national. One of the four was that signer of the Declaration of Independence, who staked a far larger fortune on the result of the war than any other, the member from Catholic Maryland, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

"All this took place at Philadelphia, on Wednesday, 24th of October; but the army had already celebrated its own victory and thanked God for it, on the battle-field, the preceding Sunday, the 21st, by direction of Washington, who closed his general orders, the day after the surrender, with these words: 'Divine service shall be performed to-morrow in the different brigades and divisions. The Commander-in-Chief recommends that all the troops that are not on duty, do assist at it with a serious deportment, and that sensibility of heart which the surprising and particular interposition of Providence in our favor, claims.'

"What a contrast between that Sunday and the one that preceded it! Hushed now was the roar and the rush of battle, and though its wreck and its ruin were all around them—fragments of deadly weapons, demolished dwellings, and new-made graves—the sunny smile of peace calmed every breast, and every heart beat high with gratitude to the Lord of hosts."

Referring to the emotion of the French soldiers when assisting at the thanksgiving services at Yorktown, Father Clarke pursued:

"The warm tears of gratitude coursed down many a veteran's bronzed cheeks, which, but a few days before, were blackened with the smoke and stained with the blood of battle. Often had that army knelt before the divine Victim of the Eucharistic Sacrifice on the men-of-war that brought them to our shores, and when bivouacked in our fields and forests; for every vessel and every regiment had its chaplain—the Abbés Robin, La Motte, La Poitre, Whelan and others—but now the sunlight of heaven, which smiled in brilliant victory upon them, gave a touch and a tinge to their pious thanksgiving never, perhaps, experienced before.

"What the warrior-nobility and gentry of France thus did at Yorktown, *that* their illustrious representative, the Minister Plenipotentiary of France to the United States, did in this city; did in St. Joseph's Church; did on the very spot where we are now commemorating the deed. At the suggestion of the committee appointed by Congress to make arrangements for the celebration of the great victory in Virginia, that august body recommended to the several States, to set apart the 13th of December, to be religiously observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. But such was the uncontrollable

enthusiasm which swayed all classes of citizens, that though that day was kept, it was also anticipated everywhere by civic and religious celebrations.

"Of this, Congress itself had given an example, on the very day that the news of the capitulation reached them. The Chevalier de la Luzerne felt it was his duty to have a special solemn service of thanksgiving to God, in the name of his king and his country. The victory at Yorktown had been won by the French as well as by the Americans. In fact, without the aid of the French army and navy, there would have been no victory; for the American troops were too few to gain it. This, the Commander-in-Chief proclaimed in his general order, the day after the surrender, in these words: 'The generous proofs that his most Christian Majesty has given of his attachment to the cause of America, must inspire every citizen of these States, with sentiments of the most unalterable gratitude. His fleet, the most powerful and numerous that ever appeared in these waters—an army of the most admirable composition in both officers and men, are the pledges of his friendship to the United States; and their co-operation has secured us the present signal success.'

"And the General Superintendent of the Yorktown Centennial Association, Col. J. E. Peyton, during his visit last month to New York, speaking of the religious portion of the programme for the celebration just held at Yorktown, said: 'The morning service has been assigned to the Roman Catholic Church, because his most Christian Majesty, Louis XVI., had nearly twice the number of troops in the field at Yorktown that the Colonists had, and they were all Catholics. Catholic valor, Catholic blood, and Catholic treasure, then, contributed more than

any other to that decisive blow for American Independence dealt the British at Yorktown."

The ecclesiastical celebration took place at old St. Joseph's Church on Sunday, November 4, 1781, two weeks after the celebration on the battle-field. The Church, which was filled to its utmost capacity, was brilliantly illuminated, the altar especially was ablaze with lights, and was decked with its richest ornaments. The French Ambassador invited Congress to be present, and his invitation was gladly accepted; and besides Congress, which attended in a body, headed by their President, Hon. Thomas McKean, the most distinguished inhabitants, military and civil, were likewise present. In the sanctuary, presided Father Robert Molyneux, with his able assistant, Father Ferdinand Farmer; and the Abbé Bandol, Chaplain of the French Embassy, was the orator of the occasion.

As it has long been a mooted point as to whether or not, Generals Washington and LaFayette attended in person at this solemn Mass of thanksgiving at St. Joseph's, Father Clarke has taken pains to settle the disputed question on grounds of history, as well as of right reason.

"Though," he remarks, "there had been a celebration at St. Joseph's before the day appointed, there was another, of course, on December 13th. A French historian, De Courcy, states, that Washington and LaFayette were present in St. Joseph's, at the thanksgiving service for the victory at Yorktown. Neither was in Philadelphia on the 4th of November; both were here on the 13th of December; and as no men knew better than they did, that the aid of France was absolutely necessary for the success of the American cause in general, and at Yorktown in particular, in grate-

ful compliment to Chevalier de la Luzerne, both attended the celebration in St. Joseph's, on the 13th of December; and their example, if we may credit the French historian, was imitated by 'Congress, the Assembly and State Council of Pennsylvania, as well as the principal generals and distinguished citizens.' . . . . . .

"Dear old spot!" exclaimed Father Clarke in his eloquent conclusion, "dear old spot, to which not only the Catholic, but the Protestant American, who is proud of his country, may come as a pilgrim, and, if he will, worship the God of Armies and the Giver of every good gift, where the Father of his Country and its friend, Washington and La Luzerne, knelt side by side, one hundred years ago. Then, there were no Catholic Churches but those of the Jesuits, and excepting the French chaplains, none but Jesuit priests in the country. And I may add that the Jesuits to a man stood on the side of the colonists in their fight for freedom; and let me further add, that of all the Catholics then in the United States, there was not one Tory, not one traitor to the cause of America."

On the 25th of August, of the same year, (1781,) the birthday of Louis XVI, King of France, had been celebrated at St. Joseph's; on which occasion Abbé Bandol said Mass, and Father Molyneux delivered a discourse. Minister de la Luzerne was present, and the ceremony was a brilliant one.

But these splendid celebrations did not in the least distract Father Molyneux from the zealous care of even the least of the little ones of Christ. He was an active laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, and even before the cessation of hostilities between the United States and Great Britain was proclaimed by General Washington in 1783, the good Jesuit, mindful of the little lambs of

his flock, and solicitous for their eternal interests, had erected the first Catholic school-house in Philadelphia.

Before long, the children of that school, and such adults as had not already been attended to, were prepared by Fathers Molyneux and Farmer, for the Sacrament which maketh strong and perfect Christians; and the Sacrament of Confirmation was then administered, (for the first time in this country,) in 1784, by Rev. Father John Carroll, Ecclesiastical Superior of the Missions. To the latter, Father Molyneux wrote on March 28, 1785:

"I forget whether I informed you that I had purchased a lot adjoining the old Chapel, of George Meade. It cost £600. In order to pay for it, I must sell out either the front on Walnut Street, or one of my houses. I should be glad of your opinion on this matter. The sale of that front, and of my stable lot, a front of forty-four and a half, and eighty feet deep, would bring in the money, and leave us a square of sixty-four feet wide, and one hundred and forty long.

"I am glad to find we are likely to have recruits from Europe. When that happens, I hope we shall be fully relieved here."

Father Molyneux again wrote to Dr. Carroll, the same year; "I have bought, as I informed you, a lot of Mr. Meade, adjoining the old Chapel, very convenient to us and the congregation, and, indeed, absolutely necessary in order to provide a free passage to Walnut Street, and a drain for the water. Besides these advantages, and that of a spot for building a house for ourselves, there is room for building a College, should it ever be necessary, without incommoding the premises. In order to pay for the same, and clear myself of present incumbrances of debt, etc., I have sold a house of a far inferior value, and not producing a greater income than the present will bring.

This measure, therefore, will, I hope, meet with your approbation and that of our Gentlemen. For my part, I have no private views. The public good is all I ask."

Later, we find him extending Dr. Carroll an invitation to visit him as follows:

"If I thought it would be agreeable, I would invite you to pass a fortnight at Philadelphia. I have a library well fitted up in the choir of the old Chapel, and partitioned off from the same, where you might spend many agreeable hours in quiet study and application, free from noise and disturbances."

And in another epistle to the same, he indicates a want at the little old church which was afterwards so ably filled by Father Felix Barbelin: "A person of a discreet spirit for catechizing publicly, might be of great service at St. Joseph's. It should be publicly done, in the face of the congregation." In the same letter, he says that "Philadelphia will always want three or four Priests."

Two years later, Father Molyneux was called upon to lament, (even while he rejoiced in the spirit,) the death of Father Farmer, who slept peacefully in Christ after a career of almost unexampled apostolic toil. "Until a fortnight of his death, he kept his registries with scrupulous care and neatness; and, when no longer able through weakness to leave the house, he could still baptize; and a few days before his death, he crept down stairs to bless the wedlock of two of his spiritual children, who had come more than a hundred miles to gain his blessing."*

After his happy death, Father Molyneux was assisted in turn by Fathers Beeston, O'Brien, and Helborn. In 1788, he, (Father M.,) was recalled to Georgetown College, where he subsequently became Superior of the re-organized Society of Jesus in America, Pope Pius

* The "*Messenger of the Sacred Heart*," Woodstock, Md.

VII. granting the necessary authorization. After being twice appointed President of Georgetown College, and having again and again refused the offer of the Coadjutorship of Baltimore, Father Molyneux died the death of the just, December 9, 1808; and is believed to have been the first of the Fathers interred in the Cemetery at Georgetown College.

A notable marriage took place at old St. Joseph's in 1798, to which Father Clarke, S. J., referred in his brilliant discourse at the Yorktown Centennial, from which we have already so largely drawn. "I have mentioned," said he, "that Thomas McKean was President of Congress, when that venerable assembly attended the solemn service of thanksgiving in this church. It may be interesting to you to know that his name appears on the marriage record of this place, as a witness to the marriage of his daughter, Maria Teresa Sarah McKean, to the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Spain, Carlos Martinez d'Yrujo, on the 10th of April, 1798. The marriage was performed by Father Matthew Carr, an Augustinian, in St. Mary's Church, which was attended by the priests of St. Joseph's, St. Mary's then being used for Sundays and grand occasions, and St. Joseph's for the Masses and other services during the week."

At the departure of Father Molyneux from St. Joseph's, the old historic Church had passed from the care of the Society of Jesus; and for thirty-four years it remained in charge either of the Augustinians, the Franciscans, the Dominicans, or the secular clergy. Up to the close of 1799, however, at least one of the Fathers of the old Society could be found at the dear little Chapel of Father Joseph Greaton; and his original congregation of forty

persons, had swelled at the end of the century to between eight and nine thousand.

Father Leonard Neale, S. J., was the last of the early Jesuit Pastors, although it is recorded that, in 1814, at the request of the Rt. Rev. Michael Egan, O. S. F., first Bishop of Philadelphia, St. Joseph's was visited for a short time by Rev. John Grassi, S. J., who performed parochial duty there. But Father Neale's immediate successor was the venerable Augustinian, Very Rev. Dr. Carr, who became pastor alike of St. Joseph's, St. Mary's, and St. Augustine's, and Archbishop Carroll's Vicar-General as well.

Father John Rossiter, O. S. A., was first Dr. Carr's curate, and later succeeded him in the pastorate, always busy, and fame says, always honored and loved. The Jesuits and Augustinians are the oldest regulars in Philadelphia, and have always lived almost as brothers of the same institute. The sons of St. Augustine took loving and faithful care of the property of Loyola's sons during the latter's absence from the Quaker City; and half a century later, when the poor Augustinians lost their beautiful home, by the religious riots of 1844, it was the hospitable Fathers of the Society of Jesus who again opened their doors to the Augustinians, and gave them free use of St. Joseph's, (on Sundays,) for their flock.

The little Church down the Alley seems, indeed, to have been at that date, a universal City of refuge for the various religious orders;—since, as the Very Rev. President of our Philadelphia Catholic Historical Society, (himself an Augustinian,*) remarks: "At one and the same time, at St. Joseph's, were a Dominican, a Francis-

* Very Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Middleton, O. S. A., of Villanova College, Pa.

can, and an Augustinian, living in harmony, and what must have been rather odd, *each with his own habit and under his own rule!*"

After the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon, a noted attendant at St. Joseph's was the Little Corporal's brother, Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King not only of Spain but of Naples. On the Gospel-side of the altar, was the exiled monarch's great, antique pew, sufficiently high to shield his much-abused majesty from vulgar eyes, and serve as a feeble figure of that divinity which, according to the poet, "doth hedge a king." One of the Fathers now resident at St. Joseph's, assures the writer that he has often seen the royal Joseph make his way to his pew, accompanied by his two children, and sometimes, by a huge Newfoundland dog. Mother Seton's old-fashioned Sisters of Charity also frequented the Church, in their black dresses and capes, and little, close-fitting, black hoods. They kept a school at Holy Trinity Church, Sixth and Spruce Streets, and there had their residence.

It was about the year 1820, that the unfortunate William Hogan took up his abode at St. Joseph's; and, in the interim between the death of Bishop Egan and the appointment of Bishop Conwell, managed to pass himself off as a duly-authorized priest of God, upon the too credulous Administrator of the Diocese, Very Rev. Louis Barth. It seems that he had not even papers to show that he had ever been ordained, and, finally, at the close of 1820, he was publicly silenced by Bishop Conwell.

The history of the miserable man's scandalous career, and of the unholy schism which he inaugurated at St. Mary's Church, are too well known to the majority of our readers to be recapitulated here. But, as the great poet has truly said:

"The evil that men do lives after them;"

and the unhappy spirit of rebellion and lustful insubordination which animated the infamous Hogan in those dark days of 1820, passed into the breasts of his mad followers and their descendants, breathing like a mildew upon the brightness of their Christian faith and the fervor of their Christian charity, even unto the present generation.

The arrival in Philadelphia of Rt. Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, D. D., in the summer of 1830, as Coadjutor to Bishop Conwell, was the first glimpse of sunshine to that disturbed and clouded diocese. Bishop Kenrick pontificated at St. Joseph's; and less than two years later, he was petitioned by the Very Rev. Francis Dzierozynski, S. J., Vice-Provincial of the Province of Maryland, to restore the ancient Church once more to its founders, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. The Rt. Rev. Bishop most graciously assented to the petition; and the Jesuit Fathers were re-instated at old St. Joseph's in April, 1833.

Father Stephen Dubuisson, S. J., was appointed the first pastor after the restoration. He was an amiable and most zealous man, who made many converts. The writer is acquainted with one (now) venerable lady, a descendant of Benjamin West's, who was led to the True Fold by a single sermon of Father Dubuisson's, and whose sanctity and zeal for the faith have brought many other stray sheep to the feet of the divine Shepherd.*

The holy Jesuit wrought numerous conversions among the Quakers; and he varied his local labors, (as his devoted predecessors had done,) by frequent excur-

* Mrs. Caroline West Randall, recently deceased in the hope of a happy eternity.

sions through Pennsylvania, where he broke the bread of Life to the hungering soul of many a poor isolated settler. He is still reverenced as a saint by some of the older parishoners; and a reliable person has related to the writer, that, when a young lad, having been sent about Vesper-time to Father Dubuisson's room to borrow a Bible for one of the other Fathers, he surprised the pious Dubuisson in an ecstacy, "elevated in the air in rapt meditation." The boy withdrew in surprise and fright, and after a few moments' hesitation in the corridor, again approached the room, where he found the Father standing by his table, looking confused and dazed, as one well might be, called back to familiar scenes and surroundings from that far-off Land, whose glories "eye hath not seen, ... nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

Father Dubuisson's first assistant at St. Joseph's was Rev. Edward McCarthy, S. J., to whom in time was added Father Richard Harvey, S. J.; and, for a brief space, in 1834, Father James Curley, afterwards the venerable Professor of Astronomy at Georgetown College. The pastorate of Father Dubuisson did not cover more than four or five years; and during that time, the Jesuits, (besides their missionary duties through Pennsylvania,) had charge of Trenton, Pleasant Mills, and other places in New Jersey.

CHAPTER IV.

SKETCH OF SIR JOHN KEATING.—ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA OF FATHER FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN, S. J.—HIS FIRST SERMON.—ST. JOSEPH'S REBUILT IN 1838.—THE EARLY SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH IN 1839.

THE year 1838 was an eventful one in the annals of our old historic Church. Before its initial month had elapsed, on January 29th, the feast of St. Francis de Sales, a meeting of the Catholics of Philadelphia was held in St. Joseph's, and, (the Most Blessed Sacrament having been removed,) resolutions were passed to replace that old-time structure of Father Robert Harding with a larger and more commodious edifice, better suited to the wants of its rapidly-increasing congregation. This meeting, it may be remarked in passing, was presided over by Charles Johnson, Sr.; whilst the speakers on the occasion were Joseph Dugan, Esq., and Baron John Keating, father of Sister Mary Joseph of the Visitation Order, and grandfather of Dr. William V. Keating of this city.

Baron Keating was a remarkable man with remarkable antecedents. His grandsire, Sir Geoffrey Keating, distinguished himself at the famous Siege of Limerick, and was afterwards obliged to withdraw with the army of James II. to France.

Sir John Keating lived to the venerable age of ninety-six, and retained to the last moment of his life, the full possession of his mental faculties; having attended within a week of his demise, a meeting of the Philadel-

phia Saving Fund, (of which he was a Director,) and accurately and intelligently discharged his duty thereat. From an obituary of this veteran nobleman published in 1856, (the year of his decease,) by Hon. William B. Reed, we extract the following interesting sketch of his eventful life:

"How long a century of individual life appears, though small enough in the measurements even of human history! Here, within a fortnight, we have been meeting in our daily walks, a living man who was born nearly a hundred years ago: born, while men we read of, as of the past, were existing; born, while Frederick the Great was fighting; Chatham was speaking; and Voltaire was writing—born forty years before Walpole died, and who had reached the ripe age of sixty years when George IV. was crowned! A man who had known Washington and Franklin, and was nine years older than Napoleon! This seems very strange and impressive, and yet it was a simple truth, easily realized, as we saluted the dignified, courteous nobleman in our habitual intercourse. Born in 1760, he was for several years under the charge of the Benedictine monks, at the University of Douay, where the celebrated and learned edition of the Bible was published. He there received the accomplishments of a refined and solid education, and retained to the last of active life, (indeed it became more manifest in his old age,) that grace of manners, the fruit of early association, which we are taught to believe was the characteristic of the '*ancien régime*.'

"On leaving the University, Mr. Keating having inherited a noble title, entered the army, and for important military services was made a 'Knight of St. Louis,' and rose to a distinguished rank in the army. He was presented as the most distinguished of the 'Old French

Guards' to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, in her last days of bright glory and enjoyment at Versailles, and was for some time attached to the court. Baron Keating was in those days an earnest Royalist. The throne was in his heart, consecrated by duty, gratitude and religion. Being detached on foreign service, he escaped the bloody scenes which hung around the downfall of the French monarchy, and on learning the sad fate of all he held dear and sacred in France, he immediately resigned his high position in the army, emigrated, and settled in America. Here he enjoyed the friendship and esteem of all the distinguished French *emigrés;* of Louis Philippe, himself an exile; of Talleyrand and Mons. de Talon, the father of the celebrated Madame du Cayla, who became one of Mr. Keating's warmest friends and advocates under the Restoration.

"The most liberal and seductive offers were made to him to recognize the new state of things in France, especially, during the reign of Louis Philippe, but true to his oath, he remained faithful to the last to the elder branch of the Bourbon dynasty. Once again, he visited France, and met with the reception due to a Knight of St. Louis, and an *attaché* of the Court of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, but no inducement could tempt him to remain. For sixty years, Baron Keating was an American citizen, in name, habit, and feeling. He became largely interested in lands in Pennsylvania, and devoted much of his time and interest to their development; his memory is deeply cherished among their inhabitants as a noble type of the old courtier and true Christian.

"He had two sons whom he survived, John and William, both distinguished citizens of Philadelphia, and each ably representing the city in the Legislature. John married the beautiful and accomplished Miss

Hopkinson, grand-daughter of Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Keating was a man of active, unostentatious benevolence, bestowing yearly large sums in charity. He was attached conscientiously, and by faith and education, to the Roman Catholic communion; but, as was well said by the distinguished prelate, Dean of the American Hierarchy, who left his see to officiate at the impressive ceremonial of his burial, 'He practised his duties as a true Christian, humbly, tolerantly, zealously, gently.' Few men among us had a more enviable social position, and no one was more beloved by the poor and suffering, who, from early morn, gathered around his bier, to catch one last look of their venerable benefactor."

But, to return to St. Joseph's of 1838.

The little old Church had been used as a Cathedral, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Conwell, since the year 1820. Its removal, therefore, was a matter of more moment than appears upon the surface. The aged Ordinary of the diocese was failing fast, and had grown too feeble to perform his episcopal duties; but before the fiat for the reconstruction of his *Cathedral* had gone into force, there arrived at it, from the District of Columbia, a young French Jesuit, whose advent must have been heralded by angels and smiled on approvingly by Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Father Felix Joseph Barbelin *had come at last to his mission!*

He was appointed by his Provincial, assistant to Father James Ryder, S. J., who had succeeded Father Dubuisson in the pastorate of St. Joseph's, and who is still known to Philadelphians, as one of the grandest orators that ever graced the Catholic pulpit in the United States. His new assistant from Georgetown

College, in 1838, however, did not show any signs of becoming his rival at the sacred desk. There are more than one yet living who were privileged to assist at Father Felix Barbelin's first sermon at the little Church down the Alley. His text was from the Prophet Jeremias, and consisted of these singular words:

"*And I said: Ah, ah, ah, Lord God: behold, I cannot speak, for I am a child.*"

The holy, little priest had evidently chosen the text solely with a view to his imperfect mastery of the English language; but if our patient readers will permit us to draw attention to the context of the words in question, we think all will be struck with their curious and prophetic significance.

The Word of the Lord came to Jeremias the Prophet when he was but a child, commanding him to prophecy; and the Lord said: "Before I formed thee in the bowels of thy mother, I knew thee, and before thou camest forth out of the womb, I sanctified thee, and made thee a prophet unto the nations. And I said: Ah, ah, ah, Lord God: behold I cannot speak, for I am a child. And the Lord said to me: say not I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee: and whatsoever I shall command thee, thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their presence: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord. And the Lord put forth His hand and touched my mouth: and the Lord said to me: Behold, I have given my words in thy mouth. Lo, I have set thee this day over the nations and over kingdoms *to root up and to pull down, and to waste and to destroy, and to build and to plant.*"

The closing *italics* are our own; but this little memoir of an apostolic man of God, will have done its work very imperfectly if it does not make clear, even to the

dullest understanding, how thoroughly and how gloriously FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN rooted up and pulled down the pernicious plants and trees of error in his chosen field,—wasted and destroyed the stubble of indifference and tepidity, by the glowing fires of his zeal,—and builded and planted upon holy ground, the blessed house and vineyard of the Lord.

On Monday, May 7, 1838, Masses were read for the last time in the dear, old St. Joseph's Chapel; Dr. Ryder and Father Barbelin offering them up, most appropriately, for all the living and the dead who had ever worshipped in that venerated spot. And thus, by one of those strange and striking coincidences which sometimes occur in our religious annals, the arrival of Father Barbelin in Philadelphia was almost simultaneous with the erection of the new Church of St. Joseph's, destined to be the field of his zealous labors for more than thirty years to come, and the shrine of his holy memory as long as its sacred walls should stand.

The corner-stone of the new structure was laid by Dr. Ryder in the presence of the venerable Bishop Conwell, down that dear little Alley, that straight and narrow way leading unto Life, which was to be trodden in the future, (as it had been in the past,) by so many penitent and saintly feet. Miss Eliza Allen Starr, in her admirable book, "*Pilgrims and Shrines*," tells of a lovely little Chapel of Our Lady at Rome, *Causa Nostræ Lætitiæ*, which is approached through a narrow, "walled-in alley," and whose iron gate is open all day from *Ave Maria* to *Ave Maria*, that all the fervent clients of the Madonna, rich and poor, high and lowly, might come to invoke the true *Cause of our Joy*.

Reading of this peaceful, beautiful retreat, and of the many devout prayers that have been answered be[illegible]

the little shrine "in the alley,"—the writer was forcibly reminded of that other holy shrine, our own St. Joseph's, in Willing's Alley, where *Causa Nostræ Lætitiæ* unites with her chaste Spouse in obtaining favors for all who come to ask them with humble and fervent hearts.

The *United States Gazette*, the leading paper of Philadelphia fifty years ago, published the following account in its issue of June 5, 1838:

"ST. JOSEPH'S.

"On Monday afternoon, the corner-stone of St. Joseph's Church was laid in the lot between Willing's Alley and Walnut Street. The ceremonies were interesting, and to many, entirely new. At an early hour, the place was thronged with persons anxious to witness the services; and at about half-past three o'clock, a procession of clergymen and attendants came to the staging prepared for the ceremonies—when Rev. Mr. Ryder announced that, in consequence of the rain, the address would be given in St. Mary's Church. Thither some of the company repaired, enough to fill that large edifice; and the priests preceding Bishop Conwell, all in their clerical dresses, and accompanied by the customary youthful attendants of the altar, went in procession to St. Mary's.

"Mr. Ryder then, in a truly eloquent discourse, explained the ceremonies of the occasion, pointed out the causes for gratitude which Catholics had to God for their liberties in this country, and their duty and willingness to pray for and defend that liberty.

"After the address, the priests chanted the Litany of the Saints, and then all returned to the site of the proposed edifice.

"The priests intoned one of the Psalms, and the

corner-stone was laid by Rev. James Ryder, senior Pastor of St. Joseph's, in the presence of the Right Rev. Bishop Conwell. A procession was then made round the site of the building, while a Psalm was chanted.

"In the corner-stone were placed coins, pamphlets, papers of the day, small notes, and other articles of the present times, with a scroll upon which was inscribed, in most exquisite chirography, the following:

QUOD FELIX FAUSTUM FORTUNATUMQUE SIT
DEIQUE IN GLORIAM BENE VERTAT.

IN THE PONTIFICATE OF GREGORY SIXTEENTH
THIS
CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH,
IS LAID, THE FOURTH DAY OF JUNE,
BEING WHITSUN MONDAY, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD,
ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT;
OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THESE UNITED STATES,
THE SIXTY-SECOND:
IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF MARTIN VAN BUREN,
EIGHTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES;
JOSEPH RITNER, GOVERNOR
OF PENNSYLVANIA;
JOHN SWIFT, MAYOR OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.
RIGHT REV. HENRY CONWELL, BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE;
RIGHT REV. FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, COADJUTOR;
REV. THOMAS F. MULLEDY, PROVINCIAL OF THE
SOCIETY OF JESUS IN THE PROVINCE OF MARYLAND;
REV. JAMES RYDER AND FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN OF THE SAME
SOCIETY OF JESUS, PASTORS OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH."

The *Gazette* further went on to state:

"John Maguire, Joseph Donath, John Maitland, Martin Murphy, and John Darragh co-operating with the pastors in a building committee, in the name of the Catholics of the City and County of Philadelphia, by

whose generous contributions, despite the unparalleled pecuniary difficulties of the country, the Church is to be erected, under the superintendence of John Darragh, architect, who employs Michael Gahegan to dig the cellar, David Ryan as stone-mason, Edward Carr and George Johnson as bricklayers, James Carroll as marble-mason, and Thomas Ryan as carpenter, on the site of old St. Joseph's, endeared to the Catholic community by the hallowed recollections of more than a century, as the cradle of their faith in this City, and the resting-place of the mortal remains of their parents, kindred, and friends; consecrated by the labors of those venerable pioneers of religion, a Schneider, a de Ritter, a Farmer, a Molyneux, and their associates of the Society of Jesus; illustrious, notwithstanding its humble state, as the nursery of many distinguished ecclesiastics of the secular clergy, and ever memorable as the first temple in which the hymn of thanksgiving was chanted to the God of armies, in the presence of Washington and his staff, and the representatives of France and the United States, for the blessings bestowed upon the infant Republic in her struggles for right and liberty."

In digging the foundations of the new Church, it became necessary to remove the remains of the old colonial Catholics, who had been buried under the great walnut trees around the ancient chapel. Many of these found a resting-place in the church-yards of St. Mary's, Holy Trinity, and St. Augustine's; whilst the bones and ashes of the departed, not claimed by relatives, were placed in strong boxes and interred beneath the furnace. The remains of the clergymen, (among whom were some of the early Jesuits who had sown the primal seeds of the faith in Pennsylvania and New York,) were buried under the new altar. Father Lawrence Louis Graessl of

the old Society, was one of these. He was the first appointed by the Pope to the Bishopric of Philadelphia, but died before the arrival of the Bulls.

When Father Ferdinand Farmer's bones were disinterred, it was a remarkable fact that the stole remained intact, whilst all the other vestments, (as well as the flesh of the holy missionary,) had disappeared. A singular coincidence, when we consider that the *stole* is the symbol of the yoke of Christ, or, (according to Innocent III.,) of Christ's obedience; for Father Ferdinand Farmer was "obedient even unto death," dying in the flower of his manhood, a bloodless martyr to the toils and trials of an apostolic life. "And when he had opened the fifth seal," says St. John the Beloved, "I saw *under the altar* the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. . . . And *white stoles* were given to each one of them; and it was said to each one of them, that they should rest yet for a little time, till their fellow-servants and their brethren . . . . should be filled up."

The late venerable Father John McElroy, S. J., who had then just completed the handsome Church of St. John, at Frederick City, Maryland, was about this time deputed by his Superiors to assume the pastorate of St. Joseph's, and proceed with the erection of the new Church. Father Barbelin, who was pre-eminently the Children's Friend, even in those early days, petitioned most earnestly for a Sunday-School room in the new structure. It is even said that he went upon his knees to beg this favor for the little ones of Christ, to whose apostolate he was so clearly called; but for some wise reason his petition was refused.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, Father

Leonard Neale, S. J., (who afterwards became Archbishop of Baltimore,) established a Sunday-School at St. Joseph's, which, however, could not have long survived his withdrawal from the pastorate of the old Church. A memorial window has just been placed by the present Sunday-School, in the renovated St. Joseph's of 1886, to perpetuate the memory of that holy Jesuit Archbishop, who instructed Philadelphia children in their Christian doctrine nearly a hundred years ago.

The first permanent St. Joseph's Sunday-School, was organized in 1832, by the Rev. Terence Donaghue, (a saintly, secular priest, who built the original St. Michael's Church in Kensington, and was the last pastor appointed to St. Joseph's by Bishop Kenrick, prior to the restoration of the Jesuit Fathers.) That primitive Sunday-School was first held in a house on Locust Street near Sixth, next door to the ancient Prison which occupied the corner of the street; it was afterwards removed to the old Chapel in Willing's Alley; but during the erection of the new Church, in 1838, it went into winter-quarters at Holy Trinity Church, Sixth and Spruce Streets.

The cleanly old Germans soon took exception to the intruders. They complained that the restless little feet of the children soiled the milk-white floor of their "*Kirche*;" and the best that could be done was to secure a large school-room on South Second Street, opposite German, where the children, (many of whose children's children now throng the benches in St. Joseph' basement,) were instructed every Sunday for several years by young Father Barbelin.

The bright-haired young Jesuit, resigning his own will in holy obedience to the will of his superiors, deemed it sweet and blessed toil for the divine Master,

to walk his one or two miles every Sunday, going to and returning from this lily-bed of the Church, whose prayerful perfumes, mingling with its youthful Director's personal sacrifice, must have been as fragrant incense rising up to the throne of the Most High.

There was every need for his zealous care of the little ones. The diocese of Philadelphia, at that epoch, was in a very unsettled and disorganized state. As a result of the Hoganite schism, very few frequented the Sacraments; and a young man who had the grace and courage to make his Easter duty in those troubled days, was scoffed at and derided as "a saint."

When Father Barbelin came to the Quaker City, St. Joseph's was the only Church in which the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given more frequently than once a month. There were no public Sodalities or Confraternities of any sort;* and even the Sunday-School of good Father Donaghue had dwindled away to a few pupils and teachers, and "a beggarly account of empty" benches.

But the day of better things was at hand. Father Felix Barbelin was like the prophet Ezechiel when the hand of the Lord had brought him forth, and the Spirit of the Lord had set him down in the midst of a plain that was full of bones. "And they were exceeding dry. And He said to me: Son of man! dost thou think these bones shall live? And I answered: O, Lord God! thou knowest. And He said to me: Prophesy concerning these bones: and say to them: Ye dry bones! hear the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God to these bones: Behold, I will send spirit into you, and you shall

*The Confraternity of *Our Lady of Consolation*, (which some claim to have been, at that period, in existence,) was a local association attached to St. Augustine's Church.

live. . . . . And you shall know that I am the Lord, when I shall have opened your sepulchres, and shall have brought you out of your graves, O my people! and shall have put my spirit in you, and you shall live, and I shall make you rest upon your own land, saith the Lord Almighty."

There were, indeed, abundant opportunities at that date for our zealous young Jesuit, to prophesy concerning the "dry bones" of Philadelphia Catholicity. The Ordinary of the diocese, the sainted Bishop Kenrick, was about to make the visitation of his See, (which then included the whole of Pennsylvania, and parts of New Jersey and Delaware,) and he invited Father Barbelin to accompany him.

"When they arrived at a town or village," says one of the Fathers, "the faithful of the place assembled. All who had not been confirmed and made their First Communion, adults as well as children, were instructed by Father Barbelin; and then received the Sacraments from the Bishop. This was the beginning of his, (Father Barbelin's,) apostolate of the diocese of Philadelphia. Years afterwards, the Bishop said to me: 'My boy, Father Barbelin has been a true Apostle; he it was who made this diocese what it is,—one of the most pious in the Church.'"

On the 11th of February, 1839, the new Church of St. Joseph's was consecrated, being, as is supposed, the second Church in the United States of America consecrated to the Living God. A poem written on the eventful occasion, and published by its author* in the Philadelphia "*Spirit of the Times*," is so full of fervent devotion and patriotism, that it may not be out of place to present it here to our readers:

* Mr. John Augustus Shea.

LINES

ON THE CONSECRATION OF ST. JOSEPH'S, IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, 11TH FEB., 1839.

O, Thou of Heaven's high throne—
Almighty and alone,
Whose will can circle countless worlds unknown; least understood,
Father of life, to Thee
We bend the worship-knee—
The only Lord—the only great—the universal Good.

Within these sacred walls,
Where every spell recalls,
Freedom beneath the banner in patriot battle won;
Where valor, virtue met,
And glory's stamp was set
On him the pure, commissioned chief—Columbia's WASHINGTON.

Look down in mercy here,
Withdraw the hand severe,
Thy justice could have lifted against Thy erring flock;
And let Thy mercy bless,
As in the wilderness,
When Moses found and Israel drank Thy waters from the rock.

Oh! more than mortal heart
Can picture what Thou art,
Should be his spirit's heaven-lit fire of gratitude to Thee,
That he thus lifts the sign—
The banner-cross divine,
To Thy pure worship in a land—so sacred and so free.

Here saints and patriots knelt
Who kindred feelings felt,
Who raised the flag, and brav'd the fight, and wav'd the victor's sword,
Not for terrestrial power,
(That too debasing dower,)
But for Thy name "least understood," yet boundlessly adored.

Let but Thy pleasure now
Illume Thy smiling brow,
That we who've here assembled, can lift our hope afar;
That this deep anthem song,
With Heaven's sweet hopes so strong,
Shall countless generations bring to thy consoling star!

Holy! holy! holy!—
Triune—Godhead solely
The ground is wet with sinners' tears; a tribute to Thy love;
Oh! grant that we rejoice
When th' Archangelic voice,
From grassy grave and ocean—lead us to Thee above!

CHAPTER V.

ST. JOSEPH'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—THE SODALITIES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.—THE BONA MORS.—DEATH OF BISHOP CONWELL.

A LITTLE more than a year after the consecration of St. Joseph's, Father Barbelin established there a Temperance Society with beneficial privileges, which was formally organized at the parochial residence on July 9, 1840. On the 19th of the same month, the first officers were elected as follows: President, Father Felix J. Barbelin, S. J.; Vice-President, Dennis Murphy; Secretary, William J. Cunningham; Assistants, William Fox and Paul J. Durney; Treasurer, Dr. Bernard Mc Neill. On St. Patrick's Day of the following year, a public demonstration and parade took place, being the first celebration on temperance principles ever made in this country.

On the 4th of July, 1841, St. Joseph's Temperance Society united with the sister organizations of St. John's and St. Augustine's, in solemnizing the national holiday; and under their joint auspices a lecture was delivered by the grand old Augustinian orator, Dr. Patrick Eugene Moriarty, for the benefit of St. John's and St. Joseph's Asylums. Both the latter institutions, (as we shall show later,) owed their origin to the little Church down the Alley.

Meanwhile, the Fathers of that Church, on September 27, 1840, had celebrated there with great pomp and ceremony, the three hundredth anniversary of the institution of the Society of Jesus. "The services," says an eye-witness, "were of the most imposing character. From half-past five in the morning, Mass followed Mass, at each of which hundreds received 'the food that maketh strong.' Although an admission fee of $1.00 was charged at the late service, the church was crowded. Haydn's *Imperial Mass* was sung for the first time in America, the wife of the French Consul and Miss Susan de la Roche being the chief singers. The side-pews in the galleries were removed to make room for an orchestra of over eighty pieces. The exercises of the day concluded with the solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and the singing of Haydn's magnificent *Te Deum.*"

About a month later, on the feast of the Archangel Raphael, three large paintings by the Portuguese artist, Don Sylvano Martinez, were unveiled at St. Joseph's. That of the *Crucifixion*, a copy of Rubens, is considered to be one of the best in America, and still hangs behind the main altar. *The Holy Family*, (after Murillo's famous painting in the Cathedral of Seville,) formerly adorned the Blessed Mother's altar; but that, together with Don Martinez's picture of the *Sacred Heart of Jesus*, have long since found a place on the walls of the Sunday-School Chapel.

In 1841, Father Peter Havermans, who had been Father Barbelin's fellow-novice at Whitemarsh, Maryland, was appointed his Superior at St. Joseph's. There was a Boys' day-school already at the Church, taught by Brother Edmund Quinlan; and in the early part of 1841, Father Barbelin went a step farther in his work of

evangelizing the Philadelphia youth. This was the institution of the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary, conformed as far as possible to the rules of the original Confraternities in Jesuit establishments.

The first of the latter owed its inception, centuries ago, to a young Jesuit engaged in a Catholic College, teaching the rudiments of grammar; but who, like a true son of St. Ignatius, applied himself more to the forming of his scholars' hearts to virtue than even to the adorning of their minds. He made choice of a few of the best-conducted students, and assembling them every night after the others had retired, recited with them certain prayers, or read to them from a pious book.

On festivals, he assembled them in the morning for various exercises of devotion; and in the evening, they joined him in Vespers and the Rosary. They were soon remarked for their edifying regularity; and when their number had increased to seventy, they formed rules for the establishment of a Sodality, regulating the frequentation of the Sacraments, the prayers, and other exercises of devotion which each member was to perform daily. This holy example was soon followed by other Colleges of the Order.

Father Claude Aquaviva, who was chosen General of the Society of Jesus in the year 1581, desiring that all these Sodalities which had been established outside of Rome, should form one vast organization, (its members being united to the same centre or head,) laid before the Sovereign Pontiff the great advantages each Sodality would derive from its being intimately connected with the primary congregation at Rome. Gregory XIII. approved his plan, and, on the fifth of December, 1584, signed the bull "*Omnipotentis Dei*," by which he constituted the Sodality of the Roman College the head and

centre of all others, giving to it, and all others connected with it, a canonical status as well as the Pontifical approval.

We give here a translation of this very important document:

"*GREGORY, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God, in perpetual remembrance:*

"According to the example of Almighty God, our Saviour, Who, in the superabundance of His mercy, continually fills the hearts of the faithful with the grace of divine inspiration and the fervor of devotion, in order that they may fruitfully honor His Divine Majesty, and practise every work of piety, We occupy ourself, as is the duty of our pastoral charge, in encouraging the faithful to salutary works and exercises, that their piety and devotion may receive a continual increase, and that they may reach the sure haven of salvation.

"We have been advised that most of the good and pious young men engaged in literary studies in our Roman College of the Company of Jesus, drawn with a singular affection towards the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and moved by the pious exhortations of their teachers, have been accustomed on appointed days, and at appointed hours, to frequent the Church of the Annunciation in that College, there to purify their consciences, with sincere devotion and contrition of heart, by means of Confession and reception of the Most Holy Eucharist; that there they have engaged in the recitation of the Divine Office, as well as in spiritual conversations, and exhortations, and other most beneficial pious works; and with whom, following their example, many others of the faithful, with like zeal, have lately been joined and associated. Desirous of giving a new

impetus to this pious association, We have granted to these young students, and others of the faithful who engage in the practice of holy works and pious exercises, many indulgences, and the pardon of their sins, as detailed at length in the letters We have issued on that occasion.

"Since then, as we have been recently informed by our beloved son, the General of the Company of Jesus, the Colleges of this Company are multiplied in different parts of the world, in order to train youth in virtue and good morals, and fill them with true piety and healthful learning; and as the day-scholars, who come in crowds to study there, have acquired a very great fervor in imitating these excellent works of piety which have already resulted in abundant fruits for the glory of God, and the honor of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, it seems good to Us,—in order to preserve and render most sure, by the communication of Our spiritual favors, a zeal so praise-worthy in these works and pious exercises,—that the Roman College, after having given commencement in the Church of the Annunciation to these pious and salutary exercises, should itself possess the primary and principal canonical Sodality, erected under the title of the Annunciation of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary; thus subscribing to the humble request of the General, who has begged us to give it our approbation, and, in our Apostolic good-will, provide for it as it may seem to us fitting.

"Wishing, therefore, to welcome kindly the desire of these students, and encourage their fervor for pious exercises, We accede to their wishes; and in virtue of our Apostolic authority, by the tenor of these present (letters,) We establish and We erect in the Church above-named, a particular Sodality, as the mother of all others, under the

title of the Annunciation of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, composed of the day-scholars of the same College, and of others of the faithful friendly to the same Society, willing that it should be directed by the said General, and each of his successors, and, after their death, until the canonical election of a new General, by the Vicar of the Company, without injury, however, to this Company.

"And, that the members of the Sodality may ever find new inducements to devotion and piety in the graces and heavenly gifts with which they will be favored, We, trusting in the mercy of Almighty God, and by the authority of the Blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, freely grant, in the Lord, by the tenor of these present (letters) and of our Apostolic authority, a plenary indulgence of all their sins on the day of their reception, to all and each of the faithful of Jesus Christ, who being truly penitent and having confessed their sins, shall hereafter be admitted into this pious Sodality, having received that day the Most Holy Eucharist in this or any other Church. We grant the same plenary indulgence at the moment of death."

Here follow other indulgences as in the Manual of the Sodality.

To Father Felix Barbelin, (says the author of a "*History of Old St. Joseph's*," is due the honor of organizing the first Sodality of the Blessed Virgin in this diocese, and the first organized in the world, other than those in Catholic Colleges and Convents.

On Monday evening, January 11, 1841, a meeting called by Father Barbelin, S. J., was held in the Church. There were seventeen youths present. All were attendants at the Sunday-School, and their ages ranged from thirteen to eighteen. The purpose of the meeting is expressed in the resolution then adopted:

"Whereas, There are many amongst us, who having made their First Communion some years since, still feel the great importance of religious instruction: and, whereas, fraternal association with one another, and union in our mutual exertions in the discharge of religious duties, would, no doubt, be a pleasing and powerful inducement to a pious perseverance; we form ourselves into a Society for the purpose of reciting together our lessons, writing religious compositions, and performing such other good works as we may direct."

On the following Thursday evening, Father Barbelin explained the nature of the Sodalities established in the Colleges of Europe. At this meeting, the Sodality was organized and the name of the Sodality of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin was chosen—St. Stanislaus being selected as the patron;—and on this evening, five additional young men joined, making the number twenty-two. On the following Sunday, January 17th, the new Sodality assembled before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, in the Church, and recited the Office.

The formation of the Sodality was at once communicated to Rev. John Roothaan, General of the Society of Jesus, and a desire expressed to be affiliated with the Sodality of the Roman College, and thus be enriched with all the indulgences and privileges granted by many Sovereign Pontiffs to the chief Sodality. The diploma granting the request, was issued December 15, 1841, being confirmed by Pope Gregory XVI. The document, however, did not arrive at St. Joseph's until March 28, 1843.

The first anniversary of the Sodality was celebrated January 9, 1842, the address being delivered by Rev. James Ryder, at that time President of Georgetown College, who came at the request of the young Sodalists.

The record reads that he spoke of "the beauty, sweetness, and benefits of early piety, and exhorted them to follow the example of their holy patron—St. Stanislaus—in disdaining the pleasures of the world, and looking forward to heaven as the only place where real happiness can be enjoyed, and the only prize worth contending for."*

"The Sodality for those of more mature years," says Mr. Griffin, "was organized on August 15, 1841, according to the following agreement:

"'We, the undersigned, being anxious to place our selves under the protection of the Blessed Virgin in an especial manner, and likewise seeing the necessity of some stronger tie to bind us to the duties of our holy religion, and knowing the apathy into which many young men of our own age too frequently fall, the results of which are generally dangerous, unless by the peculiar providence of God they are drawn from the brink of the precipice into which they might have plunged themselves,—do, from this time, August 15, 1841, the Festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, form ourselves into a Sodality, having for our chief object the great perfection of virtue in ourselves, and the sincere desire that, by our example, we may draw others into the same path. Moreover, we feel conscious there are many young men who, although possessing the noblest qualities and most amiable manners, look upon the great end for which they were created as a matter of apparent unconcern, consoling themselves with the deceptive belief that in the springtime of youth the heavy hand of death cannot reach them. Conscious of our own weakness, and knowing of no more efficacious means of making our own salva-

*"*A History of Old St. Joseph's*," by Martin I. J. Griffin.

tion sure than by placing ourselves under the protection of the Virgin Mother of God, we pledge ourselves to conform to whatever regulation may be suggested to us by our Reverend Director.'

"Committee: John T. Coleman, John J. Meany, William J. Cunningham.

"The first officers were: Prefect, John T. Coleman; 1st Assistant, Philip Smith; 2d Assistant, John J. Meany; Secretary, James T. McGuigan, who afterwards became a Jesuit, as did also his brother John."

God's blessing on the hand that thus first cast abroad the sacred winged seed of practical devotion to the Blessed Mother of God! A similar Sodality for the devout clients of the Immaculate One, was soon established at St. Mary's Church by Rev. Edward J. Sourin, (now a member of the Society of Jesus, but then in the secular priesthood;) and in a few years, these holy Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin were spread throughout the length and breadth of the land, winning unnumbered souls to God, and preserving the young under Mary's patronage, faithful to their religious duties, and to the general practice of virtue, pure and undefiled.

His Holiness, Leo XIII., has been pleased many times to manifest the lively interest he feels in these pious associations. Not long since, appreciating the happy results gained by the fervent Sodality of the "*Scalletta*," which numbers many hundred Roman students, he caused a letter to be written to the Father Director, full of kindness and encouragement. And in the year 1884, it being the three hundredth anniversary of the Canonical Erection of the *Prima-Primaria* or Mother Sodality at Rome, at the request of Father Anthony Anderledy, (now acting-General of the Society of Jesus,) he granted and published a brief, opening the sacred treasures of

the Church, to all the Sodalists of the Blessed Virgin Mary, on the day appointed for the celebration of the Centennial solemnity of 1884–85.

All these sacred privileges and indulgences, the Sodalists of America owe, under heaven, to our own beloved Father Felix Barbelin!

Another excellent Confraternity, which went into operation at St. Joseph's about the same date as the Sodalities of our Blessed Mother, was the *Bona Mors*, or Association of prayer for the grace of a happy death. The Diploma, or official act from the Very Rev. Father General of the Society, erecting it into a Confraternity is dated, indeed, December 15, 1838, and the Rev. Peter Havermans, S. J., is credited as the recipient thereof, but the earliest name appearing on its list of members, is recorded June 13, 1841.

During the two following years, Father Barbelin had active charge of St. Joseph's Schools for boys and girls, under the pastorate of the amiable Father Ignatius Combs, S. J.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Conwell, who resided at St. Joseph's, had been in failing health for some months past, and had now become blind and helpless. On the 20th of April, 1843, Father Barbelin administered to the aged prelate the Sacrament of Extreme Unction; and two days later, he passed peacefully away to a better life, leaving the affairs of the diocese to be administered by the younger and more efficient hands of his Coadjutor, Rt. Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, D. D.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RELIGIOUS RIOTS OF 1844.—FATHER BARBELIN APPOINTED SUPERIOR AT ST. JOSEPH'S.—THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—THE OLD BASEMENT.—STORIES AND HYMNS.

IN MAY, 1844, began the dark days of Philadelphia Catholicity,—the Commune of the Quaker City. Nothing, (as some one has remarked,) is as inexplicable in its sudden rise, its rapid development, and infectious outlawry, as a mob in a great city. Some over-wise scientists talk learnedly of the effects of the planets, and the results of certain conjunctions of the stars, as tending to excite and inflame the sanguinary passions of men; but with all due respect to science in general, and to astronomy (or astrology) in particular, we are shrewdly inclined to suspect that the active principal of mob-law comes from *below*, rather than from *above;* and that the blessed stars of heaven, like Koko's flowers that bloom in the spring,—"have nothing to do with the case."

Certain it is, that in 1844, in our City of *Brotherly Love*,—(the bard might well have asked *then* "What's in a name?")—a religious party or mob sprang into existence, whose deeds were worthy the veriest Hun that ever followed the standard of the "Scourge of God."

The narrow and bitter bigotry of these "*Natives*," as they were called, was fired by the indiscreet zeal of some hot-headed Catholics; and a furious, religious riot ensued. There was bloody fighting with loss of life in the public streets; to say nothing of the destruction of valuable personal property and real estate.

The new Church of St. Michael and its adjacent orphanage on Second St., (erected with so much labor

and self-denial by Rev. Terence Donaghue, the last secular pastor of old St. Joseph's,) were burned to the ground; St. Augustine's beautiful Church on North Fourth Street, also fell a victim to the devouring flames; and the Church of St. Philip de Neri, in old Southwark, was gutted out, and sacrilegiously outraged by the rioters.

In the universal terror and confusion which prevailed, the lives of all Catholics, but especially of the priests and religious, were in imminent peril. Father Barbelin was advised to disguise himself, and go for a time, to a place of safety: but even in those early days, he was too well known not to be easily recognized. He had scarcely emerged from the Alley, when a little child cried out, laughing heartily, "Ha! ha! ha! Look at Father Barbelin in a big straw hat! How funny!" That same "big straw hat," (it may be remarked *en passant*,) is, to this day, treasured as a relic by the family who loaned it to their beloved Father in the hour of danger.

The little Church in Willing's Alley, which had known what it was in the past century to tremble under the stroke of the British soldier's bayonet, was vaguely threatened in its turn, by these so-called "Native Americans;" but when the rioters proposed to sack it, their leaders answered "Oh! no, *that little Frenchman*, (meaning Father Barbelin,)—won't hurt anybody!" And the Church was spared for *his* sake.

Meanwhile, the work of destruction elsewhere had gone furiously on. The west wall of St. Augustine's noble edifice bore the fearful legend, "The Lord Seeth." This alone was left to tower above the charred remains of the Church, bearing testimony, like a gigantic ghost, to the omniscient power of the Eye of God; whilst amid the blackened debris below, lay fragments and cinders of many a costly statue, book, and painting.

But the Lord saw it all; and the Vandals were preparing for themselves "wrath against the day of wrath."

The city was under martial law for weeks. The Fathers at St. Joseph's prudently gathered together their sacred vessels and ornaments, and consigned them to the care of trusty persons in places of quiet security.

"Do you know," says St. Francis de Sales, "what the shepherds in Arabia do when they behold it thunder and lighten, and the air is charged with sulphurous vapor? They retire under the laurel trees, they and their flocks. So," concludes the holy Doctor, "when we see that persecutions or contradictions threaten us with some great trouble, we must retire, we and our affections, under the holy cross, with a true confidence that all will end to the advantage of those who love God."

The Pastors of St. Joseph's put in practice, in those gloomy days of '44, the gentle wisdom of Geneva's holy Bishop. The adorable sacrifice of the Mass, was daily offered up in the dear old basement, (just as it is at present, during the renovation of the ancient Church;) and the Lamb of God who was slain from the beginning, mercifully averted from His Foster-father's shrine, the outrages of the Philadelphia reign of terror. "Evil shall not approach thee," saith the Lord, "nor shall the scourge come near thy tabernacle." (Ps. xc: 9.)

After the excesses of that terrible May and July, came a blessed, wholesome reaction in public sentiment. The municipal authorities felt keenly the disgrace of the recent shameful violations of law and order. The city proper made all the amends in its power, paying liberally for the damages sustained by the Augustinian Fathers, and expressing its willingness to do as much for the poor suffering Catholics of Kensington and Southwark. But,

"As a beam on the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,—"

so a strong under-current of aversion to Rome and "Romanists," flowed beneath the smiling surface of peace and good-will. A large proportion of our citizens had melted the pearl of fraternal love, (as the poet hath it,) "in the acid of bigotry;" and they clung so persistently to the old order of things that, according to their jaundiced view of it, no possible good could ever come to them out of the Nazareth of Catholicism.

They were like the Protestant divine, (of Mosaic proclivities,) who, when invited to ask a blessing over a roast of pork, broke forth into:

"O, Lord! if Thou canst bless under the Gospel, what Thou didst curse under the Law,—*bless this pig*!"

It was certainly in accord with the eternal fitness of things, that Father Felix Barbelin, in August of 1844, should be appointed Superior at St. Joseph's. A man of many gifts was needed at that especial time to heal the wounds inflicted by religious dissensions, and to fuse together in the crucible of Christian charity, the discordant elements of aggressive "Native Americanism," and outraged Roman Catholicism.

Father Barbelin was pre-eminently the man for the work. His prudence and sagacity were equalled only by his suavity and personal magnetism. From his first arrival in Philadelphia, the master eye of the young Jesuit took in the troubled state of the diocese, and his master mind furnished the solution of its difficulties.

The golden key to the enigma lay in the hands of a little child.

"The wolf shall dwell with the lamb: and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf, and the

lion, and the sheep shall abide together, and *a little child shall lead them.*" (Isais, xi: 6.)

Like the coral insects of the Pacific Ocean, the busy army of Liliputian workers was to produce the vast superstructure of practical piety on which the happy homes of the future alone could rest.

The "Fathers in Israel," the adult Catholics of the Quaker City, were reaping the sad harvest sown by the Hogan schism and the incendiary riots; and not only had faith been weakened among them by scandals and bad example, but religious practice had declined through human respect, cowardice, or tepidity.

Father Barbelin thus reasoned with himself: "If I am to attract the parents to God, I must draw them through their little innocent children." Early impressions are indelible; as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined. The good priest well knew that in nine cases out of ten, a boy or girl who has walked from infancy in the ways of purity and divine love, even if, in after-life, seduced for a time from the path of duty by the allurements of pleasure or the violence of passion, will return in the end, repentant, to the heavenly Father's house.

But apart from this conviction, his experience as a minister of Christ had shown him that, "not unfrequently, (as one of his religious brethren beautifully expresses it,) the chord that has lain unstrung for years, has been struck to tuneful vibration by the sight of a child with its hands joined in simple, earnest prayer."

The history of a father's conversion, related by Louis Veuillot, the celebrated Editor of *L'Univers*, might serve as a companion picture for many a kindred sketch in the annals of old St. Joseph's:

"I had been brought up in ignorance of the truth, with no respect for religion, and hating the Catholic

Church. I had a little child which was wild, passionate, and stupid. I was cross and severe to the child. Sometimes my wife would say to me: 'Wait a little; the child will be better when it makes its First Communion.' I did not believe it. However, the child began to go to Catechism. From that time, it became obedient, respectful, and affectionate. I thought I would go myself to hear the instructions on the Catechism, which had made such a wonderful change in my child. I went, and I heard truths which I had never heard before. My feelings toward the child changed. It was not so much love as respect I began to feel for the little one. I was inferior to it. It was better and wiser than I.

"The week for the First Communion was come. There were but five or six days remaining. One morning, the child returned from Mass, and came into a room where I was alone. 'Father,' said the child, 'the day of my First Communion is near. I cannot go to the altar without asking your blessing and forgiveness for all the faults I have committed, and the pain I have often given you. Think well of my faults, and scold me for them all, that I may commit them no more.' 'My child,' I answered, 'a father forgives everything.' The child looked at me with tears in its eyes, and threw its arms around my neck. 'Father,' it said again, 'I have something else to ask you.'

"I knew well—my conscience told me—what the child was going to ask; I was afraid, and said: 'Go away now; you can ask me to-morrow.' The poor child did not know what to say, so it left me, and went sorrowfully into its own little room, where it had an altar with an image of the Blessed Virgin upon it. I felt sorry for what I had said; so I got up and walked softly on tiptoe to the room door of my child. The door was a

little open; I looked at the child; it was on its knees before the Blessed Virgin praying with all its heart for its father. Truly, at that moment I knew what one must feel at the sight of an angel. I went back to my room and leaned my head on my hands; I was ready to cry. I heard a slight sound, and raised my eyes—my child was standing before me; on its face there was fear, with firmness and love.

'Father,' said the child, 'I cannot put off till to-morrow what I have to ask you—I ask you on the day of my First Communion, to come to Holy Communion along with Mamma and me.' I burst into tears, and threw my arms around the child's neck, and said: 'Yes, my child, yes, this very day you shall take me by the hand and lead me to your Confessor, and say 'Here is father.' So the child obtained for me, by its prayers, the grace of conversion."

Father Barbelin was, *par excellence*, the Apostle of the Sunday-School. When he was made Superior at St. Joseph's in 1844, one of his first acts was to remove the vaults beneath the Church, and prepare the basement for a school-room. Remonstrances were made at the time, and warnings were given that the walls would tumble about his ears; but Father Barbelin put his trust in God and St. Joseph, and the dead past buried its dead.

To supply, however, for the subterranean arches removed, a large column was erected composed of wood, stone, and cement, which was for many years the sole support of the beautiful main altar,—an altar weighing many tons. It seemed, indeed, as though, through that long stretch of corroding years, the holy Foster-father must have wrought a daily, hourly miracle, and upheld his favorite shrine solely by the might of his own strong arm, the muscular arm which once sustained the weight

of the world's Creator. For, certain it is, that in spite of the great risks that were run from year to year; in spite of the thousands that thronged the little Church through Missions, Jubilees, Retreats, and Anniversaries, —no accident ever occurred.

The late holy Bishop Neumann once remarked to one of Father Barbelin's reverend assistants: "*St. Joseph's basement has done the work of many churches.*" Yes, (we may add,) and still continues to do it. It is now one of the most beautiful Sunday-School class-rooms in the Archdiocese, or, possibly, in the States. Its Reverend Director,* the Eliseus to Father Barbelin's Elijah, on whose shoulders the mantle of the Children's Friend has fitly fallen, has spared no effort to beautify this sacred spot. A miniature Catacomb, rivalling in zeal and devotion the greater Catacombs of ancient Rome, St. Joseph's basement can boast of its altar to the Sacred Heart, to the Saving Passion, to our Immaculate Mother and her holy Spouse, as well as to St. Aloysius, and the Guardian Angels. Other beautiful statues and paintings, together with a bright array of vases and sweet flowers catch the light of the myriad tapers on Sunday afternoons, and make glad the assembled multitude of little people, to say nothing of rejoicing the hearts of their pastors and faithful teachers.

But in that dear old basement's early days, there were few or none of these fair and fragrant accessories. There were only spiritual sunshine, spiritual flowers and fruits, brought to the children by Father Barbelin, as the angel brought the blooming testimonials of yore from the martyred Dorothea.

The old basement was then divided by a partition which, on week-days, separated the boys' school from

* Rev. P. Aloysius Jordan, S. J.

that of the girls. In the open door of communication between the rooms, Father Barbelin was wont to place himself on Sunday afternoons, and address himself now to the little lads on one side, now to the little lassies on the other.

In this arduous way, he managed to hold the attention of all; and the dry bread of the Catechism was always sweetened by the butter and honey of some little Bible-story or pious tale, related with a charming grace and vivacity, all his own.

"Friendly the teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,
And to the children explained the holy, the highest, in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple,
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.
E'en as the green-growing bud unfolds when springtide approaches,
Leaf by leaf puts forth, and warmed by the radiant sunshine,
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation."

Like the Arabian story-teller of the Thousand Nights' Entertainment, Father Barbelin possessed the art of prolonging his marvellous histories from week to week, the bewitching tale of saint or angel serving as a golden snare to draw the children continually to his feet.

The conclusion of one story was always interwoven, in some magical way, with the beginning of a fresh one, and when the good priest would say, in his sweet broken English, "Time is up,—well,—well,—well,—more next Sunday!"—the children, (and their teachers, too, for that matter,) would awaken as if from a delightful trance, and sighing, wipe away the tears that had unconsciously gathered, like dew, in their bright eyes.

One little boy of nine once voiced the general regret when he exclaimed:

"I wish it was always *this* Sunday, and never *next* Sunday!"

It was about this time that Father Barbelin wrote to one of his relatives in France:

"On the 1st of May, our young girls of St. Joseph's had their procession and celebration in the Church. On the following Sunday, 4th of May, First Communion, etc. The third Sunday, processions, etc., of our little children, of the Congregation of the Infant Jesus. They chatted, sang, and recited their office together. Some of them were only two and a half and three years old. The little girls were in white, and carried bouquets and baskets of flowers, arches and banners, etc. It was a charming sight."

The best loved of all his many pupils, now a grandparent in the far West, has told the writer: "My first recollection is that of being taken to his, (Father Barbelin's,) Sunday-School, dear K— O'B— leading me by the hand. I was then about five years old, and *for the first time I heard something that I remembered.* On returning home, I said the priest had told a 'boofer story,' and I forthwith proceeded to relate it. The moral of the story was the gratitud children should feel towards their parents. You see, as I remember this to-day, how great an impression it made on me! . . . . Father Barbelin taught as Christ did, the simple, spoken word, the parable, the allegory. From him I learned as a child the whole of the Old Testament, all told in the most fascinating style, so plain and clear that the infant of tenderest years could understand, yet admirable enough for the old and wise to profit by the recital.

"I could not, or would not, have read or understood it by reading the Bible myself. Before I heard him that first time in the Sunday-School, I had been taken to

Church and to Sunday-School a number of times, where my only feeling was a desire to get out again as soon as possible, and I remembered nothing. Dry as dust was the method of teaching before Father Barbelin came. . . . . The Sunday-School gathered about him in great numbers, ... and I recall his method of familiarizing the children with the lives of the Saints by dialogues. Notable events or scenes in holy lives, were simplified and cast into the form of question and answer: and two of the children, in turn, recited these parts before their assembled companions, thus not only instructing, but by the variety, giving new zest to their attention."

And then the hymns, O, the dear old, tender hymns to Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the tuneful canticles to all the saints and angels of heaven! Surely *they* were the charm of the beginning and the end, the sweet savor and seasoning of the whole! *Laudate pueri Dominum, laudate nomen Domini!* Father Barbelin seemed to possess a heavenly wand, whose touch evoked music from all around him. Yet the good old man could scarcely turn a tune himself. He acquired the chants and intonations of the Church with great effort: but sang them with precision, and in a soft, tremulous voice.

"Never mind," he would say to those who, like himself, were not gifted in that line: "never mind, we will all sing in heaven!"

Blessed hope! long since, (we trust, in God's sweet mercy,) realized for *him!* O, to be able now to hear the new song he is singing to-day in the choirs of the heavenly Jerusalem, following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth!

"O, to be over yonder
In *that* Land of wonder,
Where angel voices mingle, and angel harps out-ring;
To be free from pain and sorrow,
And the anxious, dread to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine in the presence of the King!"

If sweet are the songs of the humblest souls who there "see the King in His beauty," how passing sweet must be the music of those beloved lips, whose watch-word was ever to the little ones of Christ: "Be filled with the Holy Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord!"

CHAPTER VII.

CATHOLIC HYMNS FIRST MADE POPULAR IN PHILADELPHIA.—CHRISTMAS AT ST. JOSEPH'S.—THE SHEPHERDS' PROCESSIONS.—THE IDYLS OF THE QUEEN.

WE NEED not hesitate to say that it was dear Father Barbelin who first made the singing of Catholic hymns popular in this city and country. Nor did he accomplish his work without opposition. Even good people in those early, straight-laced times, were prone to take scandal at what seemed to their narrow views, the loving audacity of the children's hymns. Simplicity is at home with heavenly things, while worldly spirits, ill at ease, shrink back, self-conscious and distrustful.

If some of the censorious throng about our Lord of yore, had had *their* way, the children would never have been suffered to come close unto Jesus. So, at St. Joseph's, when love had cast out all fear, and the little ones

in their innocent boldness, sang their familiar canticles to gay-spirited tunes, well meaning censors took alarm: and one good priest actually complained *of the abuse* to the Bishop.

His lordship, being well aware that the fault-finder knew nothing about music, and could not, indeed, distinguish between "*Yankee Doodle*" and the "*Last Rose of Summer*,—responded with quiet humor and a subdued twinkle of the eye: "Well, Father . . . . suppose you sing me a verse or so of this reckless hymn, so that I may judge for myself."

The hymn was not sung.

In Father Barbelin's warm heart, there were tender recollections of the old Church tunes he had heard in his childhood, in happy, far-away Lorraine. He liked to have words adapted to these old melodies; but if new hymns were composed for the children, he preferred those that were set to lively, martial measures.

A very lively air once caught his fancy. "To please him," said one of his assistants, "I adapted it to the sacred words, 'Wake for shame, my slothful heart!' The lady singers did not admire it. . . . . The first time they sang it was during our Blessed Mother's month. In the midst of it, by one of those uncontrollable risible movements, they burst out laughing, and broke down. They congratulated themselves that they would not have to sing it again. But in the evening at the devotions Father Barbelin smilingly remarked: "Well, that was a very pretty tune you sang this morning,—*Wake for shame!* Were not *you* ashamed to laugh at that holy time? Now, suppose, as an act of reparation, you sing it every morning for a week!"

A light and aroma of gay devotion pervaded the most serious seasons and subjects. "*Make the Sunday*

School attractive!"—was Father Barbelin's oft-repeated motto. The fire of faith had grown cold in those old days, and public devotion had died away among its ashes. It was the little French priest's mission and delight to stir up the smouldering embers, and kindle a fire of divine love hot enough to warm the coldest hearts for generations to come.

The truths of religion must be made dramatic, realistic. They must speak to the eye and ear, as well as to the heart of these scions of lukewarm parents. The Miracle-plays of the middle ages must be revived.

"If at any time he, (Father Barbelin,) struggled to make the children happy," says one of the Fathers,—a scholastic at St. Joseph's in Father Barbelin's time,—"it was at Christmas that he surpassed himself in little inventions and expedients. . . . . Christmas cards had not then become customary, but the good Father had them for his children. He went to a lithographer, and got a number of bright colored cards, so as to be able to give something to each child in the parish. What a sight it was to see him 'swimming,' (as we called it,) through a sea of children!"

Then, again, there was the *renaissance*, the revival, as we have said, of the ancient Miracle-plays. To quote again from our good Jesuit chronicler: "Utilizing the rare literary talent of Father J—, he gave a dramatic representation of the Nativity, of unusual merit and power, introducing the Crib of Bethlehem,—which was the pioneer institution of the kind in Philadelphia. . . . . When I," adds the narrator, "wished to reduce this Christmas play to the rules of dramatic unity and historic consistency, by striking out some forty superfluous characters, he would not hear of it, because it made the little performers and their parents happy to

have them in the play. These remembrances bring tears to the eye."

Father Barbelin thus described the same Nativity Play to his far-off friends across the sea:

"We have just closed the celebration of the Christmas feasts. Our annual procession of shepherds and shepherdesses was very successful. The first scene represented the Magi, who, having seen the star, deliberate as to its meaning. The second, the Three Kings before Herod and his court, the doctors of the law, etc. The third, the shepherds, astonished at the tardiness of their brothers, etc. A shepherd hastens to tell them of the apparition and invites them to the stable. Fourth, procession of the shepherds, arrival at the crib, offerings. Fifth, entrance of the Magi, followed by their servants and the camels charged with the gifts, etc., etc. The costumes of our children and their conversation were very natural. The shepherds carried a crook and a basket of fruit, or birds. Some of them conducted a lamb, whose bleating made the scene more natural. The offering of the spectators was 800 francs, to procure shoes and clothing for our poor children. I am obliged to conclude. Adieu. Pray much for your devoted brother.

"F. J. Barbelin, S. J."

The histrionic stage in the dark old basement was small and crowded; the theatrical "properties" were few and crude, and the child-actors might have said to their auditors what the *Marchioness* said to *Dick Swiveller* when she extolled the exhilarating qualities of mock-lemonade: "It is very nice if you only *make believe* a good deal;" but although the snow-flakes on the roof of Bethlehem's Stable were simply tufts of raw cotton, although the royal robes of the Three Kings were shabby

enough, and their golden crowns nothing but tinsel,—out of Father Barbelin's Nativity-plays of fifty years ago, blossomed the genuine *Idyls of the King*, the faith and hope and love of the little crownless King of Bethlehem!

What could compare with those wonderful Shepherds' Processions, when the quaint, old, sheep-skin mats were purloined from before the open fender of many a doting Grandma' or Aunty, and made to do duty as pastoral cloaks for more than one small-sized Colin! And, by the same token, there could not have been anything more charming out of Watteau, than the pretty little Phyllises in white, with their conventional crooks, their streamers of many-colored ribbons, and their jaunty little shepherdess-hats perched on one side of their curly heads, as they went trooping through the dim, old basement, (dim, in spite of its myriad, twinkling tapers,) singing in their sweet, shrill trebles the Christmas-hymn of all the ages, —*Adeste Fideles:*

"Let's hasten to adore Him, Our God and King!"

We fear the dear old shepherds of ancient Bethlehem would fail to have recognized themselves in all the glittering bravery of those smart young substitutes of theirs. Like Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Colonel* of æsthetic aspirations, the latter might have plumed themselves upon the fact that,

"Gold lace has a charm for the fair,
And there's plenty of *that* and to spare,"—

but it would have taken more than a few bucholic anachronisms to stagger the childlike joy of Father Barbelin and his happy shepherds. For there, at least, was the little Stable on the rocks, the Divine Babe smiling from the manger,—Mary and Joseph adoring between the dumb beasts, and, above all, the little angel in the air

bearing the Noël legend: *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus!* "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good-will;"—peace, indeed, to that one blessed old man of good-will, and to all the zealous associates who were aiding him then and there to give glory to God in the highest! For by the time the shepherds had finished their addresses, by the time the courtly speeches of the Magi had come to an end, and some tiny baby of a shepherdess far down the ranks had quavered out in a voice of faint and dulcet timidity:

> "Dear little One! how sweet thou art,
> Thine eyes how bright they shine,
> So bright they almost seem to speak,
> When Mary's look meets thine!"

—the great mystery of Incarnate Love was stamped upon the imaginations and hearts of those little worshippers with a beauty, a sparkle, a melodious sweetness, that could never more be effaced.

Nor were the *Idyls of the Queen* omitted. Mary, the Queen of heaven and earth, Mother and lover of all little ones for little Jesus' sake,—she, too, must have *her* share in the mimic drama of devotion.

It was said of him once by one who knew him well: "Father Barbelin was remarkable for his great devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. The devotion of the Month of Mary was unknown in Philadelphia. He first commenced it in a friend's parlor; assembling in the evening with a few Catholic neighbors, he would kneel down before a little oratory and say the prayers; the next evening he would do the same at another friend's; and so on through the month of May. It was finally established in the Churches, and how holy and interesting he made it, with its beautiful processions and crowning of the

May Queen, all know who have ever visited St. Joseph's during the May devotions."

"We'll gather fresh, bright flowers
To bind our fair Queen's brow;
From gay and verdant bowers,
We haste to crown thee now:
Hail Virgin! dearest Mary,
Our lovely Queen of May,
O spotless, blessed Lady,
Our lovely Queen of May!"

Thus they sang, winding up and down the aisles in May-time;—little boys with lighted tapers, big boys with brilliant banners; scores of white-robed, white-veiled little maidens, bearing wreaths and bouquets and baskets of fragrant flowers. And every flower was made to symbolize a virtue,—a virtue characteristic of the Maiden Mother, a virtue whose practice was to be her little children's joy. For the red rose, glowing Charity; for the lily, holy Purity; for the violet, Humility; for the pansy, Peace of heart; for the lily of the valley, Modesty; for the daisy, Simplicity; for the heliotrope, Constancy, and so on to the end of the fragrant floral list.

As we have all seen merry children in the broad, green summer-fields, making chains of dainty blossoms, wherewith to adorn their pretty heads and persons, so our dear old Father Barbelin lured the little ones of Christ, all through the lovely May-days to weave their flower-chains for their souls' fair adornment, in the broad, green pastures of their blessed Immaculate Mother.

His own pure, gentle heart seemed to speak ever to them of God, in the words of the hymn he so dearly loved to hear them sing:

"Bring meekly before him the faith of a child,
Bow down and adore Him with heart undefiled;
And by the still waters, and through the green glade,
With Mary, glad daughter, thy path shall be made."

On the first day of her chosen month, he encouraged them to choose a May Queen from their childish ranks; some happy little maiden distinguished from her mates by her virtues or her winning graces. But the last day of May was devoted exclusively to the crowning glories of the fair, celestial May-Queen.

Again, the long procession defiled along the passages: little white-slippered feet made music through the aisles: and the Blessed Mother's shrine was dazzling with lights and floral decorations. The sweet lips of her marble image seemed to smile upon the innocent faces of her children, upon the snowy dresses and the fleecy veils, the banners, the tapers, the crown of exquisite flowers which one favored maiden bore upon a satin cushion. And when the garland had been lifted by Father Barbelin's loving fingers, and placed upon the statue's head,—like a dream of Paradise and the angels, the white-robed ranks knelt for the Benediction of Jesus in His most adorable Sacrament of the altar,—and then, after the *Laudate Dominum*, melted away down the aisles, like snow-flakes under a hot spring sun, chanting in their clear voices, the dear old hymn which even yet can never be remembered but with tears:

"Come, children, joyously,
Humbly and piously,
With merry lay, with merry lay;
Far be all care away,
Let every heart be gay,
For we have crowned to-day,
Our Queen of May!"

Ah! gentle readers, these beautiful May-processions are now, thank God! familiar to you all throughout the myriad churches of the land; but, forget not when you feast your eyes upon their pure, entrancing loveliness, and feel the rapturous love of Mother Mary glowing like a hidden fire in your hearts,—that you owe it all to beloved Father Barbelin and St. Joseph's *Catacomb*. They were unknown, undreamed of before *his* happy day. But he was sent, in the sweet providence of God, "to enlighten them that sat in darkness, and in the shadow of death; to direct their feet into the way of peace;" and who could so well aid him to shed light upon the darkness as the Morning Star of God, the aurora of the Sun of Justice,—who so fitly aid him to pour oil upon the troubled waters of our diocese in those by-gone, distracted days, as that Immaculate Mother, *Causa nostra lætitiæ*—"whose name is as oil poured out?"

CHAPTER VIII.

FATHER BARBELIN'S STATIONS OF THE CROSS.—THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNICS.—THE LITTLE AMBASSADORS OF THE KING.—THE TRIUMPHS OF ST. FELIX'S DAY.

EVEN as, through the purple Advent-shadows, St. Joseph's light-hearted children caught from time to time the shining glimmer of the Star of Bethlehem, so, all through the solemn gloom of Lent they heard far-off the glorious music of the Paschal *Alleluias*. There was a *soupçon* of sunny piety even in the sombre devotions of Passion-tide. We all remember the blessed Night-prayers in Lent, when the good old Father of St. Joseph's family thanked God for the blessings of the day,

and helped his children to examine their consciences before retiring, each,

> "To wrap around him the drapery of his couch,
> And lie down to pleasant dreams."

This was a remnant of those old childish days in Lorraine when *Mère* Barbelin performed the same sweet task for the happy inmates of the old mansion near Lunéville.

"It was a treat to hear Father Barbelin read prayers," says a priest who knew him well and appreciated him to the full; "I knew persons to come from beyond the Cathedral, (in Philadelphia,) to hear his sweet manner of reading prayers. He used to interpolate in reading, inserting a word here and there, so as to make the meaning clearer, the idea better suited to the needs of the audience."

And who can ever forget the Lenten Rosary, when our beloved Father so varied the pitch and intonations of his *Our Fathers*, *Hail Marys*, and *Glorias* that, as an old-fashioned friend often remarked, "it was as if three or four men were giving out the beads, instead of one!" To Father Barbelin, by the way, is due the honor of establishing the Living Rosary Society, which at the present date, is such a large and flourishing Confraternity at St. Joseph's. This was in 1845; and it was the first of the kind in our city.

The late Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, (ex-U. S. Minister to Naples,) in his exquisite *post mortem* tribute to Father Barbelin, has recorded how at every Lent, "men and women flocked to St. Joseph's to join in the beautiful service of the '*Stations*,' as given by that devoted Father. The sweet attraction of his voice, the heart's true exponent; the eloquence of indwelling love inspired the very

devotion which that service was intended to express. And the affectionate solemnity of the season and the service was enhanced in each worshipper by the terrible suffering of the holy man who led the service, dragging himself with physical anguish and torturing self-abnegation from *Station* to *Station*, bearing the cross, indeed, like his suffering Master, and like that Master, falling at times beneath its aggravated weight. Oh! at that time," said Mr. Chandler, "how was the devotion of his loving followers quickened by his sweet voice, tremulous with pain, as he turned from the conclusion of every division of the office, to urge, to admonish, to invite, in tones of utmost heavenly affection, and in his own loving words, to persuade his followers to 'follow in the way of the Cross,' and to secure the Crown."

On such occasions, the pious old women, (those aged devotees, so trying at times to the patience of a priest,) would join in the procession, close on the heels of the acolytes. "Several prim-notioned persons objected to this," says a Father who was then at the Church; "and they scolded Father Barbelin for allowing it, (he could be scolded like a little boy, although he was Superior of the house.) At the next performance of the *Stations*, in order to show regard to his censors, he turned and said to the old women: 'Oh! my,—too much crowding!—Better not follow!'—with his delightful French accent. The old women retreated for a little while; but, knowing him well, soon got back into the old line of march."

In the Chronicles of the Franciscans we read that, one day, Brother Giles said to St. Bonaventure: "Happy art thou, Father Bonaventure, who knowest so many things; and I, poor, ignorant man, know nothing; thou canst become more holy than I can." "Attend to me," replied the saint; "if a poor, ignorant old woman were

to know how to love God more than I do, she would be more holy than I am." Upon which, Brother Giles began to cry aloud: "O old woman, old woman, listen, listen; if you love God, you can become more holy than Father Bonaventure!" Father Barbelin, like Father Bonaventure, possessed the wisdom and the humility of the saints; so the *Stations of the Cross* went on at St. Joseph's, week after week, through Lent, and the old women who were loving God with all their poor old fervent hearts, kept their place of honor in the rear guard of the *Via Dolorosa.*

And then, after the annual *Retreat* had come to a joyous ending, had not our good Father a *Passion-Play* of his own, rivalling in interest, (at least to the little ones,) the famous *Passion-Play* of Oberammergau? He describes it all in one of his letters to his relatives in France. Referring to the devotions of Holy Thursday, he goes on to say:

"Our Repository was, as usual, one of the prettiest and richest in the city. (This is very humble, is it not? but I must tell the truth.) On the other side of the Church, opposite the Repository, we had a Calvary and Sepulchre. On the minature mountain, the scene changed each day. First, the three crosses,—the figure of our Lord on the one in the middle, the Sepulchre empty, etc. On Friday, while I was making the way of the Cross, surrounded by an immense crowd, at the 14th Station, a veil was raised, the Cross transfigured, and the statue of our Lord appeared in the Sepulchre, surrounded by candles, flowers, and perfumes.

"On Sunday, a statue of Jesus Christ Risen, on the summit of the mountain; an Angel announcing the Resurrection to Mary Magdalene and the holy women in the distance, the soldiers trembling, etc.

Thousands of Catholics and Protestants visited the Church."

Good Friday was a great day at the little old Church. The dim precincts were yet odorous with the flowers and incense of Maunday Thursday's procession,—that sweet, subtile perfume, as it were, of the Most Blessed Sacrament, which the Florentine saint, when a child, used to declare clung about her mother's garments after holy Communion. The dread drama of Redemption had been rehearsed in the morning's Gospel; and at the hour commemorative of our Blessed Lord's agony on Calvary, the Church was densely crowded for the final *Stations of the Cross.*

O, those wonderful, pathetic *Stations*, in which Father Barbelin surpassed himself! He gave the meditations then, (because of the packed aisles,) from the pulpit,—his soft voice moaning like a wounded dove's, over the tortures of his innocent Saviour, the dolors of the dear, Sorrowful Mother. He would take occasion of the *Eighth Station*, wherein our Blessed Lord addresses the weeping women of Jerusalem, to make a fervid attack upon godless schools and the irreligious training of the young.

"Weep not for *Me*," he would say in the person of Christ, "but for yourselves, and above all for your children, whose immortal souls you are ruining for lack of a pious Catholic education!"

Step by step, the auditors tracked the bloody footprints of the divine Cross-bearer from the gates of Jerusalem up the rugged steep of Calvary. Father Barbelin possessed the gift of an Italian *improvisatore;* and there was something so realistic in his simple, touching word-pictures, that the great tears rolled down many a stern cheek, as the dense throng listened to the narrator,

and many a worldly heart sent forth its sighs of deep contrition.

But even here, his ready genius had found a way to enliven the all-pervading gloom; for, although the old organ, (according to the usual Good Friday observance,) stood closed and mute in its loft,—by a special privilege, the rare voices of the singers were supported by a band of wind and string instruments: and the world-renowned strains of the *Stabat Mater* and the *Miserere* took on a new and sympathetic charm from the soft modulations of the hidden orchestra.

There, before the crowded congregation, at the foot of the main altar, stood the mimic representation of the Holy Sepulchre. The tomb of the Arimathean Joseph, cut, as it were, in the grey rocks,—the ferns and lilies nodding round it,—the burning tapers and the typical incense, sending up before it their flame and breath of prayer,—the Roman soldiers close at hand,—the angels in the distance:—and within the open tomb, the white, wounded figure of the dead Christ, appealing to every tender Christian heart by the mute pathos of its meek, recumbent grace! What rude friction of time or sin could ever efface these sights and sounds from the memories of the spectators!

Wearied, but still fervent, they gathered again in the evening to listen to a meditation upon the Seven Last Words of the Crucified One; and when Easter morning dawned in all its golden glory, did they not rejoice over the Resurrection of their Lord and Saviour as if they had, indeed, been genuine eye-witnesses of His cruel Passion, His Agony, His death, His burial?

Old-country folks tell us that if we get up early enough to see it, on Easter Sunday morning, the happy sun dances jubilantly in the sky in honor of its Maker's

Resurrection; but down in dear old St. Joseph's basement, the Easter sun, not satisfied with his early morning-minuet, danced all day long in the merry children's hearts, and flashed his brightest rays upon Father Barbelin's broad, beaming face.

May-time was coming: there were violets in the garden, and daisies and buttercups in the fields. There were birds warbling and nest-building in the trees; soft, vernal breezes found their vagrant way down the little Alley,—and the grand old picnics, Father Barbelin's delightful *fêtes champêtre*, were the order of the day. Like the *Pied Piper of Hamelin*, all he had to do was to breathe a few soft notes upon his dulcet pipe of persuasion, and away went the vast army of little ones, trooping after him to wood or water, wherever his sweet, paternal will might lead them:

"There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds jostling and pitching and hustling;

* * * * * * * * *

Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And like fowls in a barnyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

Alas! many a dyspeptic epicure of later years would gladly exchange all his present tempting *menu* of *Patés de foie gras*, *Mayonnaises*, *Méringues*, *Champagne* and *Chartreuse*, for that identical ham-sandwich, that apple "turnover," that drum-stick of cold chicken which he punished with such appetizing relish at the old May-day pic-nics,—washing down the pies and pickles with deep draughts of crystal spring-water, or ladlesful of the ice-cold

lemonade which stood in great, shining tin-pails under the spreading trees.

Cakes by the barrelfull,—and never a shadow of dyspeptic night-mare to cloud his innocent delight! Those merry races up hill and down dale, (Father Barbelin's chair the goal and starting-point alike,)—those busy searches through the woods for Blessed Mother's early flowers, those games and modest dances upon the soft grass, were capable of turning the sourest pickles into sweetest nectar; and who was any the worse for it, if the Beads or the singing of a charming hymn were sandwiched, somehow or other, into the long program of the day's delights; or if they found themselves all back again in the evening, safe and sound at St. Joseph's, clustering around the May-Queen's brilliant shrine, and joining their reverend playmate of the woods, in his tender prayers to the stainless Mother of Jesus?

O, those were the real red-letter days in our Blessed Lady's calendar! And away along at the close of her month came another feast of feasts,—St. Felix's day, Father Felix's happy birthday.

Had all the good parents and grand-parents and grown-up kindred of St. Joseph's little ones, made their Easter duty? Ah! no, the King had sent forth his servants long ago to bid the wedding-guests to the divine Banquet, but some of them still made excuses as of old; some were yet laggards at the royal Feast,—tainted with the Hoganite leaven, still wandering in the exterior darkness without the nuptial garment of sanctifying grace!

"'These, also, must I bring,'" said the fervent Apostle of St. Joseph's. And so the little ones of the Sunday-School were sent forth as powerful pleaders for

the heavenly King. It was the old story of St. Francis Xavier and the children of the Fishery Coast.

"O papa!" purrs one little fair-haired darling, nestling close to the strong, paternal heart, "to-morrow is dear Father Barbelin's birthday, and there is going to be a general Communion. O, please, *please* won't you come to confession with me this evening at St. Joseph's?"

"Dear Grandpa," coaxes another cunning little sunbeam, "really and truly, I can't go to Communion without you on St. Felix's day; Grandma' and Mamma are going,—won't *you* come too?"

It is vain for the tough, old veterans to defy their fairy-like besiegers, in vain for them to exclain with the beleaguered poet:

> "Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
> Because you have scaled the wall,
> Such an old mustache as I am
> Is not a match for you all?"—

for he doesn't begin to be a match for the very tiniest of those tiny decoy-ducks, if his mustache were twice as old and gray as it is. The bright-eyed victors have already bound him fast with the silken fetters of divine love and mercy, and off goes the refractory father or grand-father, uncle or brother, to Father Barbelin's confessional; and the next morning, is kneeling at the Communion-rail feeding on the Bread of Angels after long years of neglect, and marveling, with tears of gratitude, at the easiness of those Sacramental ways he once thought so hard. Down in the basement that evening, the happy little diplomats of the divine King warble their May-hymns with new zest and relish, rejoicing that they have killed two rare birds with one skilfully-directed stone:—the Easter-communion has been made, and Father Barbelin's birthday has been royally kept.

One young man, (and this, the writer vouches for as an authentic fact,) had not approached the holy Table since his boyhood. Easter after Easter came and went, and still the lost sheep was wandering afar off in the desert of sin, deaf to the sweet calls and pleadings of the heavenly Shepherd. His sister, a holy, chosen soul, sent up continual petitions in his behalf to the throne of grace; and Father Barbelin was the confidant of all her anxieties and fears, uniting with her in prayer for the poor young fellow's conversion.

Who ever heard of a real, believing prayer for the glory of God and the salvation of an immortal soul, remaining unanswered? On a certain Sunday afternoon, the pious sister of our careless young man went off, as usual, to teach her Sunday-school class at Old St. Joseph's. After she had left the house, a little niece came seeking her aunt, that she might accompany her, as was her custom, to Sunday School. When the little creature found her already gone; when she realized that there was no one to take her that day to the tabernacle of unfailing delights in Willing's Alley, she burst into tears, and, like Rachael, refused to be comforted.

"What is the matter now, pussy?" questioned her uncle, aroused from his abstraction by the outcry, and pitying the distress of the small maiden who was still bemoaning her bitter disappointment.

"O, Aunty has gone to Sunday-School without me! —and I can't find the way myself,—and O, there are the hymns, and the Catechism,—and Father Barbelin's new story,—and O,—boo-hoo!—boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"—and again the under-sized mourner lifted up her voice and wept.

"Come along," said the uncle; "I'll take you there myself."

O, the bliss, the rapture of that moment! The tears were dried at once, the bitter sobs stilled, and away skipped the little creature, keeping fast hold of uncle's hand.

"Now," said he, when they had reached the churchyard, "you run along down to the basement, pussy, and see if Aunty is there; for if she isn't, I'll wait here and take you home again."

The next moment the good young lady presiding soberly over her class, was startled in the midst of a catechetical question by the apparition of a very small girl, with red eyes and tear-stained cheeks, who seemed to have dropped out of the skies.

"How on earth did *you* get here?" was the first question she addressed to her tiny relative.

"Uncle Tom brought me," was the prompt reply.

"And where is he now," was the next question.

"Up there in the yard, waiting to make sure you were here."

"O Father!" whispered the agitated girl to Father Barbelin, who had approached the class, (as he always seemed to do,) just in the nick of time: "O Father! Tom is up there waiting,—can you not say a word to him before he goes?"

Up the staircase sped the zealous priest, as fast as his feet could carry him.

"Friend," said he to the young man, who was so surprised at his sudden appearance that he did not know whether to stand still or run away: "friend, *when were you at confession?*"

Face to face with that kindly, searching glance, meeting the encouraging smile of that broad, benignant mouth, there was little temptation to subterfuge or sullenness.

"Twenty years ago, Father," the poor fellow answered respectfully, though abashed.

Ah! then the flood-gates of Father Barbelin's eloquence and zeal were widely opened! What words of power he uttered in that "acceptable time," what sweet persuasions he made use of, we know not, (and shall never know, until the day when all earth's secrets shall be manifest,) but what we *do* know is, that a sacred promise was exacted and given, and that, on the self-same evening, the contrite sinner was kneeling at the holy man's feet, making an humble confession of all the wrong-doings of those twenty graceless years.

The sudden conversion was a most sincere and lasting one. Never again did the penitent relapse into a neglect of the holy Sacraments, but became a model of fervor; and only recently passed suddenly away from life,—caught up, as it were, into the air to meet Christ,—leaving to those who mourned the departure of his gentle, humble soul, the most consoling hopes of his eternal salvation.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SACRAMENTS.—THE "DOUBLE SERMONS."—FIRST CONFESSIONS.—SODALISTS, LITTLE AND BIG.—ST. JOSEPH'S MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

ALL this while, the cords of love were strengthening and tightening between the good Father and the little lambs of his flock. There was so much to be said between them when they met, that the re-unions on Sunday afternoons did not afford opportunities enough for his zeal to teach, or their eagerness to learn. So it came to pass in the end, that on Thursdays and Saturdays as

well, they gathered around him in the afternoons. Our Lady's *Litany* was sung and her Rosary said,—then the tide of those wonderful Instructions flowed on; and sacred song and story filled the golden hours. They could have sat at his feet forever; for the little listeners, enamored with the charms of Virtue, were ready to applaud to the echo when their bright-faced Teacher assured them that "all her ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

The beautiful fountains of the Sacraments were thrown open to thousands of thirsting souls. Class after class, for Confirmation and First Communion, passed in and out the blessed old basement in their white dresses and flowing veils, their snowy jackets and spotless gloves; and the results of that fervent, primitive preparation for the Sacraments went on widening and spreading, like circles in water, from generation to generation, even unto the present day.

Father Barbelin's zeal overlooked no chance for good. On Tuesday evenings he had a class, (of children attending the public schools,) which he called "The Odd Fellows," and *odd* enough they often were in their ignorance of all religious truths. These were "the doubtful ones,"—(cannot the reader recall now the peculiar expression with which Father Barbelin used to say those last two words?) -and he was unflagging in his efforts for their instruction. Dear, old Father Bally, his former fellow-novice at Whitemarsh, was accustomed in these years to come at intervals from his Church in Berks County, and make little visits to his Jesuit friend and brother in Christ. Thereby hangs a tale, which one of the Fathers, (resident at Willing's Alley twenty years ago,) narrates to us with charming grace and humor:

"The venerable and saintly Father Bally of Goshen-

hoppen had a compact with Father Barbelin, that when he came to St. Joseph's he would do all of Father Barbelin's work and let him have a holiday: and when Father Barbelin came to Goshenhoppen, he would return the favor. Hence, when Father Bally, absorbed by interesting conversation, would be a little slow in getting through supper, Father Barbelin would hurry him, saying, 'Make haste and go out,—you have work in the Church to do!' At this we would all laugh, it being so contrary to his, (Father Barbelin's,) invariable courtesy, and therefore, a more notable joke; but Father Bally would hasten to leave the table.

"After supper," continues Father N— "we made a visit to the Church, and knelt in a place where we could see without being seen, and hear all that was said. It was Tuesday night, the 'Odd Fellows' were assembled with their teachers, and Father Bally was preaching to them. With his sweetest, gentlest manner, the blessed old patriarch was proceeding with his discourse. He was explaining the meaning of the various objects on the altar, where were some relics in cases, highly prized and admired by Father Barbelin.

"'Leetle children,' said Father Bally, 'the candles that you see on the altar signify,' etc., etc. Father Barbelin, who was standing near him facing the children, frowning occasionally at an inattentive one, and smiling encouragement to the good, with his hands joined devoutly before his breast,—feared that Father Bally in his description of the pious articles, was going to overlook his pet relics, and he burst into the discourse with: 'And the *wellicks*, the *wellicks*, O, my! the *wellicks* of the holy Saints of God are on the altar, and the good, faithful boys ought to know what they mean,' etc., etc.

"So he would break in occasionally, and Father

Bally, not at all disturbed or disconcerted at the interruption, would continue where he left off, as soon as Father Barbelin had finished what he had to say. The children were so used to these simple ways that they did not laugh or show surprise. I have several times," concludes our narrator, "listened to these 'double sermons.' (as we called them,) preached by those darling brother-saints, Fathers Barbelin and Bally."

Even the little baby boys and girls had their days for first Confessions, when, kneeling openly in rows around Father Barbelin's feet, they told their sins, or what, (like Sir Percivale's sister in the *Holy Grail*,) their

"—all but utter whiteness took for sins."

If some of them, however, were more inclined, at times, to tell their neighbors *peccadillos* than their own, they were none the less miniature men and women. For, there were occasions when an infant Pharisee, questioned by the sweet old coaxing voice:

"Got mad wiz *seester*, eh?"—or,—"Fought wiz leetle *bruzzer*, eh?"—would answer with virtuous self-gratulation:

"No, Farver,—but *him* did!" indicating with a grimy finger a hoary-headed criminal of four summers, whose chubby hands were folded before him with such demure devotion, and whose round, rosy face, like a polished apple, shone with such peaceful good-humor, that any jury in the country, (*not* of his peers,) would have declared him innocent—in the first degree!

The ready pocket of the tender Father could always furnish, at such seasons, a rare supply of medals, pictures, beads, yea, and oftener still, cakes, fruits, or candies, to allay the somewhat uproarious *at*trition of the infantile penitents. It must have been one of these unabsolved

midgets that on a certain memorable occasion, (the story, if *non è vero*, is certainly *ben trovato!*) stole in to whisper that he had played marbles on Sunday, at some inopportune hour, possibly during the time for Mass or Sunday-School. The day was warm and sultry, the bee-like buzz of the babies was provocative of slumber, and the fatigue of many a long, laborious duty weighed down the dear old Father's lids. His bright head drooped and nodded: and, tradition saith, that while he dozed for a few brief moments, the tiny penitent slipped out, and an old woman of seventy who had been patiently watching her chance, slipped into the box instead.

The harsh old voice, subdued though it was, broke the spell of that light slumber, and we can imagine the venerable lady's intense surprise when, after a long sigh which ended in a fervent "God bless you!"—she was saluted with the following astonishing words:

"Well,—well,—well!—Y–e–s? That is all right, my child. "*Be a good boy, and don't play marbles on Sundays any more!*"

While thus the children gathered about Father Barbelin, like bees around a rosebush, until his Sunday-School numbered between 1500 and 2000 little ones,—the spiritual needs of their elders were not forgotten by him. Besides the Holy Infant's Sodality for the babies just able to toddle and talk, there were the Angels' Sodalities which he established for the larger boys and girls, whereby they were encouraged to emulate the purity and fervor of the nine celestial Choirs. The young men and women had their Sodalities of the Blessed Mother, and the "Fathers in Israel," their own especial branch of a like Confraternity.

This latter Sodality is not as numerous at present as it has been, but still the members give much edification

by the regularity and devotion of their monthly Communion, adhering, (as its Reverend Director testifies,) with great persistance to the little customs taught in Father Barbelin's time. It is said that forty-five years ago, veterans of over sixty would buy a hymn-book and going home, ask the good wife or daughter to teach them to sing. The voices of those venerable henchmen of our Lady might have been uneven and discordant enough; their notions of time and tune not of the most correct or cultured order, yet their Litanies and spiritual songs were assuredly sweeter in the ears of our Blessed Mother and the angels, than all the finished *arias* and *cavatinas* of a royal opera-troupe.

But, while the good old Sodalists crooned away at Mary's immaculate feet, reiterating their homely and oft-times rasping *ora pro nobis*,—Father Barbelin was doing his utmost among the young people to inaugurate a first-class Catholic choir. Any child in his Sunday-School or parish that had talent for music, either vocal or instrumental, had been from the outset, brought forward and encouraged by him. If song was a sealed fountain for himself as far as his own musical powers were concerned, he was certainly the Moses to strike the rock in the desert, and set free the tuneful waters for the joy and edification of his beloved children.

"He would call them from their classes in the Sunday-School," says one of these old time pupils, "and either desire them to sing the *solos* in the Masses, or, as it might be, preside at the organ in the absence of the organist; and O, how frequently he would allay their timidity by his kind words of encouragement and praise!" "I have often thought," says another, "that some of the best musical talent of Philadelphia, was fostered in that old basement under his, (Father Barbe-

lin's,) blessed incitement *to pray always by singing the praises of God!*"

Beautiful tribute to a training that was all heavenly, all divine! *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*, the royal seal of the King which ever stamps the gold of the true Jesuit's words and deeds!

In the first year of his pastorate, Father Barbelin came across a young Spaniard who was ably fitted to second him in the musical training of the young people. This was Don Pedro A. Daunas. A thorough musician, and devoted to his art, he was at once placed in charge of St. Joseph's choir as Director and organist. The organ had been purchased by a children's "Mite Society," the little ones bringing their pennies to Father Barbelin, week after week, until a sufficient sum was realized to procure the instrument. If we mistake not, the same organ has been in use from that date up to the close of the year 1885.

But Father Barbelin was very partial to orchestral music, especially in the celebration of the grander festivals of the Church. He had a particular *penchant* for the kettle-drums, exhibiting in that, the martial spirit of the genuine Frenchman. It was natural, therefore, that an orchestral society should be organized about this time among the young men of the congregation, and which was entitled the "St. Cecilia Musical Association of St. Joseph's Church."

Of course there was a vast deal of promiscuous rasping and tooting among these tyros at the outset; but Father Barbelin patiently endured all the agonies of amateur "wind and string," until the zealous young musicians had mastered their respective instruments. The result was, (what he himself would have termed,) *un grand succès*. Some of the first orchestral Masses ever

performed in this city were produced at St. Joseph's Church, under the direction of Professor Daunas. The vocal parts on these occasions were sustained by the male and female voices selected by Father Barbelin from the Sunday-School and Sodality: for there were, also, Choral Societies in those days, for the young people of both sexes. Many of our Catholic singers who have since become brilliant stars in the musical firmament, here and elsewhere, were first brought into notice in this manner.

CHAPTER X.

THE DRAMA.—THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—ST. VINCENT'S FOUNDLING ASYLUM.—THE IRISH IMMIGRANTS AND THE FEVER OF '48.—INCEPTION OF ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.—ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE BUILT.—FATHER BARBELIN ITS PRESIDENT IN 1851, AND FATHER VILLIGER PREFECT OF STUDIES.

MEANWHILE, the embryo histrionics of the basement had given birth to a Dramatic corps among the young gentlemen of St. Joseph's. There were then, thank God! no skating-rinks, concert-saloons, or variety-theatres in Philadelphia, yea, not even a Dime-Museum, to lure the growing boys and girls to the haunts of forbidden sights and sounds. But the grandfathers of St. Joseph's present "*Thalians*," found a delicious flavor in the mild comedies and innocuous tragedies they played of yore under Father Barbelin's paternal eye; and the concerts and scenic entertainments which amused and delighted the patrons of the old Church, were made doubly enjoyable by the fact that their own dear children trod the mimic boards as "star" singers or actors, or

discoursed sweet strains from the orchestra, as instrumental performers.

Music, however, while it

"hath charms to soothe the savage soul,"

hath, also, for its successful votaries its own attendant snares and dangers. As a rule, the young man who is either a fine singer or an expert on flute, violin or piano, is courted in society; and *Society* means too often, alas! late hours, temptation to drink, dissipation,—ruin! No one knew this better than Father Barbelin. And he knew, at the same time, that a fatal indulgence in drink, (not so much for the love of the liquor, as because of the social seductions which attend it,) was the greatest curse of that best-loved portion of his flock,—his dear Irish people.

In 1840, four years before his appointment as Superior, he had established a Total Abstinence Beneficial Society at St. Joseph's; and all through his pastorate, he was an unflagging champion of the grand cause of Temperance. His beloved T. A. B.'s had their regular meetings on the first Monday evening of every month, when their good Father always had an encouraging word or smile for them, to spur them on in the narrow path of self-denial and fraternal charity. He had too tender a devotion to the sacred Thirst of our Lord upon the Cross, not to fight with all the weapons of his many-sided gifts, the hydra-headed demon of Intemperance. He said once to a young man, now an excellent priest: "Don't drink strong liquors while young, and when you get old it will do you good!"

Alas! the evils of that vice lay all about him in the wretched, half-naked poor whom his Dorcas Society supplied with clothing; in the suffering and diseased,

whom his St. Rose Society, (composed of ladies of means,) visited and cheered with delicacies and comforts, seasoned with holy words of consolation and advice.

One Saturday afternoon, two little girls, (well known to the writer,) were going in to St. Joseph's to confession, when they were struck with the sight of a covered basket on the gallery stairs, near the holy-water font. As they were well-trained children, they passed by the mystery untouched; but as they were likewise a very scrupulous pair of Misses, they were so long preparing for confession, that they were the last penitents heard that afternoon by Father Barbelin. Coming out of the now empty Church about Angelus time, they discovered the same mysterious basket still upon the staircase.

Curiosity prompted them to lift the lid and peep in, —and lo! there lay a live, sleeping *baby!*

The little girls ran off in high excitement, and brought Brother McGirr. Who does not remember Brother McGirr, that remarkable man of few words and many deeds, who was sexton at St. Joseph's in the *Auld Lang Syne?* Well, a nurse he was, and a tender one too, all that night, to the poor little mite of a baby, doubtless the offspring of dissipated parents.

In the morning, "What will he do with it?" was the question of the hour. But Father Barbelin was never at a loss. He was a man of almost infinite resources. "Divine love," says A'Kempis, "is able to do anything, and it performs and effects many things, where he that loves not, faints and lies down."

The poor nameless waif was first baptized conditionally, giving it the name of Joseph Hall; Joseph, because the great Foster-father was the father of all helpless little ones for the sake of the helpless Child Jesus;

—Hall, because the poor little unknown had been first discovered in the hall of the Church.

After its spiritual life had been thus secured to it, its temporal nourishment must, also, be attended to.

That Sunday morning, Father Barbelin stood upon the house-steps as usual in the old times, smiling upon the out-pouring congregation. He was evidently watching for some one among the crowd; and directly he signaled a lady to approach. It was the wife of a rising young lawyer who has since become famous in scientific circles. She had been Father Barbelin's favorite pupil in Sunday-School, and he had not only directed her religious training from infancy, but had officiated at her marriage, and (then) recently baptized her first-born son.

He was about to ask of her an heroic act of charity. Would she consent to nurse this poor little, motherless baby at her breast, until a proper home could be found for it? The noble-hearted woman was worthy her saintly director. If there was a shudder of distaste and hesitation, a maternal tremor for the well-being of her own precious child, those natural emotions were but momentary. Faith, hope, and charity asserted their sovereign sway; and before an hour had elapsed, the motherless waif had found a cradle near the little heir of the house, and was sharing with him, by turns, the pure streams from the maternal fountains.

Such a deed deserves to be written in letters of gold upon the annals of Christian love and self-sacrifice!

But the heroic foster-mother did more, as we shall soon see. Father Barbelin had enlisted in the cause of the poor little foundling, another noble and energetic woman, (who is recently deceased at a venerable age,) to whom he committed the child,—telling her she must take it to the home for foundlings, then not long established in the

neighborhood of 18th and Race Streets, under the care of the daughters of St. Vincent.

This was a special charity of the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann, which the holy prelate had so far supported mainly out of his own private purse. The clergymen of the diocese had not responded very freely to his lordship's appeals in its behalf; some of them objecting, (and there was a certain force in the argument which the Bishop could not gainsay,) that the establishment of a home for such children, afforded a sort of encouragement to their miserable, unfortunate mothers, to wash their hands clear of their wretched offspring.

The good lady to whom the poor little "Nobody's Son" had been intrusted by Father Barbelin, carried it safely to the Bishop's protectorate. But alas! even *there* there seemed to be no sheltering *crèche* for the hapless Joseph Hall. A little, comfortless house with forty-two babies to be cared for, and only five over-worked Sisters of Charity to do it, did not offer much prospect of a home for the poor, forty-third infant.

Back drove the good Samaritan to St. Joseph's, baby and all, to report progress to him who was literally a father to the orphans; and again he sent her forth on her mission of mercy, but this time with a letter to Bishop Neumann, asking for an order to admit the foundling to his orphanage. Before dismissing her, however, Father Barbelin explained to the devoted woman that it would be good to call public attention to this embryo charity; that as it was so poor and needed help, he thought her just the business-woman, with a good, compassionate heart, who was fitted by nature as well as grace to stir up a general sympathy for the cause of the poor, forlorn "infantry."

Having secured her order in due time from the Bishop, the charitable lady returned to the Sisters, and

inquired kindly and accurately into their condition, finances, resources, etc.:—and the poor Sisters opened their hearts to her in return, and gave her their confidence as to their very straightened circumstances. The house was a three-story one, of six rooms and a basement. The first floor served for a chapel, with a little parlor adjoining; the second contained a play-room wherein were thirty small chairs for the babies, (who were tied in during the day;) whilst in the poor little dormitory were the twenty-one cribs, each of which held two tiny occupants at night. The attics were the only rooms the Sisters had reserved for their own use; and, indeed, they had small opportunity of retiring even to those "sky-parlors," since three of them were forced to tend and feed more than two score helpless infants, day and night,—the other two Sisters doing the cooking, housework, washing and ironing for the establishment.

The visitor's sympathies were deeply and warmly excited. She immediately called upon the lady who had acted a mother's part to little Joseph Hall, and proposed that she should get up a Concert for the benefit of the destitute Foundling Asylum. The young mother was a gifted musician, with a circle of distinguished musical friends. Together they volunteered their valuable services; and a charming entertainment in Musical Fund Hall was the result. The handsome sum realized thereby was, (what the Hoosiers would call,) the first "boost" St. Vincent's "Baby House" received in Philadelphia. The eloquent pen of one who is now a famous author was, furthermore, employed in moving appeals to the charitable, through the columns of some of our daily papers, and a current of popular and practical sympathy set in towards 18th and Race. Bakers and milkmen at once began to leave their surplus stock at the Asylum

doors. Large bundles of linen and baby-clothes, cribs, furniture, bedding, etc., etc., poured in upon the Sisters from the many warm-hearted mothers of the Quaker City, who only needed to know in order to supply the wants of the poor little, motherless infants; and from that time, success attended the charity.

Years before this episode of little Joseph Hall, (who, by the by,—praised be the mercy of God!—departed to the society of the angels before he had lost his baptismal innocence,) Father Barbelin had inaugurated another blessed work of charity. The terrible famine in Ireland had driven to our shores, in 1848, hundreds of distressed immigrants who fled from the jaws of one devouring enemy at home, only to fall a prey to another, equally voracious, abroad. Weakened by starvation and crushed by the keenest mental agony, these poor sufferers were attacked by ship-fever, and were dying by the score in the lower section of the city.

Many of the cases were in St. Joseph's parish, near the wharves; and as Father Barbelin and his zealous assistants, Fathers McMullin and Mulledy, climbed up into the high, close attics, or dived down into the dark, damp cellars of the plague-stricken poor, they felt that active measures must be taken to alleviate that mass of unmitigated and offensive suffering.

Aided by some of the leading Catholic gentlemen, Father Barbelin accordingly organized a Society for the relief of the afflicted immigrants.

——"Frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected,

* * * * * * * * * *

> Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
> Moistening the feverish lip and the aching brow, and in silence,
> Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
> Where, on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside."

When the pestilence had spent itself, and the Society had served its day of usefulness, the officers found themselves, (doubtless to their own surprise,) with a balance in the treasury. This was the first suggestion of St. Joseph's Hospital. It originated with Father Barbelin in the parlor of St. Joseph's pastoral residence, and in that same spot, the Board of Corporators and Directors for a long time held their meetings. The hospital was for many years under the care of the good Sisters of St. Joseph, but it is now, like St. Vincent's Foundling Home, and St. Joseph's Asylum for Orphan Girls at 7th and Spruce, (which Father Leonard Neale, S. J., of St. Joseph's, established in 1797, and of which Father Barbelin was always a warm friend and patron,) in charge of the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul.

The year after the foundation of the hospital, the question of building St. Joseph's College, in Willing's Alley, began to be agitated. Father John Lynch, S. J., had succeeded Father Balfe as one of Father Barbelin's assistants; and to him was committed the work of erecting the College structure. The building was completed in 1851, and the following year was opened with Father Barbelin as President, and Father Burchard Villiger, S. J., (afterwards Provincial of the Society, but now Rector of the *Gesù* in Philadelphia,) Prefect of Studies, with a corps of four Professors.

One of the senior Fathers of the Society tells that when Father Barbelin was Prefect at Georgetown College, he once attempted, in accordance with the rules, to whip a refractory pupil. He was taking the boy upstairs to

his room, but the lad resisted, planted his feet against the steps, and held on so firmly to the baluster, that the poor young Prefect at last gave way to the little rascal, who ran off shouting and laughing to the play-ground. It is said that Father Barbelin seemed glad to be released from a duty so repugnant to his tender nature; and we can easily believe it, since, (apart from other proofs,) we find him, about that date, in a letter to a friend, (from Georgetown,) lamenting the "extreme difficulty" which he experienced "in those *corporal punishments* here in use."

He was far from remiss, however, in his duty as President of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia. "He never objected to having the rules strictly carried out, and punishment inflicted on the guilty," says one who taught under him in those old days; "but he always counseled moderation, and was on the watch to prevent any appearance of tyranny or contemptuous reproach on the part of the teachers."

In 1856, the College was removed to a house near St. John's Church, 13th Street above Chestnut; and we find the relieved President writing thus to one of his sisters concerning the change:

"The Bishop lately offered his Cathedral to our Fathers, as he intends building another in a different quarter of the city. Adjoining this Cathedral, was an edifice which appeared suitable for our St. Joseph's College, its position being much more central. We therefore sent our pupils there; and they are now under the direct care of our Fathers sent by our Father Provincial to the Cathedral of St. John. Since this arrangement, I breathe much more freely, having no longer the physical and moral responsibility of the professors and pupils of St. Joseph's, and having more time to devote to the large

congregation which frequents our Church, to our many confraternities in honor of the Blessed Virgin, of the Holy Angels, St. Aloysius de Gonzaga, and of the Infant Jesus; and also to our parish schools and catechism classes."

CHAPTER XI.

ST. JOSEPH'S PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.—CATHOLIC FREE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—HOME FOR YOUNG CATHOLIC SERVANT-GIRLS.—FIRST CONFERENCE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL IN PHILADELPHIA.—THE ITALIAN AND FRENCH CATHOLICS.—FATHER THOMAS LILLY'S BLACK SHEEP AT ST. JOSEPH'S.—DEATH OF FATHER BARBELIN'S PARENTS.—LETTER OF FATHER FELIX TO FATHER XAVIER.

JUST at this time, our late Holy Father, Pius IX., made his appeal to Catholic Bishops and Pastors for parochial schools; and although Father Barbelin was yet struggling with the burden of the new College, he made haste to open a school for the poorer boys of the congregation, first in the basement, and later, in a building erected north of the Church, and placed under the care of two lay-Brothers.

There was not at that era, in the whole city proper, a single school exclusively for Catholic girls. Father Barbelin could no longer neglect this very essential department of Christian education.

"The hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world;"

and he straightway set about striving to fill what enterprising advertisers term "a long felt want."

He called a meeting of the pew-holders, in the basement, April, 1852, and a resolution was agreed upon to increase the pew-rents 33⅓ per cent, and with the fund thus raised to support a free school for girls.

As far back as 1829, some pious ladies of St. Joseph's congregation had formed a little Society for the maintenance of Catholic orphans. This was the germ of St. John's Orphan Asylum, West Philadelphia, which now feeds, clothes, and educates between three and four hundred lads Rev. John Hughes, afterwards Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes of New York, was for years the chief patron of this institution. At first in care of the Sisters of Charity, it ultimately passed into the hands of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and became for that community their mother-house in this diocese.

It was to these good Sisters that Father Barbelin now turned for teachers of his freshly-projected female school. Accordingly, in September, 1852, the new work was inaugurated on 4th Street above Willing's Alley, in a house purchased expressly for the purpose.

The first guardians of that

"——rosebud garden of girls,"

were Sisters Veronica and de Sales, with whom was associated for a time, Miss Susan McCaffrey, whose brother, Very Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, was for many years President of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Maryland. Miss McCaffrey, with her amiable sister, Mrs. Dr. McNeill, had been for a long while, a most efficient worker in St. Joseph's Sunday-School; and they were the leaders of the band of *zelatrices*, raised up by Father Barbelin in those early days, to instruct Philadelphia children in their Christian doctrine. Miss Susan was a modest but highly gifted woman,—a sweet singer and

an unusually graceful writer. The Sunday-School owed to her pen and dramatic power many a charming hymn and scenic representation, which still live in the memories of the performers and spectators, though the gentle, old head and hand that furnished that

"feast of reason and flow of soul,"

have long been mouldering in the dust.

She proved an able assistant to the good Sisters in the foundation of their school.

How great was Father Barbelin's devotion to the interests of the latter, and how great, also, were the difficulties and deprivations of the self-sacrificing Sisters at that period, may be gathered from the following extract from one of Father B's letters, written to his sister in 1858:

"My principal object in writing to you was to say that I received, some weeks ago, a letter from Rev. F. Huss, Superior of the Jesuits of the Province of New York. He told me he had received, in February, 1857, 2643 francs, as an alms from Father Barbelin of France, for the Province of New York. Having learned from a letter from the Procurator of Paris, dated February 15, 1858, that this alms was for F. Barbelin of Philadelphia, he wrote immediately, acknowledging himself indebted to me for this sum. Knowing that in consequence of my vow of poverty I had no right to dispose as I wished of this generous gift,—I awaited the arrival of the Father Provincial, who was to give our retreat:—and, with great pleasure and feelings of gratitude towards our European benefactors, he permitted me to dispose of this rich offering in favor of an object which I have long desired, namely: the accomodation of our dear Sisters, who, giving to their three hundred pupils, the three stories of

the house which I had purchased, occupy an attic which is cold in winter, and suffocating in summer. We have some ground in the yard, and I shall try to collect sufficient alms to build school-rooms. The old house will serve as a dwelling for the Sisters, and also for a select School, which will help to defray the expenses of the gratuitous school, which I love. Thus, after my death it will continue."

St. Joseph's Academy, in Locust Street near Fourth, now employs six or more Sisters, and instructs hundreds of girls in Christian doctrine, (including a large class of deaf mutes,) and in the principles of a good solid English education, to which is added, (for such as desire it,) a knowledge of music, French, and needlework. Theirs was the first school of St. Joseph's Sisterhood in our diocese; but at this writing, they have a splendid Convent and Academy at Mount St. Joseph's, Chestnut Hill, Pa., and have spread their educational establishments, like a holy net-work, all over the city and state.

While attending thus, like a true father, to the interests of his dear little spiritual daughters, the zealous Pastor of St. Joseph's did not forget the necessities of the older girls, who were exposed to the dangers and temptations of a large city, through want of a home, or of decent employment. Under his direction, Father John Lynch, S. J., had rented in 1851, a large old house at the corner of Front and Union Streets, wherein young servant-girls out of work, could find a sheltering home. A matron was placed in charge of it, and it was the intention of the Fathers to soon entrust it to the capable hands of the Sisters of Mercy.

To support this noble charity, the first Conference of St. Vincent de Paul was established the same year at St. Joseph's. Unfortunately, the Home for unemployed

women was not a lasting institution; but the blessed Confraternity which its needs had called into existence, gloriously outlived it; and St. Joseph's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul became the nucleus of the now powerful and ably-managed Particular Conference of Philadelphia.

Alluding to this pious organization, (in a letter abroad,) Father Barbelin tells of its affiliation to the mother Society in France, seven years after its formation in Philadelphia:

"I established," says he, "some years ago, a 'Conference of St. Vincent de Paul,' which, on the 22d of February, of this year, (1858,) was affiliated to the other congregations by the general Council of Paris. I have received several letters from the zealous President-General, Mr. A. Bandon. I have been recently invited to aid in the establishment of different other Conferences in divers localities of this city. It is a great pleasure for me, not only on account of the poor who will derive comfort from these Conferences, but also on account of the homage thus rendered the great St. Vincent de Paul, and the new bond uniting me more and more closely to his holy daughters and pious promoters."

The little old Church down the Alley seemed, indeed, elected by heaven to be the birth-place and cradle of all, or at least the greater part, of our diocesan works for the glory of God, and the salvation of souls. And as our late lamented prelate, Most Rev. James Frederick Wood, remarked at his first visit to St. Joseph's: "The spirit which laid the corner-stone of its foundation is still as fresh, as vigorous, as warm, as it was then; and the recollection of the services which this Church has given to religion, is embalmed in the hearts of all."

In 1852, the Italian Catholics of our city held a meeting in that spiritual bee-hive of a basement; and the movement eventuated in the erection of an Italian Catholic Church on Marriott Street between Seventh and Eighth. The structure, poor as it was, answered the needs of its people for many years: but the vast influx of Italian immigrants of later times created a demand for a larger place of worship, and Father Mariano's little old chapel has been succeeded by the grand new Church of St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, erected through the zealous and self-denying efforts of that good Father of Philadelphia Italians, Rev. Antonio Isoleri.

Neither were the French-speaking Catholics forgotten at old St. Joseph's. How could the dear little French priest forget his beloved countrymen? If they were, (many of them,) tepidly indifferent to the holy Mass and the healing Sacraments;—if, like the divine Guest of the Gospel "he came unto his own, and his own received him not,"—he was all the more eager to lead them joyfully back to the practice of their long-neglected religion.

It was his habit, therefore, forty years ago, to assemble the French residents of Philadelphia, at intervals, to listen to sermons and instructions in their vernacular,—a custom recently revived in our city, by the permission of his Grace, our own Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan.

In one of his letters to his sister, (1858,) he records with child-like delight the following fact:

"On Wednesday, I gave Holy Communion to two old French people; the husband had not been to Confession for sixty years, and the wife,—who is deaf and blind,—had neglected her duties for forty years. I had recently discovered them in a little dilapidated building. How happy and grateful they appeared, after having

received the Sacraments, and a medal of the Blessed Virgin!"

Among the French-speaking penitents who also flocked around Father Barbelin in those by-gone days, were many good old colored people, whose ancestors, (as we have recorded,) had occupied pews in the original St. Joseph's of the eighteenth century.

They were of French or West Indian extraction, and were accustomed to assemble in the old Church, and pray aloud in their native tongue, counting their beads the while,—those quaint, carven rosaries, which were treasured as heirlooms, and transmitted reverentially from one generation to another.

A writer of nearly half a century ago, describes the female portion of these dark-skinned worshippers as "the old colored ladies who sat at the most frequented corners of the city streets, with their heads enveloped in gay bandanna turbans, and holding in their laps a tray well-supplied with ground-nut cakes and cocoanut balls. Bless their old souls!" he concludes, "they have all passed away." Yes, but not without leaving behind them an odor of sanctity, whose celestial sweetness has attracted to their vacant seats in church, many of their own color, if not of their own West Indian race.

St. Joseph's, in truth, has always been a favorite resort for the people of color. For many years, the attendants at the first Mass there on Christmas mornings, were annoyed by a disorderly crowd of colored Methodists who used to rush into the Church, and crowd the galleries, declaring that they wanted "to see the Baby rocked," &c. Numerous protests against this abuse were made by zealous members of the congregation, who urged Father Barbelin to have the police on hand in advance, and prevent the nuisance. But he quietly permitted the poor

ignorant creatures to gather unmolested around the Crib of Bethlehem (as the dumb animals were permitted to be present on the first Christmas morning), hoping, doubtless, that they might there see or hear something that would do them good: and that those

"Who came to scoff,"

might

"remain to pray."

The African worshippers at St. Joseph's in 1856, were of sufficient numbers to form a congregation of themselves. One of Father Barbelin's assistants at that time was Father Thomas Lilly, S. J., who was a genuine Apostle of the colored people. Dear old Father Lilly, who, because of his ruddy countenance, was dubbed by a good-humored admirer, "the red Lily of St. Joseph,"—where is the Catholic of mature years who does not remember with love and reverence the bluff, sturdy, royal-hearted Jesuit?

It is related of St. Stanislaus Kostka, that when he was once asked by a senior Father of the Society to put into words his tender affection for our Blessed Lady, he replied with an angelic smile and glistening eyes: "What can I say more of her than that *she is my Mother*?"—And the Father declared that the last words were uttered with such an incomparable accent, that the heart of the listener melted in fervent devotion. So with Father Lilly. It was enough to hear him say of the Blessed Virgin, (as he often did), in his full, mellow tones, "*She is my Mother!*" to feel the heart burning within one's breast in sympathetic devotion, and to realize how fully the angelic piety of the little Polish Jesuit possessed the bosom of this, his great, broad-shouldered, Pennsylvanian brother.

For Father Lilly, (Lord rest his noble soul!) was a Pennsylvanian by birth, his family residing, if we mis-

take not, somewhere near Conewago. He had held important offices in the Society: had been First Prefect, in his day, of Georgetown College, Procurator of the Province, and Rector of St John's Church, Frederick, Maryland. But his special mission was to the colored people and the outcast poor. Many a poor repentant Magdalen his fervent exhortations and paternal counsel conducted back to the wounded feet of Jesus. And once he was led by strange supernatural agencies to the rescue of a dying sinner, whom every attendant circumstance had cut off from the ministrations of a Catholic priest.

His Mass for the colored congregation was served daily by two little black boys. There was a Sunday Mass for them at nine o'clock, in the basement; and a special meeting for them besides, during the week. "Many conversions were the result of this good work established by Father Lilly," says the author of a "*History of Old St. Joseph's;*" and the same writer further adds: "I was present on April 7th, 1861, when nine colored converts were baptised by Father Barbelin, and on Easter Sunday evening, 1862, when fourteen were baptised by Father Di Maria."

When the colored brides-elect came in their white silks and orange-blossoms, to be joined in holy wedlock to their elegant dapper bridegrooms, Father Lilly blessed their marriages with a beaming face, his white hair shining like a silvery halo round his head;—and often accepted their proffer of a carriage to ride back in state to the home of the newly-wedded couple, where he did not hesitate to eat a piece of their marriage-cake, and offer them his hearty congratulations on the happy event.

On Sunday evenings, they had their own Vespers in the dear old basement. Father Lilly presided, and many

white persons were in attendance. For O, the music of those sable worshippers was sweet and silvery beyond description! As St. Augustine's Church, in Washington, D. C., now attracts the *élite* of the Capitol, and draws even Protestant Senators and Representatives to listen to the delicious strains of its colored choir, so St. Joseph's basement in Father Barbelin's time, allured many persons of note to hearken to the rival Brass and String Bands, (in "*de swallow'dest tail'dest coats*" that any full-dress musician ever wore!) over whose spirited accompaniments soared the clear, ringing notes of the "Black Swan" or the dusky "Nightingale," the *Prima Donna* of Father Lilly's choir.

The zealous Jesuit established a school for the colored children, on Lombard Street near Fourth, which was first under lay-management, but later, was committed to the care of the Colored Oblates of Mary, a branch of which came for that purpose from Baltimore to Philadelphia.

Good old Father Lilly died of apoplexy, in the beginning of 1862, after the breaking out of the Civil War; and it is to be lamented that the useful institution he founded with Father Barbelin's approval, has long ceased to exist. The people of color represent so large a percentage of our Philadelphia population, and their spiritual needs are so many and pressing, that a great mission is preparing itself among them, for the labors of some future devoted Claver.

In a letter to a loved Jesuit friend, bearing date June 18th, 1867, Father Barbelin wrote these words, which contain a sort of prophecy of a certain much-needed establishment in the near future:

"The Colored Sisters opened a Festival yesterday, for the benefit of their school; their scholars are not

numerous. To succeed, our colored population should have a Catholic Church of their own, and a priest devoting himself in a great measure to them."

In another letter to his sister Emilie, in Paris, he writes further on the same subject:

"I send you by Father Folchi, the programme of a concert given the day before yesterday, in our schoolroom, by black musicians, or rather "colored persons" as we call them in the North, for they consider it a great insult to be called black or negroes. Some hundred "colored persons" and some hundred white were present. 25 cents for admission tickets. Object: a Catholic School recently opened for our Catholic colored children. We have already, nearly 30,000 colored people at Philadelphia, and among them very few Catholics. According to the Bishop's desire, I wrote lately to the Director of the Holy Propagation, to ask prayers for them."

Reading these words we might almost fancy that the spirits of Fathers Barbelin and Lilly cry out to us from the viewless boundaries of the Better Land; from the blissful mansions of that great, free Realm, where there are no distinctions of color or race: "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He send laborers into His harvest." *

But, while Father Felix's fields were still ripening, here below, to the celestial Reaper,—while the superhuman labors of himself and his assistants, Fathers Lynch, Vespré and Tuffir, went on unflaggingly among rich and poor, young and old, white and colored, a change had come to the dear suburban homestead across the seas.

* Whilst the present work is passing through the press, we are rejoiced to learn that our Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan has authorized the opening of a mission for the colored Catholics of Philadelphia, at Holy Trinity Church, Sixth and Spruce Streets, which began its noble work, very appropriately, on the Feast of the Most Precious Blood, July 4th, 1886.

The old home near Lunéville had lost Mére Barbelin on the 30th of August, 1853,—dying, as we have already said, the death of the saints, a submissive victim to maternal love and the adorable Will of God. Her sanctity was so clearly recognized by all, that the Curé at Lunéville, (rather, however, to Father Felix's dismay and concern,) refused to offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of her pure soul, alleging that it was already in the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision, and in no need of suffrages. She is said by one who well knew her worth, to have been "the oracle of Christian matrons;" and pondering the lesson of her life, the virtues of Elizabeth Louis Barbelin forcibly and vividly recall those of the "Valiant Woman" of the Inspired Text:

"Who shall find a valiant woman? far, and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her.

"The heart of her husband trusteth in her; and he shall have no need of spoils.

"She will render him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.

"She hath opened her hand to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor.

"She hath opened her mouth to wisdom, and the law of clemency is on her tongue.

"She hath looked well to the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread idle.

"Her children rose up, and called her blessed; her husband and he praised her.

"Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain: the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands: and let her works praise her in the gates."—*Prov. XXXI.*

"Her husband and he praised her;"—yea, and not long did Dominic Barbelin linger behind his valiant wife in this dreary vale of tears. In the early part of November, 1854, Father Barbelin learned that his father had also departed to that bourne whence no traveller returns. United in their lives, the dear old couple were not long

divided in death. Dominic, being ten years the senior of his beloved spouse, was eighty years of age at the time of his decease. During the closing period of his life, he passed his days in meditation, and the perusal of ascetic authors, giving a preference to the writings of the learned and saintly Jesuits. Pious persons of the locality were accustomed to consult him as a wise, spiritual director.

The devout parents were not forgotten in far-off America by their loving son, Felix. Towards the close of November, 1854, a day was appointed for the commemoration of those pious souls at St. Joseph's.

It was on a Sunday, and one who was an eye-witness of the solemn scene, thus feelingly describes it:

"Two priests gave communion to the hundreds who approached at the 6 o'clock Mass. But when at 7 o'clock, the Pastor-son walked gravely to the Altar, and the deep bass tones of the organ accompanied the tearful voices of the children as they sang, "*Pray for the dead!*"—the very air sobbed in sympathy for him whose feelings at that moment were too sacred to be described. When the moment for communion arrived, who could expect one man, were he St. Francis Hieronomo himself, to give to all who wished to receive from his hands?

"The Church emptied itself again and again, to be filled again and again and still again, with devout communicants; and when at last the wearied organ ceased and the fatigued singers, headed by the organist, approached and knelt around the sacred railing,—I bowed my head and struck my breast, and murmured, 'Lord, what kind of man is this, that all make his sorrow theirs?' And a breath of the Spirit answered: 'Tis one who honoreth his father and his mother!'"

Dominic and Elizabeth Barbelin had "cast their bread upon the waters" in the hour of self-sacrifice and

tears, and now, after many days, it was returned to them a hundred thousand fold.

Meanwhile, their son Felix had so fully identified himself with the land of his adoption, that we find him a few years later, in a letter to his brother Xavier, complaining that he has almost forgotten his native tongue, and hence experiences a great difficulty in French correspondence. We give the letter in question, entire, as it abounds with interesting matter; calling the reader's attention, moreover, to our beloved Father's spirit of detachment as evidenced in the length of time that elapsed between the writing and the sending of the epistle.

"Written at Goshenhoppen, March 21st, 1857.

"Sent from Philadelphia, August 4th, 1857.

"How is it? it is now a long time since we wrote to each other; it is true we are very busy. After all, a little or a great deal of laziness, is probably the cause of our mutual silence. That is what my conscience accuse me of at any rate; but I have a kind of excuse, good or bad.

"When *you* write me, you do it in the language natural to you; when I write you, on the contrary, I write in a language that has become almost foreign to me. I speak French rarely, for here, even with the French, we chat in English; I rarely write in French except to my sisters or my dear Xavier,—which as you know, is seldom. The mixture of English and French when I write is so queer, that I do not know what sort of *mèlange* I make.

"Moreover, you owe me a letter. Last summer, I wrote you, and my sisters Marie, Josephine and Emilie. At your suggestion, I sent these letters to our Fathers in New York, and they are probably still on the road. Let

us mail them as formerly, if we do not write often; for in twenty-seven years I have never missed any.

"Excuse, No. 3: you have changed your residence without advising me. They say you are now in the fine city of Amiens. The next news will probably be that you are going to the Chinese missions; you travel so much. Do come and see us; come help us, give us a retreat. But we must have a little English. Study it in your idle hours, which, I think, are few. What a pleasure it would be to see and meet each other! But what is more important for *me* is to seek to meet you in Heaven, whither you are going with rapid steps, whilst I am dragging on with a carelessness which frightens me.

"I have just finished my annual Retreat, which I make as usual with Father Bally, a good priest from Belgium, co-Novice with me, who lives in the midst of a German-American colony, about fifty miles from Philadelphia, where he does a great deal of good. This first day after my Retreat, I perform a sacred duty, viz: to scribble to you these few lines, and also to our good Emilie.

"To-morrow, I will say Mass at four o'clock, so as to be able to take the stage, twelve miles in the woods: then, the steam-cars to Philadelphia, where I hope to dine with Father Vespré, a Frenchman from Lyons, (ancient Procurator of the Propaganda,) Father Lilly, an American from Pennsylvania, and the celebrated Father Nota, who taught theology at Georgetown this year. Full of zeal, he has come to help us at St. Joseph's, at least until September; or until the Provincial sends another in his place.

"Saturday and Sunday, I shut myself in the confessional,—talk with my parishioners or congregation, our

children, &c., &c. Monday, I enter again upon my usual occupations.

"We will soon have vacation in our schools; I must prepare the dialogues, speeches, and prizes. Now, excepting where new churches are being erected, the general attention is given to Parochial Schools, which are attached to our churches, apart from our Colleges and boarding-schools. The object of these schools is to draw our Catholic children from the public schools where they were previously obliged to go. Though well-adapted for learning, the little ones were there exposed to breathing the pois monous air of indifference, which inclined them to the neglect of their religious duties. Catholics are obliged to pay high taxes as well as others, besides supporting their own schools.

"Politics are quiet just now; all is tranquil during the adjournment of Congress, and of the local Legislature. A new President has been elected; the political cyclone is over; the Democratic party has triumphed. Mr. Buchanan has been elected, and occupies the Presidential chair for the four next years. He is very liberal, and shows kind feelings towards Catholics, who ask no favors, but simple justice.

"Almost all the Catholics voted for him; he will have a difficult question to solve. Our *Know Nothings* are dozing, but may awaken at any time, and commence inveterate war against foreigners, but more particularly against Catholics. But as long as the Union lasts, our holy religion will flourish and spread. Momentary and local persecutions may take place, but such trials must be but short-lived. Should the Union dissolve, then the Catholics would suffer in some States where fanaticism exists.

"We commit ourselves entirely to the hands of God,

trusting to His Divine Providence, and the kind feelings of our dear Americans, that our beloved religion may continue here its rapid progress.

"Father Huss, (whom you met in France, I think,) Provincial of New York, wanted to lend me Father Larkin, (who was named Bishop of Toronto, but obtained from the Pope the revocation of his appointment,) for our annual Retreat at St. Joseph's. At this Retreat, men alone were admitted at night. They completely filled the Church and galleries. Many conversions took place.

"Adieu, dear and good brother! I recommend to the Fathers in Amiens, a poor sinner."

CHAPTER XII.

PROMULGATION OF THE DOGMA OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—ITS CELEBRATION AT ST. JOSEPH'S.—"THE ROSE-BUD ASSOCIATION."—ANOTHER INTERESTING LETTER.—DEATH OF THE DISTINGUISHED ORATOR, DR. JAMES RYDER, S. J., AND OF THE VENERABLE JESUIT, FATHER VESPRÈ.

THE same year that witnessed his earthly mother's death was marked for Father Barbelin by a glorious triumph of his Immaculate Mother, not only in heaven, but on earth. He had long been making preparations to celebrate the great festival of Mary conceived without taint of original sin. "*Tota pulchra es Maria, macula non est in te!*" was the constant and fervent aspiration of his devoted, virginal heart; and the final proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, by our late Holy Father, Pius IX, called forth all the varied resources of his zeal for Mary's glory.

For weeks and months, the Sunday-school children, (notably the little girls,) had gathered at St. Joseph's, in moments of leisure, to manufacture artificial flowers. The old Church-galleries, cornices, and pillars must be wreathed with flowers for our Lady's triumph; and as the festival fell in a season when natural floral offerings were rare and costly, recourse must be had, perforce, to homely art.

The busy little workers were called the "*Rosebud Association*," and valiantly they labored in the good cause. Chain after chain of many-shaped and many-tinted blossoms passed through the skilful little fingers, as time went on; and encouraged by Father Barbelin's tender smiles and words, every tiny flower was a prayer to Jesus and Mary from fresh, innocent hearts.

How supremely happy, at last, were the childish "*Rosebuds*," when the fragile namesakes they had fashioned, were flanked by tiny, blazing chandeliers, and twined, with an abundance of green foliage, about the columns and galleries of old St. Joseph's!

It was like the

> "——bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream;"

and doubtless, more than one of the little flower-makers of that by-gone day, reading with a tear and smile this simple history of the past, can tell with the poet how

> ——"some blossoms were gathered, while freshly they shone;
> And a dew was distilled from their flowers that gave
> All the fragrance of summer, when summer is gone;"

adding, perchance, with a similar application of the lines to that "bower of roses" in old Willing's Alley:

"Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year,
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer."

The great day of our spotless Mother's celebration had come. Back of the altar hung the rich golden drapery, loaned to Father Barbelin by Mr. Joseph Ingersoll. Upon a high pedestal of crimson velvet, glittering with precious jewels, stood a white marble statue of the Immaculate Queen; and all about her feet were bouquets of the choicest hot-house flowers, and hundreds and hundreds of blessed tapers, twinkling like stars amid the green. The *tout ensemble*, it is said, was marvellously beautiful to behold.

We can fancy the vast crowds of communicants who approached the sacred Table at the myriad Masses of the day; for the number of worshippers is described as so great that the throng extended down Walnut Street to Third, and even spread its waves, like a mighty tidal current, out to the Merchant's Exchange.

Occasions such as these, were the delight of Father Barbelin's heart. He had a genius for crowds; for associative combinations, great or small. Nor must it be supposed that his zealous interest was confined to the busy sphere of his own personal labors. Far from it. His heart was broad and deep, as became a faithful imitator of that divine Heart, of whose all-embracing love the Apostle of the Gentiles tells us in his Epistle to the Ephesians; praying at the same time, that we "may be able to comprehend with all the Saints . . . the breadth, and length, and height, and depth of this mystery, to know also the charity of Christ, which surpasseth all knowledge."

Father Barbelin was deeply concerned for all that

might tend to secure the glory of God and the salvation of souls, whether at home or abroad. There was nothing narrow or selfish in his charity; and the following letter to his dear Xavier, in the winter of 1859, evidences how fully he kept abreast of the times, in all topics relative to the spread of our holy religion.

"PHILADELPHIA, U. S., *February 9th*, 1859.

"DEAR IGNATIUS XAVIER:

"How much pleasure your letter of August 25th, gave me! It had been a long time since I received a letter from you. I thought I had displeased you, not knowing why, nor wherefore. This thought also came to me: that you were so entirely divested of all human affections and attachments; so completely engrossed with your literary and apostolic work; in one word, so *perfect* that you refrained from correspondence; but I acknowledge to you that this most charitable idea did not satisfy me.

"At last your interesting favor came to hand; no reproof. I shall breathe more freely. My first resolution, before I had finished reading your letter, was to answer it immediately; but a sudden occupation presented itself; I put off my reply to the next day, next week, next month,—and now six months have elapsed. Forgive me! I acknowledge my great neglect, my guilty laziness.

"The Christmas holidays gave us a great deal of consolation, temporal and spiritual. Old sinners returned to their religious duties; there were converts, both colored and white; our Church crowded. Holy Mass four times a day: at $5\frac{1}{2}$, 7, $8\frac{1}{2}$, and $10\frac{1}{2}$; the afternoon services at 2, and at $3\frac{1}{2}$; and, sometimes, at night, at $7\frac{1}{2}$.

"I am going to speak of pecuniary and temporal affairs. Do not be scandalized.

"Encouraged by Emilie's offering, I commenced the enlarging of our Parochial School, an important work which is far beyond my means. Confiding in Divine Providence, I owed to different mechanics personal obligations, which I had to meet at Christmas.

"Thanks be to God! all succeeded well. We had fairs, concerts, religious dramas, collections, which gave me 12,000 francs. The difficulty of collecting those offerings is past; and the good will continue for ages to come, (provided the end of the world does not come too soon.) Our Catholics are not rich, but generous, especially the poor; many of them in extreme need,—and, nevertheless, this is what they have contributed in St. Joseph's Church the last few months; and I may add that our Church is one of the smallest in the city.

"I received for the Diocesan Seminary, 1,200 francs. For the Cathedral, 2,800 francs. For our charitable institutions, 830 francs. For the poor, 970 francs. For the Sanctuary Society, 610 francs. For the Propagation of Faith, 600 francs, and for the American College at Rome, 520 francs. This makes 7,530 francs in all,—besides what our people pay for pew-rents, usual collections, the maintenance of the Church and Clergy, and without counting the 12,000 francs, the amount collected for the enlarging of the school, which I mentioned above.

"This only concerns our own Church. We have now twenty Catholic churches in the City of Philadelphia, and ten suburban churches. Here, as elsewhere, money is necessary to do good; and the lines of our French poet on this subject, apply particularly to the United States. . . . . The greater part of the

Protestants who surround us are rich, and generous to the sect to which they belong. They have institutions of all kinds, founded and supported by the public fund, or by generous individuals. But in their asylums, schools, hospitals, &c., where they are disposed to receive with open arms our Catholic poor,—they seek to proselytize; sometimes, openly, often indirectly, which is far more dangerous. Consequently, besides the new churches to be constructed for emigrants and fresh converts, we also erect asylums, schools and colleges, to avoid temptation to the poor, and to save the coming generation.

"Our Cathedral at Philadelphia has already cost 700,000 francs, and as yet, only the walls and front are completed; the large dome, the interior, and chapels are yet to be built. You know Monsignore Hughes, Archbishop of New York, has undertaken the building of a new Cathedral, in honor of St. Patrick. The 15th day of last August, the corner-stone was laid in presence of from 100,000 to 150,000 persons. Its length is 330 feet; its height inside will be 110 feet, and there are to be fourteen chapels, eight sacristies, and two Baptismal fonts. Twelve thousand worshippers can be seated, and see the celebrant at the altar. The Chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary therein, will be 48 feet square.

"In case of necessity, the new Cathedral can accommodade 19,000 persons; it covers a space of 46,500 feet; in the interior, of 38,500 feet. The front will have three large doorways, as the French Cathedrals have. It will have two towers, each 320 feet high; the greatest height of any structure of the kind having two towers. The single tower of some Cathedrals is higher. As you can see, it will be a handsome Cathedral for this new country: but the money, the money,—who will fill the purse of Monsignore Hughes? Ah! all that is easily

accomplished. The first year, the Archbishop of New York expressed a desire to receive the subscriptions of one hundred persons for 5,000 francs each. He got them. Behold, then, 500,000 francs! This year, he desires two hundred subscriptions, at 2,500 francs. Probably, he has them by this time. Next year, five hundred persons will be asked to give 1,000 francs; that will be 1,500,000 francs. Then come the smaller subscriptions and offerings, which in a few years will amount to 500,000 millions of francs.

"I beg of God to preserve the life of Monsignore Hughes, and grant him the satisfaction of consecrating his new Cathedral. Let our good Father Damian adopt some such plan, to pay for the hospital you have bought, and complete your new College.

"Here, now, I have forgotten myself again; I wanted to speak of other things, but will have to leave it for another time. Meanwhile, pray, and ask the prayers of the Brothers, of pious children, of our own countrymen of Lorraine, and of our dear cousin Didier, for your poor brother, so cold, so negligent, so cowardly, so ungrateful! Pray for this country, where there is so much good to be done; pray that we may get out of debt, and not only finish the works begun, but begin others as good. Pray for the conversion of your brother,

"Felix J. Barbelin, S. J.

"P. S. From time to time, I have the rheumatism in my feet. . . . . I have just heard of the conversion of the famous Filibuster, Gen. Walker; he was received into the bosom of the Church, and baptized by the Bishop of Mobile, Dr. Nichols; Miss Fox, &c., &c., and the head of the Spirit-Rappers, Table-Turners, are also converts.

"Excuse these long details; they are between ourselves. I am going to write to Jean Pierre; I have not written to him for twenty-five years, or more. How do you get on with your work with the mountebanks?* Persevere. You think I see from time to time some of the Fathers of your Province; you are mistaken. They go to New York and Canada; I belong to the Province of Maryland. I thank you for the details you gave me of the family. The older I grow, the more I love dear, dear France, and the old friends.

"F. J. B., S. J."

On January 12th, 1860, the great Jesuit orator, Dr. James Ryder, died quite suddenly at St. Joseph's,—his demise having been precipitated by shock, arising from news of the death, (by apoplexy,) of our saintly Bishop, Rt. Rev. John Nepomucene Neumann. Dr. Ryder was justly called "the pride of the Maryland Province." He was a gifted and highly-cultivated man. It was he who was Superior at St. Joseph's when it was rebuilt in 1838; who laid the corner-stone of the present Church, and preached an eloquent discourse on the occasion. He was afterwards Rector of St. John's

* This allusion is explained by a writer of that period, who says of Father Xavier Barbelin, (then in Lyons:) "This brother seems to be possessed of the same untiring zeal and unflagging energy, by which the subject of this sketch, Father Felix, was animated even up to his last sickness. The circus-riders, acrobats, and gypsies, who are in great numbers in the regions about Lyons, poor wretches constantly exposed to danger, and subject to neglect, are made the recipients of his priestly attentions, which amid his various and multiplied duties he finds time to bestow upon them, almost as though that were his sole occupation. He frequently gives them "Missions," and the result corresponds with his untiring exertions in their behalf. Many a reckless spirit and guilty heart is subdued and chastened; and through his teachings, pleadings, and loving care, countless souls are brought to Jesus. Though separated by the broad waters of the Atlantic, these two brothers were yet united by their holy calling, their zealous labors, their fervent love of Christ and his cause and seemed to tread together the path to his heavenly Kingdom."

Church, Frederick, Maryland, and was President, in turn, of Georgetown College, D. C., and Worcester College, Massachusetts. He was, at one time, Superior of the Society of Jesus in the province of North America.

Father Barbelin was much moved by the sudden taking-off of this distinguished theologian; and spared no expense to show respect to his memory. The Church was handsomely draped with mourning; and the funeral sermon was preached by Rev. William O'Hara, D. D., (the present Rt. Rev. Bishop of Scranton, Pennsylvania,) who had been a former pupil of the deceased Jesuit.

In little more than two months later, another death occurred among the faithful pastors of St. Joseph's. The venerable Father Vespré, S. J., departed to his eternal reward, on March 26th, 1860. The gentle little priest had been many years at St. Joseph's, and was much beloved. He was a countryman of Father Barbelin's,—but from the ancient city of Lyons, and had been at one time the Procurator of the Propaganda at Rome. He was devoted to the service of the Confessional. For long after his death, the parishioners in Willing's Alley used to miss sadly the frail little figure, in its black habit and *beretta*, accustomed, with clock-like regularity, to slip in and out the dim old box by the Sacred Heart altar. Blessings were breathed upon his memory by many a weeping penitent, and prayers offered up for his eternal repose at those early Requiem Masses, so full of the sweetest balm of Gilead; when, as Miss Mulholland truly says:

> "—tracks are seen at paly dawn,
> Fresh footprints by the angels made:
> And Heaven's full majesty hath shone
> On pilgrims travelling in the shade."

CHAPTER XIII.

FATHER FRANCIS XAVIER DI MARIA, S. J.—ANECDOTES OF THAT HOLY MAN.—HON. JOSEPH R. CHANDLER'S PARALLEL BETWEEN FATHERS BARBELIN AND DI MARIA.—AN EDIFYING EX-STATE-REPRESENTATIVE.—AN OLD-FASHIONED SUNDAY AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

ONE of Father Barbelin's assistants, for a time, along here, was a remarkable man, a brief mention of whom occurred in a preceding chapter,—Father Francis Xavier Di Maria, S. J.; a name which is still as sweet as a strain of unforgotten music, in the ears of old St. Joseph's children.

We can see now, in our mind's vision, the tall spare figure, with its erect, soldiery carriage,—the commanding face, from whose high, thoughtful brow the white hair stood up like a coronet of silver,—the expressive mouth, wherein decision and sweetness were singularly combined, —and the kindly light of, (what is rare with Italians,) the deep *blue* eye.

Francis Xavier Di Maria was born the same year and month as Father Felix Barbelin, (May 13th, 1808,) but at Caserta, a small town on the Campagna, a few miles from the city of Naples, Italy. From chance words dropped by the holy Jesuit, as well as from that indescribable air of dignity and *savoir vivre* which, spite of his singular humility, pervaded all he said or did— we have always surmised that his family was a noble and wealthy one. The story of his religious vocation, which we have heard him tell, was so amusing that we cannot refrain from giving it to our readers—only regretting that we cannot furnish them as well, the matchless charm of look and gesture that accompanied the original narrative.

When Francis was a little boy at home in Italy, his father had a friend and neighbor, an eccentric old army-officer, who, (retired upon his pension,) lived peacefully enough in seclusion the greater part of the year. On high-days and holy-days, however, this ancient son of Mars was accustomed to ventilate his past glories, and appear upon the streets of the village in a uniform so long out of date, that every tarnished button, medal, and exaggerated furbelow thereof, appealed irresistibly to the risibles of the juveniles who always followed at such times in his wake.

Francis was then a lively little lad of some ten or eleven years, who dearly loved a bit of sport and fun. His animal spirits, in fact, (as is the case with many another good boy,) were apt to get the better of his gentle breeding and naturally kind heart.

On one occasion, when the old *Generalissimo* was out for his periodical full-dress parade, the little Di Maria followed him merrily with the rest of the grinning urchins, forgetting for the nonce, that

> "The blessing of God is the fruit, 'tis said,
> Of reverence paid to the hoary head."

In an unlucky moment, the old officer turning, beheld the son of his venerated friend, marching in the rear, and mimicking to the life his own pompous gait. An instant before, he might have exclaimed with Sullivan's self-complacent *Colonel Calverley:*

> 'When I first put this uniform on,
> I said as I looked in the glass:
> 'It's one to a million,
> If any civilian
> Its splendor can hope to surpass;'"—

but a change came o'er the spirit of his dream, when he heard the shouts of derisive laughter that went up

from the young satellites of the mischievous Francis. He hastened away, forthwith, to Signor Di Maria, and entered his angry complaint. Francisco's behaviour was not only the very worst of bad taste, but it argued a depraved and evil heart to thus openly insult his father's friend, &c., &c., &c.

The good parent was grieved and annoyed at the thoughtless escapade of his little son. As soon as the indignant visitor had departed, swelling with rage, —the Signor summoned Francis to his presence. The little fellow obeyed, with a salutary fear of the result. Administering a sound rebuke, his father reminded him in plain words of his duty to his elders,—and ended by telling him that the very next time he was detected in similar pranks, he whould be sent immediately to college.

Now, the little Francis dearly loved his home and his mother, and to be threatened with exile to a college, was equivalent (in *his* judgment) to being banished for life to a penitentiary. Hence, he entered into himself with unusual seriousness and made a resolution to be more circumspect in future,—a resolution, by the way, which was not put to the test for many a long day to come. But alas! all flesh is grass; and high-days and holidays bring with them ever, (even for older heads and hearts than our lively boy's,) a perilous atmosphere of relaxation and temptation!

Some one of the old officer's red-letter festivals having arrived in due time,—down came the antiquated uniform from its sacred peg in his wardrobe, and out into the sunny streets of Caserta, marched the aged veteran, his plumed hat on his head, his sword clanking in his belt, and as many jingling medals on his breast as would serve a modern belle for a full set of bangles.

Away ran the merry urchins on his heels, whooping and cheering; and, (as destiny would have it,) just in time to meet little Francis Di Maria on his parole of honor, walking straight into the jaws of temptation. All the wild fun that lay dormant in the boy's heart, awoke at the sight of the old *Generalissimo*, out on full-dress parade. Father, mother, home,—*college*,—all were forgotten on the instant; and, casting prudence and pious exhortations to the winds, Francis fell into the line of march, and stiffened himself up into such a strutting, pompous little caricature of the glory-breathing warrior, that the irreverent throng of youngsters roared in concert with grotesque convulsions and capers of delight.

Ah! as the wise old A'Kempis sapiently assures us, "Many a joyful going abroad, maketh a sorrowful coming home;" and it was reserved for the little Di Maria to digest before that fatal night closed in, the full force of the proverb.

The enraged *Generalissimo* had anticipated him a second time, in his agitated interview with his father. He demanded satisfaction, and it was amply given to him. In vain did Francis cast himself at the Signor's feet, and with tears and sobs implore his pardon, beseech of him another trial, just one, *one* more chance, to prove his repentance for his folly, his firm purpose of amendment. In vain, also, did his gentle lady-mother join her tears and prayers to his own. Signor Di Maria was inexorable; the fiat had gone forth. The trunks were packed without delay, and in an agony of grief, our poor little Francis was hurried away to a distant college.

Some weeks passed over; and then word came from the Professors to the excellent father that his little son was ill; he could neither eat, sleep, nor study. The Signor answered the letter in person; and the good Jesuits

in charge, advised him to take the little fellow to his mother for a few days.

Once on his native heath, in the arms of his tender Mamma, the mysterious disease vanished, and the little rogue frolicked around the dear old homestead, eating like a plough-boy, and, (like the comfortable gentleman in *Thanatopsis*,) sleeping

"——all night in Elysium.'

The father's discerning eye took in the situation.

"Nothing but home-sickness," he said to himself; "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

So, when the roses bloomed once more in his boy's cheek; when his eye was brightest, and his laugh merriest,—the paternal command fell like a thunderbolt upon Francis and his doting mother:

"Pack his trunks; he must go back to college to-morrow!"

When the Signor spoke with that look on his face—there was no appeal! Back went the unwilling collegiate to durance vile, tears streaming down his rosy cheeks, his heart swelling under his little jacket.

A few days of significant silence followed; then came another communication to Caserta from the Jesuit Professors. Master Di Maria had had a relapse; he was ill once more with that mysterious disorder.

The Signor arose in his might, with a stern resolution to put an end to this long-drawn contest between his own will and that of his astute little son. As in the first instance, he answered the missive in person; and on being shown to the infirmary, sat down beside the bed of the supposed invalid, and opened fire *instanter:*

"And so you are sick again, my son?"

"O yes, Papa,—ve--ry sick," was the melancholy

reply; but in spite of the languid tone, the little rascal's eyes snapped at the delicious visions that danced before them,—the breezy trip home; the freedom from study; the garden and the green fields and the tender Mamma to coddle him, and give him sweetmeats!

The sudden illumination was not lost upon the shrewd parent. He proceeded at once to extinguish it with Spartan *sang froid:*

"I have come to give you your choice of two things, my boy," he said, with a subdued twinkle in *his* eye; "to stay here and be nursed,——" (the listener's face fell,) "or to come home with me——"

"O yes, yes, Papa, dearest Papa, at once," (springing up in bed,)—"if the Brother will but bring my clothes——"

"Hold on!" interrupted the Signor with mock severity: "you have not heard me out. I was about to remark that you could come home with me—*to the town hospital*, where they will take the best of care of you *until you are able to return to College!*"

Francis Xavier Di Maria burst into tears. He was out-witted, out-generaled; there was nothing left but to surrender at discretion. He got out of his bed, put on his little clothes, and went to his studies like a good, sensible boy. The father had no more trouble with him. Henceforth he was a model student; and at last grew to love the obnoxious College more than he did his own dear home, yea, more than his doting mother, kindred, and friends; for when he was but seventeen years old, he entered the Jesuit noviceship.

If Signor Di Maria had weakly yielded to the caprices of his little son, the world would have lost a hero,—the Church, an apostle. Furthermore, out of the unseemly levity of a wild boy's frolic, came forth, by the mercy

of God, the germ of a sublime vocation. The little madcap of Caserta, as a devoted priest and follower of St. Ignatius, became in the designs of the Most High, a mighty instrument for the sanctification and salvation of souls.

His classical education having been secured with eminence in the College of Naples, Francis was sent to Rome for his philosophy, which he soon mastered to such a degree as to rank as a recognized teacher of the science. Returning to Naples, he pursued with singular distinction his theological course; and becoming a thorough and great exponent of the doctrines of the Church, he was sent immediately after his ordination, to teach theology in Benavento.

But, like his illustrious namesake and patron, the Apostle of the Indies, Father Di Maria had a glowing and almost irrepressible desire to devote himself to the foreign missions; and at the very time that Father Felix Barbelin was pining and thirsting at Pont-á-Mousson or Nancy, to go forth to the distant vineyards of the Lord, his Neapolitan brother was striving to submit his strong will to his superiors in the repression of a like aspiration.

He was too able a laborer to be hastily withdrawn from the Italian fields; and it was not until 1841, when the Rt. Rev. Dr. Rosatti, Bishop of St. Louis, Missouri, was on a visit to Naples that, (seeing how admirably-fitted the young Jesuit was for the needs of the American mission,) he persuaded the General of the Society of Jesus to give him his passport to the land of his desires. For many years thereafter, Father Di Maria was engaged between St. Louis and Boston, in lecturing upon Philosophy and Theology, in the Jesuit Colleges; or in conducting missions and retreats in churches.

His was an ardent, self-forgetting soul, consumed with zeal for the glory of God. He was a skilful fisher of men; and when he baited his hook, and went forth with his fishing-tackle, it was time for the dilatory Catholic and the procrastinating penitent, to tremble. He fished for them in their stores and warehouses, in their offices, banks, and counting-rooms; and the net was sometimes so full that, like St. Peter's of old, it was like to break. He had a particular genius for men who had been absent from the Sacraments for years; and many a grateful fellow who peruses these simple memoirs, may recall for himself with what a delicate zeal, with what a courteous, gracious charity, the noble old Neapolitan Father led him back to penance and frequent communion with his God.

One married man who had not been to the Sacraments for seventeen years, sat in his parlor in the last stages of consumption,—not only declining to go to bed, but becoming dangerously excited at the bare mention of a priest. Hemorrhages had supervened, and the poor Catholic wife was at her wit's end what to do with the invalid. Some one carried the news to Father Di Maria:

"Tell the good lady to sit at the parlor-window this afternoon at ———o'clock," was his prompt reply.

And while the poor wife, obedient to the message, sat at her post, praying for help from above, the grand old Jesuit came calmly down the street, and signaled her to throw up the window-sash.

"How is your husband, to-day? I heard he was sick,—and as I was taking a little walk, I thought I would call and inquire. I have a high esteem for him; and if he would do me the honor to allow me to rest a few moments in the parlor, &c., &c., &c"

"Tom!" cried the good woman, drawing her head

into the room,—"here's Father Di Maria come round himself to ask how you are. Wouldn't you like to see him a minute?"

"Of course," assented Tom, not a little flattered at the delicate attention. And lo! the dreaded enemy was within the walls. Before the day was an hour older, the sick man had made his confession to Father Di Maria; and for the brief remainder of his poor shattered life, was a fervent, practical Catholic.

Tom was only one of hundreds; for the secret of Father Di Maria's success with souls, was an amiable adaptability to the tastes and idiosyncrasies of his fellow-men, in all things short of sin. It has been said of St. Ignatius Loyola that, "in conversation he was courteous, and usually adapted his remarks to the profession of his visitor. He would, for instance, discourse with the merchant on business and commerce; with the statesman on politics, and with the soldier on war; but, gradually and without effort, he imparted a religious character to the conversation. A remark or suggestion of his, uttered seemingly incidentally, would often furnish material for many an hour's reflection. He won love by kindness and gentleness, and no man had ever more attached or faithful friends; but there was a tremendous energy and firmness side by side with that gentleness of disposition."

In all these points, Father Di Maria bore a remarkable resemblance to the great Founder whose faithful son he gloried to be. He was a thoroughbred Jesuit, dyed in the wool.

When inviting a gentleman, young or old, to call on him at St. Joseph's, he would say with his inimitable expression of shrewdness and suavity:

"If you forget the name, or the number of the room, just ask for *old General Jackson!*"

And there was, indeed, a striking personal likeness between "Old Hickory" and this redoubtable Jesuit from far-off Italy.

Once he started from Philadelphia for a trip to New York. He was bound for St. Francis Xavier's, on West 16th Street. When the train was nearing the great metropolis, a little newsboy boarded the cars, and began to cry his papers close to Father Di Maria's seat. The child was a miserable little forlornity, ragged and unkempt; and the great-hearted Jesuit was always on the alert for the destitute little ones of Christ. He questioned him closely, and finding him very poor and seemingly deserving, he took a paper from him, and gave him a dollar in exchange.

The open-eyed wonder of the boy, to say nothing of the display of a large wallet, which some wealthy patron had pressed upon the good priest for the distribution of alms, drew upon the commanding figure and distinguished face, the attention of some men near by. Father Di Maria read his paper in tranquil unconsciousness; but as he alighted from the train, these same men jostled him rather rudely on the platform.

It was not until he was seated in the street car, *en route* for St. Francis Xavier's, that he found *his pocket-book was gone!* The light-fingered gentry had relieved him of all his money: he had not a cent even for the car-fare.

The conductor, however, trusted him to the College; and the news that Father Di Maria's pocket had been picked, was noised around on all sides. A day or so later, a gentleman called at the Church, and asked to see the good Jesuit from Philadelphia. Father Di Maria received the visitor with all his native kindness and courtesy. "You don't remember me, Father," said the gentleman, (who bore every outward sign of prosperity and

high breeding"; "but years ago in Philadelphia, you blessed my marriage. I was a poor devil then, and had not even the wherewith to make you an offering at my wedding. But I have been singularly successful in my business here,—in fact, I have made a fortune. Some one told me you lost your pocket-book the other day, so I have brought you a new one. Will you accept it?"

Of course he would, and with a grace that was all his own. The caller departed, and when Father Di Maria was alone, he opened the handsome Russia-leather wallet, and found in it *three hundred dollars!*

Ah! then his friends teased him! "O yes, you sly old Jesuit, you got rid of a musty old pocket-book with a few dollars in it, and then raised such a hue and cry that some one has presented you with a brand new one lined with greenbacks! A very lucky picking of one's pocket, to be sure!"

But he who wins may laugh, and Father Di Maria laughed with delight when he held in his hand ample means to give aid to the poor, sick, and suffering ones of Christ.

Alas! for us all, when such noble, devoted souls pass from our midst, to walk with us, to strengthen and console us no more! Father Di Maria died in Philadelphia, on July 23, 1871; and it is from a beautiful tribute to his memory by the late Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, that we extract the following parallel and antithesis between Fathers Felix Barbelin and Francis Di Maria, which present a faithful photograph of those diversely-gifted men:

"How we all loved the gentle spirit and affectionate tone of good Father Barbelin. How old and young gathered to receive the greeting of his voice, which by nature was sympathetic, gentle and affectionate.

The same regard for the poor, the same love for children, were felt and expressed by Father Di Maria, and the same reverence and love were exhibited by both old and young who knew him. But it was especially interesting to note the quick gesture, the strong voice, and the rapid searching glance of Father Di Maria's eye, expressing regulated passion, and denoting affectionate thoughts. In Father Barbelin, gentle gesture and sweet tone seemed as natural as they were delightful. In Father Di Maria, it was doubly interesting to mark the gesture and tone modified by religious love. In his prompt and natural impetuosity was realized the idea of the passionate Hebrew, 'out of the strong came forth sweetness.'"

Yes, we may add, such an habitual sweetness and charity that he saw only the fairest side of human nature, and invested the characters of all of whom he spoke, with the halo of his own exceptional sanctity.

Mr. Meany used to say that "it would take forty Popes to canonize all Father Di Maria's saints." And who does not remember Mr. Meany,—John J. Meany, the ex-State Representative, who was so closely identified with old St. Joseph's in Father Barblin's time? Few can forget the bluff, florid, warm-hearted *Basso profundo*, whose rich voice used to fill the Church with its devout music, and whose genial humor and quaint witticisms were wont to enliven many a choir-rehearsal and reunion.

Indeed, it would be hard to say whether Mr. Meany's piety surpassed his wit, or his wit, his piety. For, while one moment he would come on a friend, pegging away furiously at his beads, with the astonishing inquiry: "How many knots an hour?"—the next, he would be pouring forth his soul and voice in a bass-solo at Mass, a tiny Crucifix grasped firmly in his palm; or, prone on the choir-floor at Benediction, his face in the dust,

would be beating his breast and groaning aloud in a perfect passion of adoring devotion. "*Il n'est pas ordinaire,*" says La Bruyére, "*que celui qui fait rire, se fasse estimer.*" But Mr. Meany was a happy exception.

Peace to his fervent soul! he died suddenly in 1871, only a few hours after Father Di Maria, (his firm friend and spiritual counsellor,) had passed to his eternal reward; and before the odor of incense from the latter's solemn *Requiem* at St. Joseph's had passed from the precincts of the old Church, Mr. Meany's body was borne up the aisle, to rest in its turn before the same black-robed altar.

These reminiscences, both grave and gay, have led us insensibly from our original theme; yet, we fancy, no one familiar with the latter could gaze at this passing vision of the venerable Neapolitan Jesuit and his beloved "*Gim-a-Meani,*" (as he used to call him,) without discerning between them the well-known form of our dear Father Barbelin, coming into the church-yard of a Sunday, to welcome with a beaming smile the myriad children of his affection.

The old parishioners of the Prince-priest Gallitzin of holy memory, still tell of the Sunday reunions of the past, outside the little chapel of St. Michael, when the mountaineers of Loretto met their high-born but humble pastor upon the little green, before and after Mass, and poured forth to him and to each other, the joys and sorrows of the week. So, in Father Barbelin's time, before and after every service, that shady old quadrangle outside St. Joseph's, was a favorite rendezvous on Sundays for the congregation and their devoted Father in Christ, wherein to chat of social and family matters.

We cannot better close this second part of our memoirs, this imperfect summary of Father Felix Barbe-

lin's manifold religious labors, than by giving to our readers a graphic sketch of that old-fashioned Sunday, from the pen of one of Father B's spiritual sons, who might have said of him with Wordsworth's youth in the *Deserted Cottage.*

> "He loved me; from a swarm of rosy boys,
> Singled out me, as he in sport would say,
> For my grave looks, too thoughtful for my years.
> As I grew up, it was my best delight
> To be his chosen comrade."

Listen, while he recalls to your memories one of those golden days at St. Joseph's, in the *Auld Lang Syne*, that were wont to make your hearts overflow with heavenly joy and devotion:

"It is Sunday; as they crowd out after the early Masses, how many an anxious inquiry, how many a word of sympathy and consolation is spoken!

"Then comes the Children's Mass, at half-past eight. Happy urchins, they love St. Joseph's; they love it because they are happy there,—the joyous shout that seems almost irreverent, springs irresistibly from joyous hearts. So merry and happy are they, they cannot help forgetting the Fourth Commandment, and being wanting in proper respect for the aged members of the '*Old Gentlemen's Sodality*,' who are now assembling as chatty as maidens of sixteen, and who will soon make the venerable walls of that loved Church resound with notes, not acquired in the Conservatories of Naples or of Paris, but notes which re-echo through heavenly courts, and which angels accompany on well-tuned harps. How many a saint, now a member of St. Cecelia's choir, smiles joyously as he thinks of his '*Ora pro nobis*' in the north aisle of lowly St. Joseph's!

"Now they are assembling for the late Mass. Here

is a group of the '*Fathers in Israel*;' of what are they debating? The rise in the Erie?—the awards of Geneva? No! 'Has that old woman in Gatzmer Street been visited?' 'Why, that man, you know, with the club-foot, has three young children, two girls and a boy; we must do something for him. Let us, at least, send the girls to the Sisters' School.' . . . . . .

"Do you see that red, cheerful, smiling face, (making all smile who look upon it,) crowned with a halo of golden-red hair? That face belongs to a true son of St. Ignatius. Not to the sainted founder of St. Joseph's, Joseph Greaton, but to the Apostle of Philadelphia, the loved Joseph Felix Barbelin!

"Listen to him as he comes limping down the steps; a decade of boys surround him:

"'Have you settled that difficulty with Mr. N——?'

"'Father, it wasn't my fault.'

"'Better get the lines,—if you don't deserve them this time, you have on many other occasions.'

"'I didn't see you at Communion last Sunday! Humph—humph—humph—How is your *sester*? Will she be at Sunday-school this afternoon? Humph!'

"As steel is drawn by the magnet, in the meanwhile, the veterans have drawn nearer.

"'Humph! Ye-es,—the tickets all ready? Don't forget the advertisement in the *Ledger*—humph! humph!' 'What's the matter with Mr. F——? He hasn't been to Sodality for two Sundays,—humph!'

"An old apple-*lady*, who has been following his limping steps, with ill-shod feet and lifted hands, open mouth and happy, smiling face, now catches his eye, and drops a profound courtesy.—'Yes, Norah, next Friday will be the first Sunday of the month,—don't forget the devotion to the Sacred Heart.'

"Passing is a lady dressed in the height of the fashion.—'Humph! Miss—— eh? don't forget Sunday-school to-day.' A smile and a bow is her answer.

"Look at that old man with a cane,—why does he hasten so? Mass will not begin for ten minutes yet. He wants to hear: 'Good music to day, Martin,—Haydn's No. 4, Father * * * preaches.'" So a word to many, a word like good seed, blessed by God, and a smile for all.

"The late Mass is over—see him again at his post, a word, a smile, a shake of the hand; the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the saint and the sinner—the Irishman, with his rich brogue, the German with his golden locks, the French Madame with her flowers and bows, the Italian with his swarthy complexion, the Spaniard or Mexican with his stately carriage, the American with his nonchalant air, yes, the humble African with his cap in his hand, none can pass without raising the eye to see if he can gain an answering glance to gladden his heart on his way home, and form the staple of the dinner-table chat: while many stop to speak of a sad bereavement or to tell a sorrow, and hear a word of consolation and encouragement:—to whisper a coming surprise, and receive a word of sympathy. Happy quadrangle, blessed by such steps!

"Dinner is over. Listen to that laughter, hear those shouts, look at those wrestling boys, can this be Sunday in the Quaker City? Yes, it is the children, the happy children of St. Joseph's, waiting for the opening of the Sunday-School, waiting for Father Barbelin. * * * At length he appears, panting and short breathed, but smiling still the while. Is the noise stilled? It but grows the louder, those infant hearts cannot but speak their happiness in joyous shouts.

"The Sunday-School is over—the Sodalists have sung

the Office of their heavenly Mother;—again the quadrangle is alive with cheerful voices, not those of children now, but of youths, the young gentlemen and young lady Sodalists, who have finished their devotions and are waiting the beginning of Vespers. At length, the organ sounds, and the quadrangle is nearly deserted. A joyful *Tantum ergo* and a solemn *Laudate Dominum* are heard, and crowds again stream out into the shady enclosure. Now it will soon be quiet for the day? Oh, no! the Rosary is to be recited—the Library will soon be opened—the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul cannot disperse without their usual meeting, else what would the poor do? Father This or Father That are to be told that So and So are very ill, or to be asked: 'Couldn't you bring Holy Communion some day this week to Mother?' Or to be informed: 'Father, my brother has not been to his duties for years, and is now dying of the consumption; he can't last many days; we don't live in this parish; we live way down in St.———'s parish, but Father, he won't have anybody but you. Please, Father, do come and speak with him, and get him to go to confession, and I'll get Father ——— to anoint him.'

"Out of one door, go four or five parties, each carrying a little angel, that a short time before had come in—well—quite the contrary! In at the other, enters another party, whose flowers and perfume announce a bridal.

"The supper-bell rings; surely now the quadrangle will be like a banquet-hall deserted? Yes, for a while, except that some of the guests remain, loth to depart. There is a last request to St. Joseph—a last *Hail Mary* to be said at our Mother's altar—'That she will not let my mother die,'—'That Charley may come to Confession;'—a last visit to Jesus in His tabernacle of Love—to beg for this favor, to pray that that temptation may

not overpower.—'I cannot tear myself away,' says an old lady, 'it seems so much like heaven.'

"The State House Bell strikes seven. What! are the duties of the day to begin again? No; but perhaps there's a meeting of the colored people in the basement; perhaps, the Particular Conference of St. Vincent de Paul meets at St. Joseph's this evening; perhaps, the Sodality is to rehearse for the approaching celebration: perhaps,—but never mind. There they are, men and women, girls and boys, blackamoor and Celt, and there he, (Father Barbelin,) is in the midst of them, listening to all, conversing with a score at a time, but working out his own blessed plans the meanwhile.—Dear Father! you are as simple as a dove, but I know the cunning of the serpent is not wanting to you!

"At half-past nine, the iron gate is closed; and then, at last, after sixteen hours and a half, that quadrangle of St. Joseph's is, for a short while, empty and still. Blessed quadrangle! Could Father Greaton, when he selected the secluded spot beneath the spreading walnut trees, have ever imagined such a scene? But then he had not the happiness of knowing FATHER BARBELIN!"

PART III.

THE VIRTUES AND CHARACTERISTICS OF FATHER FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN, S. J.

——"The king-becoming graces
Are justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude."
—*Shakspeare.*

'O beauty of holiness,
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness!
O power of meekness,
Whose very gentleness and weakness
Are like the yielding but irresistible air!"
—*Longfellow.*

CHAPTER I.

HIS FAITH AND HOPE.

FREDERICK William Faber says that "a saint is simply a man who can act as well on what he only sees by faith, as on what he sees with his eyes. Faith is the more real of the two to him."

Father Barbelin was a man of signal faith. It is an axiom in the spiritual life, deduced from the cumulative testimony of hagiology, that when God ordains an individual to fill a certain difficult post, He gives him the special graces necessary to meet all its requirements.

Nay, more, He gives him a superabundance of those graces, whereby he may become a model, a champion armed *cap-á-pie*, to combat a prevailing vice in a critical era.

Thus, the austerity of the Baptist rebuked the soft sensuality of Herod's court; thus, the poverty and humility of the Apostolic fishermen bore witness against the avarice and pride of the carnal Jews; thus, the heavenly science of an Augustine or an Aquinas, confounds the pretensions of infidel or heretical scientists, who falsely deem themselves "wiser in their generation than the children of light."

Father Felix Barbelin arrived in Philadelphia at a perilous time. It was an epoch of doubt, of the decay of Catholic devotion. The scandalous example of a bad priest had shaken the faith of many weak souls, who forgot that there was a Lucifer among the angels, a Judas among the very Apostles of a God made Man. As St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi once said: "When priests lead a bad life, the sun is eclipsed, and the light is turned to darkness, filling everything with disorder." But, in a certain sense, it may be further said, that man's extremity is God's opportunity; and, thanks be to His tender mercy! there is a heavenly law of compensation.

The very day the apostate Luther quitted the Augustinian Order, St. Thomas of Villanova entered it; and St. Teresa was born in Spain the same year that the impious ex-friar preached his first heretical sermon at Wittenberg. In like manner, the very year that the "Native" Riots of Philadelphia had intimidated lukewarm Catholics in the practice of their religion, Father Barbelin was made Superior at St. Joseph's,—sent, as it were, as Minister plenipotentiary to the realms of cowardice and schism, to make terms for his divine King and Master.

He who aims at enkindling the dying faith of others, must be himself a burning and a shining torch of faith. It is a self-evident fact that a teacher cannot impart to his pupils the knowledge of a science which he does not himself possess. The very vocation of a Catholic missionary to a foreign land is, *per se*, a sublime act of faith. The old navigators of Europe were reckoned unwise and foolhardy when they ventured vaguely of yore into unknown waters; and they must often have wavered in their spirit of adventurous self-reliance, although the object of their dangerous quest was substantial gold or land. How much more, then, must the Apostle of Christ be supported by a strong and lively faith, when he goes down into the sea in ships, and sails away to distant (often barbarous) lands, in the uncertain hope of winning souls to God!

Father Barbelin's first attraction, as we have seen, was for the Indian missions. He offered himself generously to labor among the savages of our great northwestern territory; and had not his superiors decreed otherwise, he would have devoted his life to that toilsome work. "As the heavens are exalted above the earth, so are My ways exalted above your ways, and My thoughts above your thoughts," said the Lord God to Isaias; and the tepid Catholics of Philadelphia in 1838, needed Father Barbelin's apostolic ministrations more than the aborigines of Prairie du Chien. "The little ones asked for bread, and there was no one to break to them,"—no one, at least, with the magnetic grace and unction of the Children's Friend.

Just here, it is well to make a statement which the writer has shrunk from making before, not only because she feared it might not be credited, but, also, lest it might wound the tender hearts of Father Barbelin's myr-

iad admirers throughout the land, both old and young. If the fact were not attested by his spiritual brethren, no one could believe it; but it is credibly asserted by those who shared the sacred secrets of his inner life, that —*Father Barbelin had no natural love for children!*

There! the murder is out,—and no doubt the gentle reader is as startled, (and still partially incredulous,) as the writer was, when she first heard this extraordinary truth. But when the electric shock of our *douche*-bath is over, we will find, perhaps, that the reaction is attended with a deeper, purer love, a more intense reverence for our great and good hero, than we have ever yet entertained.

The famous Cardinal Manning is recorded as having said: "In this world there is nothing dearer to God Himself than the soul of a little child made to His own likeness and to His own image, born again and sanctified by the Holy Ghost. Innocent, those little ones are the nearest to Him of His servants upon earth, numbered among His saints. And they are the most exposed to all manner of peril in this loud and lordly world that passes them by, and accounts them to be cyphers in its reckoning, and legislates for them as if they were flocks in a field, or chattels, or property. Precious in God's sight, little barefooted, bareheaded children that pass through the streets, have each an Angel Guardian; and yet they are surrounded by all the perils that prowl and make havoc in the cities where we dwell. The offspring of all the animals of the lower creation, almost as soon as they come into this world, are able to take care of themselves; but man, who is the highest, and noblest, and like a god himself, is the most helpless. And, therefore, in that helpless infancy and tender childhood, those who cannot care for themselves, are committed to our guardianship."

The society of young children, as a rule, was irksome to Father Barbelin, but regarding them with the eye of Faith, he saw in them the little crystal caskets of that most precious pearl.—Baptismal innocence. They were the little princes and princesses of the heavenly court, whose angels always see the face of the King; nay, more, they were to him the living representatives of the little Prince of the House of David, the Holy Child Jesus. It is related of the Venerable *Mère* Devos, (that saintly Daughter of St. Vincent de Paul,) that whenever she entered the ward of a charity hospital, she made a profound genuflection. Some one asked her why she did this. "I kneel," said she, "to worship our Lord Jesus Christ in the persons of His poor and suffering ones." What a beautiful act of faith!

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My little ones, ye did it unto *Me!*" were the words of Eternal Truth; hence, through the transparent veil of all childhood, Father Barbelin beheld ever shining forth the delicate beauty, the adorable lineaments of the Babe of Bethlehem: and even when he heard little babies cry, (as one of his brethren has made known to the writer,) he used to sympathize with them, and say that "their little troubles, as *they* realized them, were as heavy and insupportable as the graver misfortunes of adults."

He did not need his countryman, the Curé d'Ars, (whom he so strongly resembled in many ways,) to tell him that the divine image is reflected in a pure soul as the sun is in water. He loved the little ones in God and for God; and St. Francis de Sales assures us that "the acts of charity we exercise towards those we love in this way, are a thousand times more perfect than those done from a natural affection, inasmuch as everything in them tends purely to God."

We may well, then, consider with astonishment the vast store of merit which Father Barbelin must have accumulated in his long years of arduous labor among the little ones of Christ. Beside the brilliant luminary of his resplendent faith, how pale and dim must grow the tiny tapers of *our* poor attainments! He had resigned at the fiat of obedience, what he believed to be a true vocation to the Indian missions, and he heroically embraced his compulsory field of toil among the noisy little madcaps of a great city, (many of them rude and stupid and ill-bred enough), whose tricks and manners were specially distasteful and annoying to a courteous Frenchman. A simple, untutored savage would be, in some respects, less difficult to manage, more docile to instructions, than the mass of wretched, demoralized, corrupted little urchins that often tried the holy Jesuit's temper and patience.

God will not be outdone in generosity. He wrought a double and protracted miracle in Father Barbelin's behalf. The first was, that in spite of the adage that only "love begets love," this man who found the constant association with small children so very trying, drew to himself the affections of the little ones in such a marvelous manner, that even the very babies who were most timorous of strangers, opened their arms to go to him, and clambered over him at first sight.

Charles Dickens has said, (and few men knew the ins and outs of human nature better than he), that "it would be difficult to overstate the intensity and accuracy of an intelligent child's observation:"—yet, miracle No. 2 was, that in spite of the life-long struggle and effort that must have been Father Barbelin's, in order to overcome and conceal his distaste for his work, *no child ever discovered it.*

"God used him for an especial purpose," says one

who knew and loved him tenderly: "and he so conformed his life to that purpose as to draw to him children's love in a supernatural degree. Only through this love could he have made the lasting impression that will carry faith and devotion, (then in jeopardy,) not only through the generation that sat under his instructions, but for generations to come, widened out from the narrow sphere he taught in, to the limits of the country we live in."

In the pure spirit of faith, he was most reverent and respectful to ecclesiastical authorities, recognizing in them the representatives of our Lord Jesus Christ; and the same spirit actuated him in his bearing towards all the civil "powers that be." In his earliest letters written from America, one can discern his strong partisanship of General Jackson in the question of the Nullification Act; and when the movement of the Southern Confederacy began to be agitated, his correspondence with his family reveals, again and again, the fact that he was conscientiously on the side of the Union, "now and forever, one and inseparable." For example, in an epistle to his brother, about the date of President Buchanan's election, he writes (as we have seen): "As long as the Union lasts, our holy religion will flourish and spread . . . . Should the Union dissolve, then the Catholics would suffer in some States where fanaticism exists." Again, in the beginning of Abraham Lincoln's administration, we find him expressing similar views to one of his sisters: "A President favorable to the abolition of slavery, has recently been elected; the Southern States seem to be very much irritated, and threaten to secede and form a Southern Confederacy. In this case, farewell to the prosperity of our powerful republic. The Catholics pray for the preservation of the Union."

But his zeal for the Northern cause was a broad and

beautiful one, and—as was becoming a true disciple of the Prince of Peace—utterly devoid of the faintest tinge of bitterness.

"Well, we are at war," he writes to the old friends at home, "and, unfortunately, civil war! The United States' armies have obtained signal victories, but even after the conquest of the interior, great difficulties will still exist. We do not like slavery, but it exists, and to abolish it without great detriment both to the whites and the negroes, great prudence, wise moderation, and mutual concessions are necessary. What will be the consequence of this fratricidal war? God alone can appease the storm. He is our only hope. From the depths of the miseries which surround us, He will know how to direct all for His glory, and for the salvation of souls. This war gives occupation to our good and charitable Sisters, who devote themselves to the poor wounded soldiers, without distinction of religion or politics. Our priests are also desired, especially in the interior, but they do not suffice. Nearly 900,000 men dispersed over the vast territory of the United States! We feared very much there would be deplorable distress during the winter, but it passed very peacefully, and without much misery. The war gives occupation to those of our work-people who are not enlisted. At present, there are 16,000 women in Philadelphia occupied in sewing, etc., for the soldiers. Rich proprietors and merchants are suffering from the effects of the war. Our Catholics remain devoted and generous."

The last Thursday of September, 1861, was appointed by President Lincoln, a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, and our dear Father Barbelin was anxious to solemnize it with special *éclat*. One of his pet pupils

was a young Contralto singer * whose rare, rich voice has since won her "golden opinions from all sorts of men." Father B. must have a new national hymn, which would express all the sad, thrilling patriotism of the solemn occasion: and he knew that the splendid declamatory powers of his little scholar would do full justice to the theme. The hymn was composed, (we believe, by the dear old *zelatrice*, whose name has already been mentioned in these memoirs.) and was entitled "*God save Columbia!*" —adapted to a grand, soul-inspiring melody.

When it came to the rehearsal thereof, with Father Barbelin as audience,—when the young singer sang with all the full, dramatic effect of her mellow vocalization:

"God save Columbia, still free and glorious,
God save our Land!
Let strife and anger cease,
From direful war release,
O Lord! now grant us peace!
God save our Land!"

our beloved Father's face shone with enthusiasm, and his bright blue eyes glistened with tears; but when the lovely voice went on to proclaim:

"God save Columbia!—shield her loved Stars and Stripes!
God save our Land!
Let *Right* not *Might* prevail—
Bid hush the mourner's wail,
Thy strong arm cannot fail—
God save our Land!"

—the dear old man looked pained and puzzled.

"Let *Right* not *Might* prevail,"—you see, dear reader, that *that* meant a great deal. The author of the hymn was a person of strong Southern proclivities, and *Right*

*Now, Madame Caroline McCaffrey School.

to her meant SECESSION, whilst *Might* personified the UNION.

Ah! but you should have seen how quickly our gentle, peace-loving *Curé* hastened to pour oil on troubled waters! Not a harsh word,—not an angry look—only that little passing cloud of pain on the dear, bright face;—then, rubbing his hands softly together, and dividing his smile of approval between the authoress and the little singer, something like this found voice:

"All very beautiful,—ve-ry beautiful,—all but one leetle line,—one leetle line in the last verse! '*Right*, not *Might*"—eh? Ah! no, not nice—not nice. Must be respectful, you know,—must be charitable! Suppose we alter,—eh?"

And the next morning, when the national Fast-day was being solemnized at St. Joseph's, Father Barbelin moved about the sanctuary in his vestments, smiling like an angel of peace, while the glorious Contralto poured forth from the choir—(revised and amended):

"God save Columbia,—shield her loved Stars and Stripes!
God save our Land!
Let *Love*, not *Hate*, prevail,
Bid hush the mourner's wail,
Thy strong arm cannot fail,
God save our Land!"

(Does not this recall the meek Lamb of God at the gates of the inhospitable Samaritan city, when James and John wished to call down fire from heaven to consume its inhabitants? "Turning, he rebuked them, saying: You know not of what spirit you are.")

In the same way, when it was proposed in those days of civil war, to sing at a concert a song in which occurred the menacing couplet:

"Should ever traitor arise in the land,
Curs'd be his homestead, withered his hand!"

Father Barbelin immediately entered the lines on his gentle *Index Expurgatorius*, and the malediction had to be omitted, before the song could be sung.

However humble and sweet, he had most positive and clear opinions on doctrinal points, and was not by any means lax. He used to make the children contribute to the collection on Sundays and holy-days; and this he did, (he said,) in order to accustom them from infancy to the fulfilment of the fifth Ecclesiastical Precept,—to contribute to the support of the Church and her pastors.

"I see his influence in a great many things in Philadelphia," (remarks a Jesuit Father at one of the Southern missions): "the manner of talking about the Archbishop there, for instance, is different from that in other cities; and it is the loving, child-like fondness and faith of Father Felix J. Barbelin that runs like a soft, silken thread through it all,—love and reverence combined. I thought, indeed, to see in him the model pastor, the imitator of our Lord,—scolding gently, correcting tenderly, making allowance for weaknesses, prejudices, ignorances,—chastising with a muffled rod."

And yet some youthful Solon of the period has been known to say: "*I* never took much stock in your famous Father Barbelin. He was a nice enough old gentleman, I dare say, but we could have got on just as well without all those old trumpery processions, and plays, and Sodalities of his!"

Could you, indeed, O Daniel come to judgment? O sagacious disciple of Huxley, Tyndall, and Dr. Darwin, advanced student of Herbert Spencer, Mr. Buckle, and Stuart Mill,—as Cardinal Newman once said of the action of the Roman Catholic Church upon human thought:

"Not a man in Europe now, who talks bravely against the Church, but owes it to the Church that he can talk at all,"—so we may venture to assure you that were it not for the attendance of your wiser ancestors at the "trumpery plays, processions, and Sodalities" of our dear Father Barbelin, and their faith-increasing influence upon your parents and grand-parents, your uncles and your aunts,—your own spark of Christian faith, (feeble and flickering as it is,) would long since have gone out under the ashes of neglect and unbelief.

It is the old story of Columbus and the egg. Devotional ways and means are so easy and so plentiful in these later days of ours, that we are sometimes tempted to forget the pioneers of religion, the spiritual hewers of wood and drawers of water, who cleared the ancient forests of indevotion, for our use and benefit, and made the wilderness of doubt to blossom as the rose.

American sculptors tell us that no marble can endure unhurt the wear and tear of this capricious climate of ours, for more than fifty years. Expose a marble statue in one of our public parks or cemeteries, and let the storm and sunshine of half a century beat uninterruptedly upon its fair proportions, and you will see, (or the next generation will see,) how, in the course of time, it will begin to darken and disintegrate.

It is to be feared that a good deal of our modern piety is like the marble. It won't wear. But the wisdom of Father Barbelin foresaw that, as a powerful antidote for the poison of scandal which the past generation of Catholics had imbibed, and as a preventive of the paralysis of indifference with which the future one was threatened, devotional exercises in his own day and generation must be multiplied, and most attractive.

A practical little house-wife once compared the

pious training of children in general, and of boys, in particular, to——whitewashing a public wall. "You must lay on them," said she, "half a dozen extra coats of devotion, *if you want any to stick;* allowance must be made for so much that gets rubbed off by contact with the world." Father Barbelin well knew, by the way, how to apply the brush without tiring or disgusting the subject,—a delicate and rather difficult operation, (we may add,) unless for a master hand. "I will water my garden of plants, and I will water abundantly the fruits of my meadow. And behold, my brook became a great river, and my river came near to a sea." (*Cant. of Cant.*, 4: 15.)

While he followed the evangelical precept of giving to God the things that are God's, he did not, at the same time, fail in its equally important context of rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

His was a very hopeful, cheery soul. He was a much-tried man; and a famous writer on the spiritual life, tells us that "a much-tried man is always a man of unbounded faith, and of a confidence in God which looks, to us of lower faith, superstitious in little things and presumptuous in great ones.

When he inaugurated so many good works for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, the funds for their continuance and completion were sometimes meagre enough. But he knew that the interests of his divine Master called for those varied establishments; and the vision of a slim exchequer could not dash his noble faith and hope. In one of his letters, (as we have seen,) he speaks of having commenced the enlargement of his Parochial School; "an important work," he adds, "which is far beyond my means;" but he goes on to say, like a second Curé d'Ars: "Confiding in divine Providence, I

owed to different mechanics personal obligations, which I had to meet at Christmas. Thanks be to God! all succeeded well. We had fairs, concerts, religious dramas, collections, which gave me 12,000 francs."

Once, when the annual Christmas festival was about to take place at St. Joseph's, some of the members of his beloved St. Vincent de Paul Conference proposed taking him a little offering of money towards the same. They found him sitting in his room, so crippled with rheumatism that he could not rise from his chair; but no amount of pain or discomfort could rob him of his sweet smile, or of his beautiful, graceful courtesy. There was nothing of the pessimist in his composition. He welcomed the gentlemen warmly, and when they unfolded the object of their visit, he was deeply moved, and accepting their offering, said with touching candor and simplicity: "I am *so* glad;—I had not one dollar left, and I was just sitting here, thinking how I could get some money, when you, kind friends, come to bring it to me."

He had learned to echo St. Teresa's famous financial summary: "Teresa and sixpence are nothing; but Teresa, sixpence, and *Almighty God* are everything!" His naturally sanguine temperament was elevated and spiritualized by this holy confidence in God; and he drew fresh comfort and courage from obstacles that would have depressed a less trusting heart.

The religious poet emphasizes the fact that:

> "Low spirits are a sin,—a penance given
> To over-talking and unthoughtful mirth.
> There is no high nor low in holiest Heaven,
> Nor yet in hearts where Heaven hath hallowed earth;"

and Father Barbelin endorsed the poet's sentiments most fully. His sunny presence was a continual rebuke to

morbid or moody natures; and his smile was death to scruples.

One person, well known to the writer, recounts how, after confession on a certain morning in St. Joseph's, she knelt at early Mass, twisted and tortured on the rack of the scrupulous,—stretched and dislocated spiritually on the Procrustean bed of interior doubt and desolation. As she knelt in her place, hesitating whether or not to go to Holy Communion, dear old Father Barbelin limped past her, on his way from the confessional to the altar.

Was there not healing in the very shadow of Christ and his apostles? Our friend assures us that, as the holy man went by, every fear and scruple, strange to say, went with him, and she hastened with a calm and happy heart to the communion-rail, to feed upon the Bread of Angels. Not a word had been spoken,—not even a special glance given. "My yoke is sweet and my burden light," seemed written all over the bright, cheery old face; and the hearts of those who looked on it, no matter how spiritually cold and desolate they might for the moment be,—(like the statue of Memnon,) sang for joy whenever its sunshine touched them.

Well might the Curé of Ars say of the action of God the Holy Ghost upon such favored souls: "Like a beautiful white dove rising from the midst of the waters, and coming to shake its wings on earth, the Holy Spirit, coming forth from the infinite ocean of the divine perfections, flutters its wings over pure souls, distilling upon them the balm of love."

And living not to themselves alone, the exquisite perfumes and healing unction of that precious balm, they joy to communicate to the wounded and suffering souls of others.

CHAPTER II.

HIS LOVE OF GOD, OF HIS BLESSED MOTHER, AND THE SAINTS.

OUR beloved Father was in no wise severe or Jansenistical in his views of God. He loved Him with a simple, tender filial love. His sweet liberty of spirit was, indeed, one of his most charming characteristics. A certain spiritual writer has said that the commandments of God, the precepts of the Church, and the reverence of the Sacraments, are in much safer keeping in the hands of a mild theologian, than in those of a rigorist; granting of course, that all principles have their extremes, and that all exaggerations are wrong.

"As a golden thread sustains a string of pearls, and runs through them all," says Cardinal Manning, "or as a clasp of gold holds a vestment together, so all the graces of the Holy Ghost which constitute the sanctification of the soul, are sustained, and completed, and clasped together by Charity."

If the ties which bound Father Barbelin's great heart to his God were silken cords, they were spun in the cocoon of self-distrust, and made fast to the rock of divine hope and trust; and on the other hand, if divine fear was the needle wherewhith he wrought upon the robe of his own personal sanctification,—(as Father Roothaan used to say,) it always drew with it the thread of divine love.

O! how he loved his Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar! His devotion to that adorable Mystery was singularly deep and ardent. Those who ever assisted at his Mass, (usually the earliest said in the Church,)

can recall to this day, his tender piety, his sighs of love during the progress of the holy Sacrifice.

"O my God! my God!"—one might fancy him rapturously breathing forth with St. Augustine,—"behold me running out of breath towards Your holy fountain, that I may plunge, bathe, quench my thirst,—drown, and draw thence my life! For I am not my own life!"

Penetrated, and, as it were, sparkling all over with the fire and flame of that true Life, he yearned to impart its delights to others. He was one of the first advocates of frequent Communion, in this diocese. Before his day, it was not customary in Philadelphia to communicate oftener than twice, or at the most, thrice a year; folks who approached the altar at Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost being considered very fervent Catholics. But, when the King in the Gospel-parable prepared the great banquet, to which the distinguished guests who were invited, refused to come,—he sent forth his servant into the streets and lanes of the city, and bade him bring in to the feast, the poor, and the feeble, and the blind, and the lame.

And, as the servant did as he was commanded, even so did Father Barbelin, obedient to the will of the celestial King, summon the multitude to the adorable Banquet of the Altar. His persuasive voice went forth, as time went on, even to the highways and hedges of the suburbs, and the communion-rails began to be thronged with happy, fervent guests.

"The bee does not fly with more ardor to the flowers from which it sucks its honey," said our blessed Lord once to St. Matilda, "than I, through force of love, come to Christians in the holy Communion;" and not only on the grand feasts of the Church, but on its minor festivals

of devotion, Father Barbelin's ever-increasing throng of communicants at old St. Joseph's, must have given joy and consolation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Think of the size of that little Church down the Alley, and then compare with it the fact, (stated in one of Father Barbelin's letters,) that *there* in those by-gone days, there were from five hundred to a thousand communions weekly!

It is related in the Life of the Venerable Anthony Torres of the Society of Jesus, that, after death, he appeared in glory to a certain person, and said that his beatitude in Heaven had been increased because he recommended frequent Communion to his penitents. In like manner, our Lord is said to have told St. Margaret of Cortona, (as St. Liguori records,) that He would give her confessor a great reward for having advised her to communicate often.

May we not, then, feast our eyes in spirit on the brilliant and superb crown, which a like holy zeal must have prepared for our beloved Father Barbelin, and which now adorns his brow, (we trust,) in the Celestial City? At the eternal marriage-feast of the Lamb, more than one happy guest can cry out: "It was *he* who brought us hither!"

For many years, he suffered with a distressing asthma, and the suffocating sensations which this ailment entailed, could only be relieved by breaking his fast through the night. A spoonful of orange water, a licorice-drop, or a little confection of some sort, was needed to allay the choking cough that prevented sleep after his hard day's toil. But breaking his fast meant missing his Mass, and his faithful, fervent heart could not consent to that sacrifice. "A day without Mass and

Communion, is to me like soup without salt," said a holy convert once to Monsignor de Ségur.

Father Barbelin cast about for some means to overcome the difficulty. The result was, that he waited up until after midnight, when his asthma was unusually distressing, and then along by one, two, or three o'clock in the morning, he went into the church and said his Mass. A young man in the house, who was devoted to the holy servant of God, rejoiced to wait upon him on such occasions; and there in the dark church, with the altar candles shedding a faint, spectral light upon the surrounding gloom, and no witness, save *one*, of his fervent communion with the Most High, Father Barbelin offered up the adorable Victim to His Eternal Father, and poured forth his soul in supplication for the living and the dead.

His religious brethren recall many other beautiful little practices of devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament. He would teach his children, at one time, when retiring to sleep at night, to send their holy Guardian Angel to the Tabernacle, to bring back pure and pious dreams. (Just as St. Philip de Neri used to tell *his* disciples to recite every night, by their bedsides, the Compline-hymn, "*Te lucis ante terminum.*") At another time, when some poor sufferer was confined to bed, and racked with pain, he would bid him again send his Angel to the sanctuary, to visit in his stead the Divine Prisoner of the altar.

It is told of Sister Saint-Pierre, the holy little Carmelite of Tours, that all her affections were centered in Jesus in the Holy Eucharist; so that quitting the sanctuary, she always left her heart there; and in whatever part of the house she happened to be, she turned towards

the chapel, and was transported with joy when she could catch a glimpse of the altar.

If circumstances prevented a visit to the Divine Prisoner before starting on his apostolic round of out-door duty, Father Barbelin was accustomed to pause in the passageway, turn towards the sanctuary, and with lifted hat, murmur, at least, a *Hail Mary*, before departing. He might have said at those times, with infinitely more truth and fervor than the poet:

"As still to the star of its worship, tho' clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea!
So dark as I roam in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee;
My God, trembling to Thee;
True, fond, trembling to Thee;
So dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee!"

Many of us, doubtless, have heard the incident related in connection with the late General McClellan's retirement from the command of the United States troops; a touching story, recently revived by his lamented death.

A grand farewell review was given him on that occasion by the Army of the Republic. As he rode up and down the line of valiant officers and men, his eye fell upon the flag of a famous Massachusetts' regiment, which had almost been cut to pieces at the battle of Antietam. The old Star-Spangled Banner was literally torn to shreds in that hail-storm of bullets, and only a few, fluttering rags remained upon the staff, to which they were rudely nailed by a piece of tin.

McClellan passed the flag at full gallop, and was unable at once to rein in his spirited steed. When he succeeded in checking the animal, he turned about, and

riding promptly back, paused in front of the standard-bearer, and slowly lifting his hat, saluted the precious Colors.

The stately courtesy, the graceful act of patriotism, was greeted with cheer after cheer from the enthusiastic soldiers; and tears stood in many a manly eye. Yet, if some of those brave fellows had seen good old Father Barbelin pause in the corridor at St. Joseph's, bend his knee to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, lift his hat to the statue of the Queen of Heaven, or salute with reverence the banner of the Cross,—yea, even though it were the famous *Labarum* of Constantine himself, they would not have hesitated to denounce it as gross superstition and rank idolatry.

The simplicity of Father Barbelin's worship, however, was warmly and lovingly acknowledged by the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that Heart to which he had consecrated himself in the flower of his innocent youth, delighting to record himself as Its perpetual victim. For the extension of that devotion, (to the adorable Heart of the Man-God,) he constantly labored, finding zealous co-workers, the while, in his assistant priests, and especially in Rev. Joseph M. Ardia, S J., who afterwards succeeded him and Rev. Peter Blenkinsop, in the pastorate of St. Joseph's. Father Ardia, indeed, had such an absorbing zeal for the glory of the Sacred Heart, that he might merit to be called the apostle of that devotion in Philadelphia.

But Father Barbelin's quaint and characteristic announcement each month: "Next Friday, communion-day for the *Sacred Hearts*," meaning the members of the Sacred Heart Confraternity, is still remembered by them with a tender smile.

He said once, to one of the Fathers at the Church: "As a means to an end, if we love Jesus our Saviour, we

must love Mary, His Mother." And fervently, almost passionately, did he love her. Nor was it a cultivated devotion of maturer years. It had been, as we have seen, the soul of his soul from early infancy.

In the holy legends of the saints, we read that once when St. Bernard stood before the image of the Virgin Queen, and bowing his head, said "*Ave Maria!*"—the statue bent its marble head in courteous response, and the sculptured lips murmured softly: "*Ave Bernard!*" Any one who knew Father Barbelin's child-like love for our Blessed Mother, could easily imagine such things happening to him. The pure flame of devotion that glowed in his heart was like to that which animated the sainted Abbot of Clairvaux, the "senior" guide through *Il Paradiso*, who descanted to Dante on the peerless beauties of the Mother of God:

> "And from heaven's queen, whom fervent I adore,
> All gracious aid befriend us: for that I
> And her own faithful Bernard"*

Yet there was nothing visionary in Father Barbelin's devotion to Mary. His homage took the practical shape of insistance on the imitation of her virtues. We have shown how he trained the children of his Sunday-school to offer their flowers to the celestial May-Queen, making every tiny blossom serve as the symbol of some fair and fragrant virtue. Thus he taught his floral lesson to the little susceptible hearts,—never to be forgotten by them in after years. For, as St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi could never behold a beautiful flower without being inflamed with the love of its Creator, so, we venture to say, few of those who, in by-gone years, brought their emblematic flowers to Mother Mary's feet, can to this day, look upon

*Il Paradiso, Canto 31.

a rose, a lily, or a violet, without recalling with a glow of devotion, a fresh accession of fervor, the *Rosa Mystica*, the Lily of Israel, the humble, shrinking Violet of Nazareth.

It is needless to record how, loving Jesus and Mary as tenderly as he did, our dear old Father clung with fond affection to the Foster-Father of the one, the virginal spouse of the other. St. Joseph was his own baptismal patron, as well as the titular patron of his Church; and, although always delicate in health and constitutionally sensitive to pain, no labor, no suffering was too great if borne for the sake of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

In 1849, he manifested publicly his devotion to his great patron, by placing in the Church a statue of St. Joseph bearing on his arm the Divine Infant, which has long been singularly endeared to the habitués of that holy little temple. This large, (more than life-size,) statue, together with the staff, (the mystical lily-laden staff whose blossoming, according to tradition, revealed to the little Maiden of Israel her heaven-elected spouse,) was chiseled in Rome, Italy, from one piece of pure, white marble, and cost $450.00.

In a letter to his parents, indited the same year, Father Barbelin tells them what means he had recourse to, in order to satisfy this debt; how, in short, he made St. Ignatius pay for St. Joseph:

"College of the Holy Cross,
"Worcester, Mass.

"*Feast of the Visitation of the B. V. M., July* 2, 1849.
"J. M. J.

"I thank God sincerely for granting me the

consolation to offer to-day the Holy Sacrifice for my dearly-loved parents.

"On the first Sunday of the month, if God preserves my life, I hope to enjoy the same happiness. I trust then to be in Philadelphia, where, as usual, we shall solemnly celebrate the Sunday within the octave of the feast of St. Ignatius, and preach his panegyric. A great number of our Fathers and other priests will be present. The collection on this occasion will be to defray the expenses of a new, white marble altar, and the beautiful statue of St. Joseph which we have just received from Rome. That day being also the feast of our Lady ad Nives, (of the Snows,) will you not offer your Communion for your son, who though not meriting it, is greatly in need of it?

"B."

It was this same statue of St. Joseph which furnished the inspiration for the following poem, embracing in its decade of stanzas a metrical record of the Foster-Father's labors at his chosen shrine, for the past thirty years:

THE STATUE OF ST. JOSEPH.

I.

In a dear old Jesuit chapel, (a small but blest retreat,
Where walls of massive granite shut in the narrow street,)
There stands a sculptured image with a halo 'round its brows,
A statue of Saint Joseph, Our Lady's chosen spouse.

II.

His face is fair and noble, his look is calm and grave;
The brow is broad and lofty, the bearded lips are brave;
The staff he holds, is crested with lilies undefiled,
And on his firm arm resting, he bears the Holy Child.

III.

A strange and special virtue invests that image old,
And makes its stone more precious than plates of polished gold;
Around it floats a fragrance, a breath of purest grace,
That draws the hearts of hundreds to worship at its base.

IV.

For night, and noon, and morning there kneel before the niche,
The ever-thronging clients, the poor beside the rich;
And every age and color, and every sex and state,
In simple faith and fervor upon St. Joseph wait.

V.

Unto the men and matrons he shows his beauteous Spouse,
And says: "Behold your model! the glory of my house."
Unto the virgin-hearted, he whispers, "Blest are ye!—
Come to my inner chamber of whitest purity!"

VI.

But if he hath a blessing that's sweeter, tenderer yet,
'Tis for the tired workmen begrimed with dust and sweat,
Who hear the cheering welcome, (prostrated at his knee,)
"Ye are the well-beloved of Him who toiled with me!"

VII.

Drawing the little children about the Infant fair,
Unto the rich he preaches of penance and of prayer:
Unto the poor he murmurs, "Remember Nazareth!"
And to the old, "Make ready to share my happy death!"

VIII.

And when the tried and tempted, before him bending low,
In tears rehearse their sorrows, their litany of woe;
It is as though an angel their aching temples smoothed,
As on a father's bosom their bitter sobs are soothed.

IX.

He *is* Our Father's shadow, that royal Artisan,
Spouse of the Queen of Heaven, guide of a God made man!
Ah! lay thy staff of lilies upon each guilty soul,
And win us all, Saint Joseph! to seek thy safe control!

X.

In life's gigantic workshop, thou must be in our midst,
To supervise our labors, as thou Immanuel's didst;
And thou canst ask no favor that can ungranted be,
For Christ, our God and Saviour, was subject unto thee! *

St. Ignatius of Loyola kept in his private oratory an image of St. Joseph; and it was in presence of that great master of the interior life, that he loved to pray, and celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. "It was at the feet of that excellent director," says a reliable authority,

* From "*Crowned with Stars*," by Eleanor C. Donnelly.

"that he deposited, in writing, all his doubts and difficulties. Under his guidance, he became so able and skilful in the discerning of spirits, and the direction of souls."

Hence, a devotion to St. Joseph has been from the first, one of the special characteristics of the Society of Jesus: and Father Barbelin was a true son of St. Ignatius, always in harmony with the spirit of his institute. A good Jesuit has said of him: "He loved the Church as God; he loved the Society as an Order working for the welfare of that Church, as for the greater glory of God. Yet, much as he loved our holy Mother, the Society, he would have at once renounced it, if any one could have convinced him that she was opposed to God or His Church."

As a matter of course, he had a particular devotion to the Founder of his beloved Society: and whenever a fresh accession of pain, (for he always suffering more or less,) came upon him, he had immediate recourse to holy water, blessed under the invocation of St. Ignatius.

One of the cruel ways in which the ancient pagans tortured the virgin martyr, St. Appollonia, was to violently pull out her beautiful teeth. As Father Barbelin suffered greatly from decayed teeth, he was accustomed to invoke St. Appollonia with fervor and frequency. He kept in his room a lovely panel-picture of the Saint, which is now, we believe, in the Sunday-school chapel. He paid a special homage also to Blessed John Berchmanns, the perusal of whose life, in early days, had inspired him with the desire of becoming a Jesuit. At the period of the holy Fleming's *Beatification*, he had his Life republished by Mr. P. F. Cunningham; and he had a large picture of Berchmanns painted, (it hung until recently in the inner sacristy of St. Joseph's); and caused hymns to be prepared in his honor.

The other boy-saints, Aloysius Gonzaga and Stanislaus Kotska, together with St. Francis Xavier and St. Francis Borgia, St. Rose of Lima, (patroness of the Blessed Mother's Sodality,) St. Michael and the celestial host, (who guarded the Confraternity of the Holy Angels,) St. Patrick, Sts. Peter and Paul, St. Felix, and hundreds of other Saints besides, all, in turn, claimed their day of devotion beneath St. Joseph's sacred roof.

There were no less than six Sodalities around the Church, (from the little toddling clients of the Holy Infant Jesus, up to the gray-headed, tottering veterans of our Blessed Mother's corps,)—all distinguished by the color of the ribbon, as well as the design of the medal, they wore; and Father Barbelin encouraged the members of the larger Sodalities to have Novenas, Celebrations, &c., so that all the great feasts of the year were preceded by Novenas,—public Novenas at which the congregation attended *en masse*, and which terminated in mammoth celebrations, more or less gorgeous, according to circumstances.

Once, he began a *Triduum*, for some special purpose of this kind. But the first evening, whether the weather was unfavorable, or the devotion an extraordinary one, deponent saith not; but very few people were in attendance. Father Barbelin's zealous heart was grieved. The charity of Christ pressed him, in his measure, as it did St. Paul. So, the second morning of the *Triduum*, he started out, like a true follower of the Apostles, to fish for souls.

He took his way along Walnut Street, west to Fifth. If the customs of the country had warranted it, we verily believe he would have rung a little bell, as St. Francis Xavier did on the Fishery Coast, and publicly announced his purpose on the spot. But since circumstances sealed

his lips, all he could do was to go forward, praying fervently in his heart that Providence would send him fresh souls to be converted, sanctified, and saved.

Along by Independence Square, on Fifth Street above Walnut, stood, in those days, a long line of hacks, with their attendant hackmen waiting, like the people in the Gospel, for some man to hire them.

Father Barbelin's eye kindled, and his dear fervent old heart beat quicker with a delightful inspiration. Here were plenty of men, lounging idly on their carriage-tops, or chatting together in social groups,—why could he not get some of them to attend his *Triduum?* But alas! were any of them Catholics, and if so, how was he to find it out?

All this passed through his mind as he approached them, (he told it himself afterwards, with a hearty laugh, to a friend of the writer;) when lo! the first man in the row, raised his hat, and respectfully saluted the little priest. That was enough. The man was an Irishman, as the first word of greeting revealed. And then it was: "I missed you last night,—I was looking for you. Any more *friends* among these other gentlemen, eh?"—the keen, kindly eye taking in the whole row of hackmen.—"Ye-es,—ye-es,—ye-es,—long since you went to Confession, eh?"

Bless their true, good Irish hearts! *every man in the line was a Catholic:* and then and there, every mother's son of them promised to attend the *Triduum* that very night. And not only did they faithfully keep their promise, but he got them all to go to Confession, and the famous three-days' devotion wound up with a train of *charioteers* worthy a Roman triumph.

Where, outside of the lives of the Saints, do we read such incidents as these? Ah! the heart of our

dear old Father was like a glowing thurible, ever flinging up its incense before the throne of the Most High. "An angel came and stood before the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given him much incense that he should offer of the prayers of all the saints upon the golden altar, which is before the throne of God." (*Apoc.* 8: 3.)

Of those who beheld Father Barbelin's daily life of unremitting toil for souls; the active direction of schools, Sodalities and confraternities: the hearing of Confessions, (and *they* were legion): the visiting of the sick, the consoling of the sorrowful, the counseling of the doubtful, the almost ubiquitous management of the thousand and one enterprises which his zeal had conceived and fostered,—many must have wondered when he got a moment to write a sermon, or breathe a private prayer. Yet, the sermons were well and carefully prepared, full of solid, faith-inspiring matter. And prayer was as natural and easy to him as the breath of his mouth. He inhaled our Blessed Lord with every breath, as Saint-Jure recommends in his comments on "*The breath of our nostrils, Christ our Lord.*"

He was eminently a man of prayer. He awoke in the morning with the rapturously-uttered "*Laudetur Jesus Christus in sæcula sæculorum;*" and he fell asleep at night with Mary's name on his lips, and Mary's beloved beads in his hands. He began every enterprise with prayer; and during those hours of communion with God, he submitted every doubt of his soul to Him who is the Way, and the Truth, and the Life, who enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.

Those who visited him in his room, it is said, would find him always accessible, always free to listen to the tale of their joys or sorrows, always ready to weep with

those that wept, and rejoice with those that rejoiced,—but if the visitor, after making his adieux, turned at the threshold to take a last look at the man of God, he would find him already rapt in prayer, forgetful of his surroundings, absorbed in secret intercourse with the unseen world. One moment, he conversed with the creature, the next, he was oblivious of earth, an adoring suppliant in the audience-room of the Creator.

Did the difficulties of his apostolic work sometimes discourage him? He cried out with the Psalmist: "In a desert land, and where there is no way and no water, so in the sanctuary have I come before Thee, to see Thy power and Thy glory!" Did the burden of his people's multitudinous wants weigh heavy upon his tender heart, he remembered with Theodoret that "Prayer is *one*, but it can obtain all things." Did he come forth fevered and exhausted from the long hours of labor in Church or basement? He consoled himself like the venerable Curé of Ars, with the remembrance that "Prayer is the love-bath of the soul, wherein she plunges until she is drowned in love;" or that the same love bears the innocent soul on high "as wings bear the bird."

The thread-like fetters of teasing frailties might strive in vain to entangle the feet of his affections; the bird-lime of others' miseries might seek to clog his soaring pinions, but breathing that pure, upper air of divine contemplation, like

"the bird let loose in Eastern skies,"

the strong spirit of Father Barbelin shot up, from morning till night, "above all low delay," to the foot-stool of his Lord and God, his Creator, his Redeemer, his Sanctifier.

And for us, whom he taught to pray, whom he taught

to fly heavenward upon our feeble pinions, (as a careful bird instructs its tender fledglings,) for *us* it remains to follow now his shining soul in its flight to the fair Empyrean, crying out, each one of us, with yearning hearts and tear-dimmed eyes:

"So, grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, thro' Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs,—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!"

CHAPTER III.

HIS LOVE OF HIS NEIGHBOR.

S T. Catharine of Genoa once said to our divine Lord in prayer: "O Lord, it is Thy will that I love my neighbor, but I declare to Thee that I can love none but *Thee!*" The response made to her by her celestial Spouse, was: "Know, O Catharine, that he who loves *Me*, loves all things loved by Me."

If Father Barbelin had not loved his neighbor in this wise, for the love of God alone, he could never have accomplished the marvels that he did. A beautiful simile is that which compares our affections to a drinking-glass, and divine Love to a fountain. So long as we drink from the glass, holding it firmly under the fast-flowing waters, no matter how much we drink, the contents of the goblet are never exhausted; but if we remove it from the fountain, and drink freely of the draught, we soon come to the bottom of the cup,—yea, and to the unpalatable dregs thereof.

To love creatures *in* God and *for* God, is to love them unalterably and forever; to love them for themselves and for our own satisfaction, is to drink bitter waters from a swiftly-drained goblet.

Father Barbelin's great mission was among the little ones of Christ; and yet he had no spontaneous love of young children. His primal attraction was to the life of an Indian missionary. All through his life, all through his letters, runs this under-current of longing for the unconverted aborigines of the North and West. In one of his epistles to his dear parents, he writes, for instance: "To-day, I leave for Boston, and from there, probably, will visit, with the Reverend Father Provincial, an Indian Mission in the North, about two or three hundred miles distant."

When his ancient Bishop of Nancy, Monsignor Forbin-Janson, the founder of the Association of the Holy Childhood, visited the United States in 1840, he accompanied that holy prelate on missions among the savages, and was witness of the many miracles which he wrought. And he, also, kept up a correspondence with Father de Smet, S. J., the renowned missionary of the Rocky Mountains; all the letters of that Indian apostle published in the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, being originally addressed to our dear Father Barbelin.

"Great is their folly," says St. Francis de Sales, "who amuse themselves with desiring to be martyred in the Indies, and do not apply themselves to what they have to do in the place where their vocation is appointed." Father Barbelin was not a man of that sort. He strictly obeyed the Scriptural injunction, and did with all his might whatever his hand found to do, under the direction of holy obedience. He was fully convinced that:

"Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to God the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word,
And sing His glory wrong."

Some one has expressed surprise that, whilst thus doing violence to himself in his labors among the children, he still managed to secure and retain their affections to such a marvelous degree. But a moment's reflection will furnish us, (as he himself would have said,) with "*le mot de l'enigme.*"

To continue the pretty simile of the drinking-glass and the fountain,—as a pure draught is never so attractive to the thirsty pilgrim as when he beholds the crystal cup, half-buried in the cool waters of the fount, brimming and sparkling all over, with the diamond drops of its abundance, so, those marks of affection which one bestows upon creatures, not for their own sake, but for God's, render the donor more charming and attractive than if he acted from a lower and more natural motive. The less of *Self* there is about us, in short, the more lovable we are to all who come in contact with us.

Father Barbelin was, himself, to St. Joseph's, what the Fountain of Trevi is to Rome; those who once drank of the sweet waters of his influence, could not choose but return again to the old Church, to taste the same delicious draught. And, as *Fontana di Trevi* supplies from its fast-flowing abundance several other large fountains of Rome, so it seemed as though the divine Master had enjoined upon this, His faithful servant, the generous command of the Wise Man: "Let thy fountains be conveyed abroad, and in the streets divide thy waters." (*Prov.*, 5: 15.)

It was his love of God that made him so patient in

dealing with those dear, defective, trying children of his. Like his holy founder, St. Ignatius, he could find his Ribadineira or his Edmund Auger among the naughtiest, sauciest, and most wilful of the juveniles. Indeed, he seemed almost to show a preference for those little black sheep, (or rather, *lambs*,) of his flock; and would surpass himself in persuasive efforts to attract them.

What the block of marble is to the sculptor, the troublesome, but gifted child is to the wise director. His skilled eye pierces the blank immobility of the stone, and discerns the exquisite lineaments of the angel, where others see only the rough, misshapen product of the quarry.

Felix Barbelin was not by nature a meek or patient man. "Few who knew Father Barbelin," (says one who *did* know him intimately,) "would imagine that he possessed by nature a very violent temper, and had much difficulty in controlling it." And once, when he was a young man, and assisting a certain clergyman in another city, his self-control was pretty well put to the test. The senior priest was a very holy man, but one of a quick, passionate temper; and on the occasion in question, Father Barbelin incurred his displeasure by some little delay or blunder in rubrical observance. Forgetful, not only of the sanctity of the spot in which they stood, but, also, of Christian charity and religious discipline, the irascible old priest drew off and struck Father Barbelin in the face, before the assembled congregation. The blood rushed to the temples of the young priest, and his soft blue eyes filled with tears; but he gave one brave look at the Crucifix, whereon hung the meek Victim who had given his own divine Face to the smiters, and who had said to His followers: "If any man strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other, also,"—and the tears

of natural resentment were silently wiped away, the victory was won.

He was extremely sensitive,—but his sensitiveness was of that order which the English Oratorian describes as "the best basis for a great grace of charity, because it has an almost infinite power of sympathy." He could enter keenly into the smallest details of children's lives, sympathize with their straw-crosses, (as though they were leaden ones,) and join heartily in their little games and pleasures.

His patience with their waywardness and wilfulness was beautiful to see. When they were so noisy and obstreperous in the Sunday-School, that the aching head and tired throat bore sensible witness of the difficulty of instructing them, the well-known wooden *clappers* would come together with a sharp click; but even then, the smile on the lip struggled with the contraction of the brows, (can't you see it all now, dear friends?)—and kept the latter from settling into a downright frown. It was like that line in the old-fashioned hymn:

"Behind a frowning providence, he hides a smiling face."

One day, when the children were making their confessions, a small boy found his way into Father Barbelin's box, and stammered through his little tale of woe, concluding, however, with a hesitating pause, suspiciously suggestive of something left unsaid.

"Anything else?" coaxed the dear old Father, trying to help the culprit over the difficult hedge of self-accusation.

"Yes," was the extraordinary reply; "but I can't tell it to you!"

"O my dear, dear child! but you *must*,—you must tell all your *seens!* Don't you see, my dear little friend,

if you don't tell all your *sins*, your confession is no good?—God will not love you—you can't go to heaven," and so on, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

"Can't tell you *this* one," replied the remarkable penitent; "you've got to guess it!"

To guess it! Was there ever such an odd situation for a busy confessor?

Father Barbelin began to fear some grave sin which the child was afraid to confess. Nothing daunted, however, he ran at once through the whole category of commandments, precepts, and deadly sins; but to each question, insinuated through the screen in the softest and most persuasive of tones: "Was it this?—Was it that?—Was it the other?" the puzzling youngster returned a decided reply in the negative.

The stock of spiritual conundrums was exhausted, but not the patience of that wonderful old Jesuit. He coaxed, he pleaded, he had recourse to his entire vocabulary of sweet and tender words, and finally managed to extract from the trembling, and now thoroughly abashed, little rascal, the laughable acknowledgment:

"If I *must* tell it, I suppose I must. Well, *I called you a little red-headed fox!*"

A sugar-plum and a pat on the head were, doubtless, the immediate rewards of this delicate personal compliment; the anxious heart of the good Father being immensely relieved by the revelation of what was certainly a most *original* sin.

But that boy was a rare exception to the mass of St. Joseph's children. They loved their saintly director so intensely that they were quite blind to his personal defects. One little girl, in particular, regarded him as a perfect model of manly beauty. She had a young schoolfriend who lived so far from St. Joseph's that she had

never seen the famous Father Barbelin. Hearing her companion dilate continually upon the gifts and graces of that wonderful priest who was so beautiful, and so good, and who told such charming stories in Sunday-School,—the little stranger was moved by an irrepressible desire to behold him. Yielding to her curiosity, like a genuine daughter of old Mother Eve, she visited St. Joseph's one Sunday, and saw for the first time the holy, but homely, man of God.

The next day, she greeted her little friend with the jeering exclamation: "And so *that's* your *beautiful* Father Barbelin! Why he's got red hair, and bushy eyebrows, and a big, heavy nose! His head is sunk between his shoulders, and he limps when he walks, and he talks broken English,——and, O dear! he's one of the ugliest men I ever saw!"

The little Sunday-School scholar was shocked and wounded beyond measure. For the first time in her life, she was rudely disillusionized, (as the French say). "It was a great blow to me," she remarked to the writer years after; "but child as I was, when I next saw him, (Father B.,) I examined his face closely, and realized that, in spite of its homeliness, the beauty of the angelic spirit within shone resplendent as ever through the veil of clay that covered it."

Without knowing it, she thus faithfully paraphrased St. Clement of Alexandria's true idea of the beautiful, when he declares that "the beauty of the body is nothing else but virtue, which is visible in the features, and pours out its grace upon them; it is nothing else than the loveliness of innocence, the goodness of the heart which transfigures the face of the man . . . Beautiful then, is the wise, the just, in short, the good man.' An English prelate has repeated the same in even fewer

words: "Countenance is transparent, and the soul shines through."

So the tender heart of Father Barbelin's little friend was comforted with the thought of his celestial beauty.

He had a special love and care for the children of the poor. He strove in every prudent and legitimate way to elevate and refine them. Some of the poorest children of the Sunday-School were those whom he brought forward to declaim a pious recitation, or sing the *solos* in a favorite hymn. Sometimes when he was conducting a distinguished guest from the pastoral residence across the yard to the Church, some little ragged dirty urchin would dog his footsteps, and not only, (as Goldsmith hath it,) would

"—pluck the good man's gown,"

but begin unceremoniously to rummage in the pocket of his habit for the cakes or apples it usually supplied to such foragers. The little rogue would get all he wanted; and the high and mighty Doctor, or Judge, or General, (as it might chance to be,) would be ignored for the nonce, while Father Barbelin pursued his inquiries as to the home, schooling, Sacraments, and Christian doctrine of the grimy little *filius nullius* at his heels.

The ladies of his Dorcas Society can still recall how he urged them, when making the little dresses and bonnets for the destitute children, not to fashion them in too prim or uniform a mode. He didn't want them to look like the rank and file of a reformatory.

"Put some bright little flowers on the bonnets," he whispered; "and some little ribbons on the dresses. Don't let *the leetle ons* be pointed out as *Dorcas children*. So many opportunities for the poor in this country,

you know," he would add, rubbing his hands thoughtfully together; "these very children may yet fill high positions; and then it wouldn't be nice to have their feelings hurt. See?"

We have all heard of the lost child who could not yet lisp its family name, but who was safely returned to her distracted parents, (at a time, too, when we had neither telegraphs, telephones, nor trained police, as we have now,) by replying to the question: "Whom do you know?" "*I know Father Barbelin!*"

But some of us may not have heard of the hapless little lad who found himself a tiny bewildered unit in one of the famous pic-nics of the good old Father's time, under circumstances of aggravated misery and desolation. The little fellow was alone, he had a bad cold in his head, and——he had no pocket handkerchief! Was there ever such an accumulation of sorrows for a little man of six? He travelled about among the merry, gamesome, well-supplied juveniles frolicking upon the grass,—"curled darlings of fortune," whose every want was anticipated by anxious mothers or aunties,—and wherever he went, he begged soberly the loan of a pocket-handkerchief. O, the surly rebuffs he got, and the infantile looks of scorn he encountered! If we could imagine the disconsolate Peri at Eden's gate, with a cold in her head, and *minus* an aerial pocket-handkerchief, our poor little friend was the mate of that Peri.

At last, he spied Father Barbelin, the center-figure in one of the happy groups; and a bright thought came to him. Walking straight up to the dear old Father, he made known his want in the briefest and simplest of words: "Please, Father, lend me your handkerchief,—*I want to blow my nose!*"

Ah! there were no snubs or sneers in *that* delightful

quarter. Out came the comfortable handkerchief on the spot, and when the poor little fellow had applied it to its customary uses, he returned it to its owner, (as he might have done with his mother's,) and ran off to play, with a light heart.

Said a close observer of those old delicious days:

"I saw once a little incident that pleased me much. A sweet little child, who was one of Father Barbelin's Sunday-School scholars—but a mere baby—asked permission to write a letter to a little friend who was absent, also a devotee of Father Barbelin's. The planner of the letter did not yet know *how* to write,—it was all sham,—but the scribbling went on a little while, and then she sidled up to some one near, and asked in a whisper, 'How do you spell *Barbelin?*'—showing what the subject of the letter would be if she had been able to get one up."

The same lady has also furnished the following instance of his devotion to the poor: "I knew him to give as a reason to a sick person, with all the comforts wealth could bring,—but pining for a word of consolation from him,—that he could not come earlier, because he was several hours that day, in lanes and alleys, searching for a poor, forlorn child, whose name even he did not know, nor her residence; he only knew that she was sick, and needed absolution; and he was so delighted to have found her."

Other, and even more touching, tales are told of very young children, who, when dying, called for Father Barbelin, and told him (poor darlings!) with frightened eyes and fast-whitening lips, that they would not fear to die if he would only hold them by the hand. And so, with the gentle old voice whispering "Jesus, Mary and Joseph," in the baby ear,—with the child's great, wistful eyes riveted upon the beloved face, and its cold

little hands enfolded in his warm, tender palms,—one by one, the pure spirits of the early-called sped forth, like white-winged birds to Paradise, the Paradise which they, perchance, had never, never reached, had it not been for that dear, death-bed consoler, whose zealous love, under God's, had shielded their innocence, and guided them safely up to Him.

One little boy, (whom Father B. was accustomed to visit regularly,) lay dying of a Sunday, and when his sisters were starting forth for Sunday-School, (unconscious that the end was so near,) they said to him: "Well, Franky, what shall we say for you to Father Barbelin?" "Tell him to get the children to pray for me," was the serious, precocious reply. And a little later, the child, alone with his mother, cried out with glowing face and shining eyes, "Hark! how they sing! O Mamma, hear the beautiful, beautiful voices!"—and so presently passed away with the angels who had come to chant around his death-bed, his welcome to their glad, celestial choirs.

And what care and love he manifested for the poor colored children! Among the first Catechism classes established, was one for them; and if there was ever a perceptible shade of difference in his manner towards those under his care, the colored children received the politest and kindest attention.

In one of his letters to France, he gives an account of a Commencement at his Colored School, which was then under the care of good old Mistress Woods: "Our last exhibition was that of the 'colored children,' that is to say, of the negroes and little negresses who frequent the Catholic School directed by a Father of our Church, and taught by 'colored persons' well instructed. These children were examined, and did

themselves great credit. They spoke, cyphered, declaimed, sang, and played upon the piano in a most satisfactory manner; and, as this exhibition was the first of the kind, the applause of the spectators was frequent, joyous, and prolonged."

The ingenuity of our Father's great love found ways and means to satisfy the craving devotion of many a youthful heart. They tell a story of his going one day to visit a favorite child, a young, suffering girl of singular piety, whose sickness was of a mystical type which baffled the physicians.

Father Barbelin, on this occasion, brought her the Blessed Sacrament, in the hope that she would be able to receive. But, alas! the poor child was oppressed with a dreadful nausea, which made Communion impossible. She gazed wishfully, and with adoring love, at the pyx which contained the Beloved of her soul.

"Dear Father," she sighed, "I am too sick to receive Him, but O, won't you, please, lay the pyx for a few moments here on my breast?"

"My delight is to be with the children of men:"—Father Barbelin hesitated, but after a little thought, a pure cloth was spread upon the virgin breast, and the doubly-hidden Saviour rested upon that novel shrine, which was victim as well as altar.

Father Barbelin quitted the bedside for a moment, and then returned to remove the pyx. What was his surprise and alarm when he examined it, to find that *the Sacred Particle was missing!*

He searched for it in vain. No one had laid a finger on it from the time he deposited the pyx upon the linen, yet the Sacred Host had mysteriously disappeared. Had the burning desire of the sick girl so touched the Sacred Heart of our Lord, that, escaping from His little prison,

He had passed unwitnessed, into her bosom, without the ministry of His priest? Who shall venture to dispute it? Such marvels are recorded in the lives of the saints; and the arm of the Lord is not shortened even in these evil, doubting days.

No wonder Father Barbelin loved to feed his children upon the delicious Bread of Angels. A holy priest, (like himself,) once said: "I am less afraid of an imperfect Communion, than of no Communion at all;" but Father Barbelin's motto for the Sacraments was that of the Roman Ritual: "*Sancte ac frequenter*—well, and often."

We read in the Life of the Venerable *Mère Barat*, foundress of the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that when she was a little girl, and very scrupulous as to the Sacraments, her elder brother, Father Louis Barat, used to direct her spiritually, and make short work of her sacramental scruples.

Saying Mass in a private chapel, (it was in the days of the French Revolution,) Father Louis would turn at communion-time, and not finding his little sister at the altar-rail, would say, "Come, Sophie,"—and the good child, overcoming her fears through obedience, would go forward to receive from his hands the adorable Food of her soul.

So, on Sundays and festival-days, when the hour for his Mass arrived, and found him still in his confessional, surrounded by a crowd of penitents, Father Barbelin would emerge from the box, and casting a keen glance along the waiting line, would check off certain scrupulous ones, whose purity of conscience he well knew, and whisper: "You go to Communion,—and you,—and you,—and you," and the holy docile souls would follow him to the altar, obedient as lambs to their shepherd.

He might be compared at such times, (like St. Francis de Sales,) to the angel at the pool of Probatica, with strong hand enabling the feeble and the sick to reach the healing waters.

Eugenie de Guerin says in her graceful *Journal:* "The world does not know the value of a confessor, of the man who is the friend of the soul, its most intimate confidant, its physician, its master, its light; the man who binds and looses us, who gives us peace, who opens heaven to us, to whom we speak on our knees, calling him our Father, as we do God; since, in fact, faith does truly make him God and Father."

Father Barbelin was not only a good confessor such as this, but, also, a skilful director, a master in that divine ministry which St. Gregory the Great terms "the art of arts." (*ars artum, regimen animarum.*) He was so gentle, so tender, so sympathetic in his love of souls, that his penitents were legion. Indeed, his good-nature and patient zeal were so thoroughly recognized by all, that he was often the victim of importunate and ill-instructed people, who made their own of him completely.

He used to tell, himself, with infinite relish, of a good nun who could find no other matter for confession save that she had "said *Alleluia* when it wasn't *Alleluia*-time!" But once a person came to take up his precious time, who had nothing at all to confess. This was not the child who said "Bless, me, Father, for I have *sinned*,—it's four weeks since my last confession, and I haven't done anything since!"—but an old lady who made her way into his box on a certain evening, when large crowds were waiting to be heard.

The old dame was either deaf, (and talked very loud in consequence,) or else, regarding her confessor as a "furriner," she thought it necessary to address him in

very high-pitched Hibernicized-English,—at any rate the monologue which reached the ears of the outsiders, was queer enough, and would have been laughable if listened to in a less sacred place.

Failing to make any accusation of her sins, Father Barbelin had undertaken to examine her conscience for her; and her replies to his (inaudible) questions, were all that could be heard for awhile.

"O no, Father, praise be to God, I never did *that!*"—then, "The Lord be betune us and harm, Father, sure I wouldn't say *that!*"—or, "Ah! then, glory be to God, Father, I'd be bad off, indade, before I'd take to doin' *that!*"

After this had gone on apparently through the whole catalogue of possible sins,—there was a silence;—and then Father Barbelin's soft voice could be heard, saying with a little sigh:

"Come back some other day, my good woman. I would like to see you again, for *I think you must be a saint!*"

And don't you believe but that the gentle irony of the closing words was more salutary to the old dame than any penance he could have given her?

Sometimes, the throng around his confessional would be so great, that penitents of the rougher class would jostle each other, and push ahead of the rightful occupants of the sinner's bench. A good lady who was thrust out of her place by one of these "roustabouts," went to her confession in tears, and accused herself of impatient resentment because of the outside rudeness. She never forgot the sweetness of Father Barbelin's excuse for the faulty ones: "Never mind, my dear child," he whispered, "never mind, it's only *holy zeal!*"

But he would not tolerate any glaring injustice of this kind; for once upon a time when there was a great crowd, and it was getting late, and the bold ones were crowding out the meeker spirits who had long been waiting patiently in the line, quite an altercation arose as to the claims of the contending penitents. Lo! Father Barbelin hearing the disturbance, came out of the box, and settled matters by saying that there was "too much *zeal;*"—that he liked "to see them all anxious to lay down their weight of sin at the feet of our Lord, and to be in a hurry to do so, but that they must not be *too zealous!*"

Before he had been able to attract the people to such a loving and frequent approach to the Sacraments, he had to do long and valiant battle against the Jansenistical spirit which was abroad in those old days. A scrupulous dread of the Sacraments was its chief note. Scandalized by one unworthy priest of old, they had never read the ancient legend of the hermit, who, like themselves, failed to separate the sublime office of the priest from the human frailty of the man. This good anchorite, (Pelagius tells us,) was rapt in an ecstasy in which he saw a golden well, full of most clear and excellent water, with a chain and bucket of the same precious metal, and a leper drawing up some of this water, and pouring it out of the golden bucket into a clean vessel.

Now, the hermit seemed extremely desirous to drink of the water, and was only prevented by the repugnance he felt at seeing it drawn up by the leper. Whereupon, he thought he heard a Voice which said to him: "Why dost thou not drink? What harm has *he* done who has drawn the water, since he has done no more than filled the bucket, and then poured it out into the vessel?"

And the hermit forthwith begged pardon of God for having indulged rash judgments against His anointed priest; and from that time, took scandal no more.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS LOVE OF HIS NEIGHBOR. (CONCLUDED.)

ONE poor soul in Father Barbelin's time, had absented herself so long from the Sacraments, that preparation for their reception seemed, at last, an utterly impossible task. She was sick unto death, but she kept on reiterating in a peevish, frightened way: "I can't go to confession—I *can't* go to confession!"

A spiritual Hercules was needed to cleanse that defiled conscience, (worse than the Augean stables,) by turning through it the saving river of the Sacraments. The friends of the invalid came to Father Barbelin, and told him in advance all the peculiar features of the case. Never was there a man quicker to take a hint, and profit by it. He hastened to the relief of the afflicted soul, taking with him one of the Fathers, who not long since detailed to the writer the particulars of that remarkable sick-call.

When he entered the invalid's room, Father Barbelin said to his reverend companion some words similar to those our Lord addressed to His disciples in the Garden of Gethsemane, "*Sedete hic donec orem*," only, instead of "Sit you here, while I go yonder and pray," he possibly said "Sit you here and pray, while I go yonder;" for, leaving him in a distant corner of the apartment, the holy man passed to the bedside of the dying woman.

"I *can't* go to confession!" was her first shrill cry, the voice already harsh with the discord of Death; but there came a whispered "Buzz—buzz—buzz,"—on Father Barbelin's part, the words being altogether inaudible to his brother-priest in the corner. "Buzz—buzz—buzz"—which kept up for some ten or fifteen minutes, only varied by an occasional "Yes," or "No," from the suffering woman. At the close of the interview, Father Barbelin arose from his chair, and said aloud, distinctly: "Ye-es? Well—well—well—I'll bring you holy Communion to morrow morning, my dear child. See?"

"Holy Communion?" almost shrieked the patient, "Why, Father, you *know* I *can't* go to confession!"

"My child," said the dear old Father, with an incomparable expression of benignity and love, "*you have just made your confession without knowing it!*"

And a fact it was; she had answered all his questions candidly, and had unconsciously laid bare to him the secrets of her soul. All that remained for her now was to purify her intention, and making her act of contrition, receive the holy absolution he was ready to impart to her. The bugbear of confession which, all those years, had been, in imagination as bitter as quinine, had been transformed by the ministry of this gentle Aristæus into the sweetness of honey.

"Kindness," says a well-known spiritual writer, "has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning; and these last three have never converted any one, unless they were kind also." And Father Barbelin amid his difficult labors, might often have quoted the words of his brother Jesuit, the gentle, martyred Southwell:

"I sowèd the soil of peace,
My bliss was in the spring;
And, day by day, the fruit I ate
That Virtue's tree did bring."

One of the most precious seeds to be sown in "the soil of peace," he knew to be a taste for good books. Evil literature is like the wild fig-tree of the Florida Islands. A tropical parasite, the latter scatters its seed upon all adjacent foliage, and kills everything green and wholesome upon which it fastens its fatal hold. So with the seed of a bad book upon a pure and innocent soul; and to avert the death of divine grace which is sure to follow in such cases, Father Barbelin established his library and reading-room at St. Joseph's Then, with a true Father's care for the child most exposed to temptation, he opened a Night-school for boys, where many a leisure hour was usefully spent, which might have been sinfully wasted in the drinking-saloon or theatre.

He loved the Irish with a special and most tender love. He adapted himself to the ways of Erin's children, and even taught his foreign tongue the dialect of their peculiar Hibernicisms. For instance, in asking an Irishman when he had last approached the holy Communion, he was accustomed to say: "When did you go *forrad?*"

And O, what a tender devotion he had to St. Patrick! It was he who originated the High Mass at St. Joseph's on St. Patrick's day; and the hymn to the Apostle of Ireland, beginning:

"Hibernia's champion saint, all hail!"

was one of his prime favorites. Almost his only attempt at verse was the composition of the chorus of that hymn; for it was dear Father Barbelin who added to the original lines, the spirited appeal so familiar to many of our readers:

"Great and glorious St. Patrick!
Pray for that dear country, the land of our fathers.
Great and glorious St. Patrick!
Hearken to the prayers of thy children!"

But, since the arbitrary measure of the melody compelled all who sang it to pronounce the name of Patrick, *Patrique*,—and as tradition tells us that the Apostle of Ireland was, (as a reverend panegyrist once phrased it,) "originally born in *France*," Father Barbelin could not be blamed for identifying himself, (unconsciously,) with the Irish patron of his beloved flock, and with them musically imploring St. Patrick to

"Pray for that dear country, the land of *our fathers!*"

Many of his own personal characteristics were in happy harmony with those of Erin's sons. He posessed the spirit of genuine Irish hospitality, and that geniality which, (among non-Catholics especially,) is, as Faber says, "the best controversy;" since "a genial man," as he further remarks, "is both an apostle and an evangelist; an apostle, because he brings men to Christ,—an evangelist, because he portrays Christ to men."

A tablet on the terrace of the Villa Mattei, near Rome, bears the words: "*Here St. Philip Neri loved to sit and speak with his companions of the things of God.*" If all the spots around old St. Joseph's where Father Barbelin "loved to sit and speak with his companions of the things of God," were marked by mural tablets, the walls would be covered with touching tributes to the memory of that great and good lover of his kind. "No man," (said one who often shared those delightful spiritual conferences); "no man was ever better entitled to the name of *Father* than Father Felix Barbelin. The children brought all their troubles and trials to him; he was peace-

maker in families; reconciler of those at variance: counsellor in all the paths of life, even in business and finance."

> "The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered,
> Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared;
> His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
> A living sermon of the truths he taught."

With what a jealous care he fostered the vocations of those among his flock who were called to Holy Orders or a religious life! As to "marrying and giving in marriage," there is a pleasant little tradition around St. Joseph's, that our dear old Curé was, in his own gentle, prudent way, something of a celestial match-maker. And when the happy expectant groom brought to him on the eventful day, his veiled and blushing bride-elect, in all the glory of her white robes and orange-blossoms, to crave at his hands, the holy Sacrament of Christian marriage, he taught them with Tertullian that: "The blessing of the Church is its seal; the angels carry it to the heavenly Father for ratification. Two believing souls bear the same yoke: they are one flesh and one mind. They pray, they bow, they fast in company. They instruct and exhort one another; they are together in the Church, at the Lord's table, in persecution, in consolation. They conceal nought from one another; they do not weary one another. They may visit the sick freely, give alms without restraint, take their share of sacrifice without anxiety. They sing psalms and hymns together, and incite one another to the praise of God."

Thus, the children grew, married, and their children knelt in turn at his feet for instruction, for counsel, for consolation; and all remained children to him who ever came under his wonderful ministrations. His golden charity, whilst it succored the living and consoled the dying, did not forget the faithful dead.

"His devotion to the holy souls in Purgatory," says one of his intimate friends, (himself a Jesuit,) "was not limited. On All Souls' Day, the better to impress upon his people the grim warning: 'What thou art, I was; what I am, thou shalt be,' he caused a real human skull to be placed on the catafalque near the coffin, (the whole occupying a conspicious place in the central aisle before the main altar;) and emblems of death, i. e., a full-sized skull and cross bones,—made to order by a lithographer,—were hung on all the large candlesticks of the sanctuary."

It was he, if we mistake not, who introduced the custom among the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, of meeting with the congregation at St. Joseph's on the vigil of All Souls,' and then and there, reciting the Office for the Dead. He had a very tender concern for the poor, neglected souls who had no one on earth to remember them, and frequently during the year, he offered Masses for such forlorn ones.

One of the singers in his choir, for many years was a zealous soul, always to be found at her post, Sundays, holy-days, and week days, singing the praises of God with her sweet, sympathetic voice. A lingering consumption fastened upon her, poor girl, and, after a long period of suffering, (during which she insisted on singing, until it was an actual pain to listen to her panting efforts,) she passed away, to take her place, we trust, in the fair, celestial choirs of Paradise.

Some time after her death, there was a little entertainment in the basement, given by Father Barbelin to the organist and singers of St. Joseph's, many of whom labored solely for the love of the sweet music, and for the honor and glory of God.

In the midst of the pleasant reunion, while some

cake, fruit, and ices were under consideration, one who sat near Father Barbelin, heard him sigh softly, and then he murmured with a sad, tender accent: "Poor thing! poor thing!"—and the listener knew that, amid all the merry recreation, he was remembering the dead singer, and praying for her departed soul.

Every year, the Sunday-school children used to have a picnic to St. John's Orphan Asylum near the Old Cathedral Cemetery in West Philadelphia. In that sweet, peaceful "God's Acre" was buried, among others, a lovely little child named Martha Finnerty, whose precocious holiness had endeared her very much to our beloved old Curé. The little girl was wont during her brief life to attend Mass daily at St. Joseph's; and her innocence and grave sweetness were simply angelic. We can see her yet, in fancy, kneeling in a pew close to the altar, with her large, earnest eyes riveted on the tabernacle and that look of indescribable peace and gravity on her fair, modest little face. And we feel assured that her lovely face in heaven wears just such a tranquil, adoring expression, as it worships now unveiled the Beatific Vision.

Well, in those old days at the Asylum-picnics, dinner once over, Father Barbelin would form a band, and walk with them through the adjoining cemetery of Our Mother of Sorrows. He would take them to Martha Finnerty's grave, and with more than the tender emotion of *the Old Schoolmaster* at the grave of *Little Nell*, he would tell them all about her innocence and piety, of her early death, and of the beautiful heaven to which, he hoped, she had gone. But, for all, he would make them kneel with him on the grass, and say some prayers for the eternal repose of her soul. Then he would lead them to other graves, the tombs of noted or lately-buried persons, where he would

have them kneel again, and recite with him the *De profundis*, and similar indulgenced prayers for the dead.

Is it not a picture worthy the brush of an artist,—the bright-haired old priest leading his troop of juveniles from grave to grave, while the sunlight sparkles on the white marble monuments and head-stones, and the weeping willows wave their long, graceful fringes in the summer breeze? How the merry laugh was checked, and the bounding step sobered and softened, as their beloved Father guided them up and down the streets of that City of the Dead, giving them silvery glimpses of the strange, unseen world, and teaching them by sweetest, tenderest word and example, that "it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins!"

This pretty and consoling practice is still maintained with regard to Father Barbelin's own blessed grave. Rev. Father Jordan, S. J., has for years led St. Joseph's children on his (Father B's.) birthday, May 30th, (which has been selected since his decease as the national *Decoration Day*), or on the anniversary of his holy death, to sing, pray, and scatter flowers on his grave.

"Charity towards the souls in purgatory" (St. Francis de Sales assures us) "is a work which includes in itself all the works of mercy."

Father Barbelin used to tell a certain story (and those who listened to it were wont to fancy that the characters in it were personally known to him) of a young man in France, who was early orphaned, but inherited at his majority, a large estate. He went to live, with his servants, at the old homestead, but soon found his peace of mind and health of body disturbed by a strange cause. The house was evidently haunted; he could not sleep at night because of mysterious noises and uncanny apparitions. As

he was a sincere Catholic, he had recourse in his distress to the Curé of the parish.

The latter having listened to a statement of his case, appointed a certain evening on which to visit the castle, and exorcise the evil spirits that beset its owner.

Accordingly, on the evening in question, having established himself and the young master about midnight in the haunted room, the good priest awaited further developments. He had not long to wait.

The door of the apartment was opened, and a sad, sombre-looking individual entered and gazed mournfully at them.

"Who are you?" demanded the Curé.

But the answer returned was like the sighing of the wind over an æolian harp: "*The Next!*"

Before the priest could press matters, the door opened a second time, and a hideously ugly apparition entered, and placed itself beside its shuddering predecessor.

"Who are you?" again demanded the priest, crossing himself, and sprinkling the holy water freely around.

"*The Next!*" growled the ugly monster retreating quickly, as if those drops of the blessed water were dashes of *aqua fortis*,—and taking refuge in a distant corner of the room.

The climax of horrors was reached when the door again opening, admitted a Vision still more loathsome and ghastly than the other two, and whose scowling, sable face struck terror into the lonely watchers.

"In the name of God, I command you to tell me who you are, and whence come you and your companions!" cried the priest in authoritative tones.

And then, at last, the awful tale of anguish was unfolded.

The first spirit was that of the young master's dead

father; the second was his grandfather; the third, his great-grandfather. The latter had possessed himself of his vast estates by dishonest means, and dying in his sin, had been eternally lost. His son inherited the property with full knowledge of the guilty means that had procured it, but he, also, loving his gold more than the grace of God, refused to the end to make restitution, and had been condemned to hell.

The young master's father knew nothing of this tale of crime when he entered into possession of his vast estates; but just before his death, he became acquainted with his ancestors' sin. He fully intended to restore both gold and lands to their rightful owners, but died suddenly, before he could put his pious resolve into execution. God had permitted him to revisit his old home in spirit, and acquaint his son with the duty of restitution which now devolved upon him, as the last male representative of his guilty race.

The young man gladly restored the property to the true heirs; and the midnight peace of the old castle was disturbed no more.

All Father Barbelin's stories had a moral: and the point of this one is so obvious that it needs no further comment.

Thus toiling and teaching as his blessed Master did, by parable and familiar narrative, our dear Father manifested clearly his deep and tender love for his neighbor, reserving for himself naught save the fatigue, and pain, and anxiety of an almost ceaseless round of self-sacrificing duties.

Writing to his beloved parents on one occasion, after a long silence, he could say with truth: "To apologize for my seeming negligence, I am obliged to have recourse to the same excuses; excuses, however, real and unavoid-

able, since they can be attributed to numerous occupations which rapidly succeeded one another during the past months.

"After the feast of Christmas, Lent; during Lent, daily instructions, numerous confessions; then, the annual eight-days' Retreat given to our parishioners; my own Retreat made at one of the residences of our Fathers in the country; the Retreat given to those preparing for Confirmation; and, some weeks later, another Retreat to the First Communicants,—succeeded by a Retreat to the pupils of the Religious of the Sacred Heart; devotions during the month of May, and our grand processions, followed by the crowning of the Blessed Virgin; the octave of Corpus Christi and processions; feast of Saint Aloysius, preceded by the six Sundays of Communion; then a grand excursion for the Sunday-school children, their teachers and the young Sodalists. This excursion is made in a steamboat engaged for the day.

"You see, then, my dear parents, a portion of my various occupations.

"Now, that the excessive heat has come, I have been obliged, as in preceding years, to leave Philadelphia. Our Provincial, during his visit, proposed to me to accompany him to the north. We travelled by way of New York, and here I am in Worcester, two hundred and sixty-five miles from Philadelphia, at Holy Cross College, situated on a mountain, forty miles from Boston, which I shall visit on Monday.

"This College was given to us by Bishop Fenwick of Boston.

"Here I breathe freely,"—(he alludes to his asthma)—"and my first leisure moments I employ to scribble

these lines, and to send to my dear Mamma the enclosed Valentine.*

"In a few weeks, I expect to return to Philadelphia with renewed strength, and with the grace of God, I will again resume my ordinary occupations. I hope you will continue to enjoy good health, and also to pray for

"Your grateful and affectionate son,

"F. J. Barbelin, S. J."

CHAPTER V.

HIS PRACTICE OF THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

IF there was one text in the New Testament more than another which Father Barbelin must have made the subject of his constant and efficacious meditation, it was, doubtless, the charge of our Lord to His Apostles recorded in the tenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel: "Behold, I send you as sheep in the midst of wolves. Be ye, therefore, *wise as serpents and simple as doves.*"

Wise, indeed, was our good Jesuit as the serpent: for, as that wary creature of God displays his proverbial prudence in continual efforts to protect his head from attack, so the wisdom of the holy man of God was manifested in his self-sacrificing endeavors to avert all injuries and insults from his true Head, Christ Jesus our Lord, and the Church which He established.

Wisdom and prudence are justly said to have "abounded in him." Hence, his superiors, both ecclesiastical and religious, imposed implicit confidence in his

*This was one of his funny characteristic anachronisms,—the letter being dated *July 2nd.*

judgment, and frequently sought his counsel. In the sacred tribunal of Penance, he was a master of heavenly prudence: for, besides being an able theologian, he possessed a native power of penetration, a sort of (if the expression be permitted,) electrical intuition, which enabled him to grasp with ease, the most difficult case of conscience, and promptly furnish its solution. Man of prayer, as he was, he sought enlightenment at the fountain head of all wisdom: and his book, like St. Bonaventure's, was the Crucifix.

Clergymen had free access to him at all times. In fact, he was held in such high esteem as a prudent director of souls, that Bishop Kenrick, (it is recorded,) when he received the dispatch transferring him from Philadelphia to the Archiepiscopal see of Baltimore, snatched a few moments from his hurried preparations for departure, and wrote notes to some of his penitents, advising them to choose Father Barbelin as their future spiritual director.

And well and faithfully did he fulfil the sacred trust. He strove to teach his children that piety which, as the Apostle says, "is profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." For his own part, his words and actions were guided by a matchless foresight and discretion.

One of his intimate friends thus epitomizes his prudence: "In every movement he made, he had measured every inch of ground to be travelled over; had weighed every consequence. Seldom, if ever, did he take a step that had to be retraced." An ecomium which, alone, stamps the character of Felix Joseph Barbelin as that of a great man, an exceptional man, —*sui generis*.

In writing the biography of our so-called heroes and sages, in this world of indiscretion and instability, of how

few of them could we truthfully record: "*Seldom or never did he take a step that needed to be retraced!*"

Blessed be God that *our* beloved hero and sage was good as well as great!—for he held in his hands an almost unlimited power to influence his fellows. As the fabled witch-hazel is said to detect the hidden springs of water, so the wisdom of Father Barbelin detected the hidden motives, the springs of action, which animated those that flocked around him; and clearly recognized the gifts that they possessed. Not only recognized, but utilized those talents in a marvellous way for the greater honor and glory of God.

"To speak a word in due time," says the Wise Man, "is like apples of gold upon beds of silver." In a first interview, sometimes, in a few moments' conversation our discerning Father would discover that his visitor was, say, a singer, who sang (as he phrased it), "only for his own amusement."

Lo! before the pleasant little talk was over, the musical amateur found himself pledged in some mysterious way, to "come to the choir next Sunday,—sing a little hymn,—for the glory of God or His blessed Mother—ye-es?"

And that one Sunday, when it came, was so brightened and beautified by a smile or a nod, or some gracious, encouraging words from Father Barbelin (waiting in the pleasant yard to welcome his out-pouring flock), that it proved the first link in the long chain of Sundays and holydays which bound the happy singer, henceforth, a loving captive, to St. Joseph's choir.

So it was with *littérateurs*, so it was with artists, scientists, rich people, poor people, gentle and simple, young and old. He used them all for his purposes, and his purposes were all for God.

To that Napoleonic faculty, he joined another, equally potent and magnetic. Give him one good look at an individual's face, and *he never forgot it.* Nay, more,—he not only well remembered it, but with it the name and circumstances of its owner, the number and names of its owner's relatives, his father and mother, his uncles and brothers, and (as *Pinafore* hath it) "his sisters, his cousins and his aunts."

"I used to go around with him sometimes on visits —angel visits," says a Jesuit who spent the early years of his religious life at St. Joseph's. "He would dress up, and get several of us young men to stand around him, while he stooped, so that no one could see him (as he passed through the corridor), and so would creep out of the house. When he reached the street, he would stand erect, and say, 'Ah! now I am safe!' Ringing a door-bell, he would walk across the street, and ring another, and when the person whose bell he first rang, would come to the door, he would call across the street, 'How-de-doo? Good bye!', with that long, affectionate drawl that expressed so much. The person on the other side of the street, would expostulate, and implore him to come back and bless the house with his presence; but he had to see so many that it was impossible. He would only make a stay at a house where there was some special good to be done; and he would visit in this flying manner, over twenty persons in an afternoon. What lamentations and implorings from the people there used to be:—'O Father Barbelin! Just, at least, come inside the door one minute, only one minute!' But the blessed old Father was already a square away, ringing some one else's bell, with his cheery 'How-de-doo?' and 'Good bye!' in a breath."

Many of our readers, we dare say, can see him now in their mind's eye, making his way through a crowded

thoroughfare, *en route* to the sick or afflicted, his index finger outstretched to greet the myriads who saluted him, and the smiling lips ejaculating: "Ye-es,—Ye-es,—Ye-es? How's So-and-So? and So-and-so? and So-and-So?"—amazing the listener by his accurate remembrance of those who were merely casual acquaintances. But if he met one whose name he could not recall, he would have recourse to the nicest little stratagems to elicit the forgotten name, so as not to disappoint the person he had failed to recognize.

One of his Sunday-school boys (now a successful attorney-at-law) tells a personal experience which illustrates Father Barbelin's remarkable memory. He was a delicate young fellow, whose pale cheek and languid eye seemed to presage an early death; so, out he went in time to the great Northwest (dubbed by some one the *Lungs* of the States), to build up his fast-failing health. After a long stay in Minnesota, he returned to Philadelphia a new man, bronzed with the wind and sun of the prairies, and "bearded like the pard."

He called at St. Joseph's in due time, and ran up once more to the Superior's familiar room. The room was more familiar than the visitor. When Father Barbelin last saw him he had been pale and beardless as a girl; and the brown and hirsute "Hoosier" chuckled in his sleeve, fully assured that his old confessor would not recognize him.

He had reckoned without his host. The keen, kindly eye went all over him in two minutes, and the marvellous memory was unfailingly at work.

"Ah! *Alfred!* is that you?"—and the friendly forefinger welcomed the *stranger* back. "There is the little stool,"—pushing towards the visitor the penitent's hassock,

which lay at his feet, "s'pose now you come and make your confession!"

"And hang it all!" said Alfred afterwards, detailing with a laugh this funny little episode, "there I was down on my knees beside him, almost before I knew it, telling him my Western sins, just as I used to tell him my Eastern ones. I went to surprise *him*, but I assure you, he ended by surprising *me!*"

It was the good Father's heavenly prudence which made the myriad devotions at the little old church so attractive that they were never tiresome. "*Short and good*" was his well-known motto for public prayers. Knowing how hard it is, (especially for young folks,) to persevere in long-winded devotions without becoming distracted and disgusted, he fully agreed with his beloved John Berchmans in his *Quidquid minimum dum modo sit constans*,—an aphorism, by the way, which applies to devotional practices in general, as well as to Mariolatry in particular. And if it was unavoidably necessary to prolong any portion of the exercises at St. Joseph's, beyond the endurance of giddy heads and volatile spirits, no one knew better than Father Barbelin how to sugar-coat the pill. We remember once, during the annual Passion-tide Retreat, seeing him turn to a crowded congregation and say with a smile of incomparable sweetness and persuasion:

"Now, we are going to have a little meditation,—*ain't you glad?*"

No matter how long or tedious the exercise which supervened might be, who could be grumpy after *that?*

The Curé of Ars (we find ourselves citing him very often, but it is because of his singular resemblance to *our* beloved Curé) tells of a certain saint who always disap-

peared on the vigils of great feasts, and was not seen again until the following day. He went to celebrate the feasts in Paradise. But Father Barbelin's saintly wisdom led him to make the festivals of the church so attractive to his flock by his own sweet presence, and participation therein, that he drew them all in spirit with him to Paradise.

Thus a festival day was to him and his people alike, what it was to the holy Saint Proclus of old, "an opening into heaven, through which consoling lights reach us, and the distant harmonies of our true country." It was, in fact, as that good Bishop of Constantinople further remarked, "the forgetfulness of difficulties, the sleep of chagrins; an assemblage of joys, a provision of happiness, the harvest of the poor, the ornament of the Church, the tomb of hatred, the cradle of friendship, heaven upon earth."

No wonder that such days made the poor little church of St. Joseph's more precious and more beautiful to Father Barbelin's spiritual children than if it had been that glorious shrine of the Chief Apostle across the seas, of which Madame de Staël said, "*L'architecture de St. Pierre est une musique fixée.*"

The dear old pastor himself was the magician, under God, empowered to cast this holy spell upon the people. He made himself all things to all men for the saving of their souls. His astuteness and adroitness gave him rank as a veritable diplomat of heaven.

Many an apt and seasonable word he (apparently) read out of the Notice-book which had never been inscribed therein by mortal hands. And even the seeming defects of his imperfect English served a purpose; for when he announced from the altar: "Next *Saturday* will be *the first Sunday of the month*,—Communion day for our

children;" or, "next *Thursday* will be *the first Friday of the month*.—Communion day for the *Sacred Hearts*,"—the (to coin a word) Hiberno-Gallicism contained a gentle reminder for both old and young, that if the respective Sunday and Friday were Communion days for all, Saturday and Thursday were *Confession* days as well.

His opening and closing hymns in the Sunday School were prudent devices to guard against the difficulty of assembling and dismissing so large a body of children; and when he took them abroad on excursions by boat or rail, if any emergency arose, or any peril threatened his flock of little ones, he caused them to be gathered together by the sound of music, (as the bird gathers her young, when she sees the hawk coming), and kept them all singing till the crisis was successfully passed and over. Once, when the boat took fire, and St. Joseph's Excursion on board, he called to them promptly, "Sing the *Litany of Loretto!*" and while the poor frightened *prima donna* of the basement was giving forth her "*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!*" in extremely tremulant tones, a little nephew on either hand was assuring her, with a courage worthy a six-footer with a Natatorium diploma. "*I* can swim, Aunty,—I can swim,—hadn't Bernie and me better jump overboard?" But the *Litany* went bravely on, and the fire was extinguished without any need to cry: "Save the boy!"

We can recall several little tricks whereby Father Barbelin was wont to secure the attention of the Sunday School. When all the children were on their knees, and about to begin the final prayer, he would make the sign of the Cross, and then, as if he had forgotten the matter before, he would announce something to which he wished to direct especial notice. "Every faithful boy will come next Tuesday to instructions;" or, "The good friends will

attend to getting up the procession next Sunday;" or, something of the kind, thus utilizing the unusual silence which hung over his noisy, chattering brood.

After apparently finishing a sermon, he would begin to descend slowly from the altar-platform, but suddenly recalling something additional, he would halt on the top step, and proceed to speak about it; on the next step, he would be reminded of something else; and in this manner, his progress to the floor of the sanctuary would be a succession of stoppages and announcements.

"I always suspected," says a keen observer, "that this was rather from a little pious *finesse* than from any real forgetfulness; for he was one of the most thoughtful of persons, and no little detail of future plans escaped him."

But he well knew that these disjointed, isolated announcements made more vivid impression upon his auditors, (big or little,) than if read uniformly and monotonously from a Notice-book.

Sometimes, he would invite a Jesuit visitor, Father or Scholastic, to look at his Sunday School, and on entering, he would introduce the stranger with a formula something like this: "Here's a good friend, the famous" ('famous' was a favorite word with him,) "Father or Mr.——; he is *very anxious* to say a few words to you; and I hope you will be very attentive." The visitor being caught in such a nice little trap, could not refuse in courtesy to make a short address to the children.

Ah! yes, dear Father! he was very wise;—wise (as some one pleasantly remarked), "as the women of Mungret." Thereby hangs a tale,—to be taken, however, not only *cum grano salis*, but, figuratively speaking, with a whole salt-mine full.

Mungret is in Ireland, not far from Limerick; and

there, hundreds of years ago, was an abbey of monks, fifteen hundred strong, of whom five hundred sang the divine Office in choir, night and day, without intermission.

Now, the monks of Mungret were mightily learned, and wise in controversial lore; and for many a year none dare cross lances with them in polemics. But a holy ambition to worst these monastic sages, at last took possession of the inmates of a neighboring convent; and a challenge was sent forth to Mungret. With the metaphorical gauntlet, came a startling report, (not by telegram, however,) that the approaching disputants were a regular veteran corps of D. D.'s and S. T. D.'s,—Masters of (heavenly) art, and Bachelors of (celestial) science.

Fear and dismay, for the first time in their lives, took possession of the bold breasts of the Mungretians. But a wiseacre was at hand, (trust an Irish wit!) to suggest an escape from the impending defeat and disgrace of the scholars.

Under his sagacious directions, a picked nine of the monks arranged their cowls so as to simulate the peculiar head-gear of the laundry-women of Mungret, and taking some of the soiled linen of the monastery, went down to the banks of an adjacent brook, not far from "the City of the Violated Treaty." Here they fell to, and began vigorously to wash the clothes in the stream.

Presently, drew nigh the learned and august body of controversialists from afar, and interrogated the supposed washerwomen as to the whereabouts of the doomed monastery.

The cleansers of soiled linen, keeping their heads well down, and their hands busy with their work, answered with commendable courtesy, but managed by degrees to lead the limited conversation into polemical channels.

At first mildly contemptuous, then astounded; and at

last, thoroughly on their argumentative mettle, the strangers began to dispute with the washerwomen on some vexed question of the schools. The ease and familiarity with which those sturdy laundresses handled the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, to say nothing of the philology, theology, and philosophy of the "auld ancients," was enough to strike terror into the soul of a Mezzofanti. And in the long run, the scholarly disputants drew off their forces, sad and dispirited, saying, "*Dilectissimi fratres*, we will return whence we came forth. If the women of Mungret be as wise as this, what must its masters and its doctors be?"

So that, "As wise as the women of Mungret," thenceforth passed into a popular proverb in Munster.

On the very site of that ancient Mungret Abbey now stands an Apostolic school, similar to the one at Littlehampton, England, of which Father Ignatius Xavier Barbelin, S. J., is, at present Director; and a tradition has long been floating through the country around Limerick, that some day or other, the glories of the ancient Abbey will be renewed.

But, while we smile at the comparison between our beloved Father Felix and the wise old monks of Mungret, we well know that the prudence which actuated the every word and deed of that holy man of God was all heavenly, and from on high; and that he might have said with Solomon, "The wisdom which is the worker of all things taught me. For in her is the spirit of understanding, holy, one, manifold, subtile, eloquent, active, undefiled, sure, sweet, loving that which is good; quick, which nothing hindereth, beneficent, gentle, kind, steadfast, assured, secure."

If his words and deeds were always flavored with this delicious wisdom, the sweetness of its honey was

drawn from the mouth of the lion. The gift of Fortitude is closely allied to that of Prudence. The true servant of Christ is not only wise in discerning the will of his divine Master, and prudent in making use of the means to fulfil it, but strong and courageous, as well, in its execution.

Father Barbelin, as we have said, was not by nature a patient or forgiving man. There is a certain tradition about *red hair* which does not give its possessor the palm for inborn sweetness, or gentleness of temper. But there is another tradition that the First Consul of France always selected for enterprises of importance or peril, a man with a large nose. Be that as it might, if the color of Father Barbelin's hair denoted a sanguine and hasty temperament, and the size of his nose was substantial enough to satisfy even the Little Corporal himself,—the beetling brow, the steady eye, the firm mouth, the determined chin, all breathed one word, and that was—Force. From his father, he is said to have inherited a quick, impulsive temper,—from his mother an indomitable will; but as by one grand holocaust, he annihilated the latter, casting it voluntarily on the altar of religious Obedience, so he controlled and mastered the former by continual prayer and mortification.

He was the little Moses of his own dear and chosen people, predestined to lead them out of the desert of tepidity and indifference into the Promised Land of piety and fervor: and like his great prototype, he had to struggle long and valiantly with the rebellions of a strong and passionate nature.

St. Francis de Sales tells us of himself, that he was forced to labor twelve years to acquire the meekness which his natural irritability made most difficult.

"But, unto the victor only, belongs the victor's palm,"

and the man who leads a forlorn hope under a raking fire from the enemy's guns, is dearer to the heart of his general than all the comfortable home-guards of a well-garrisoned city.

How inexpressively dear, then, must have been this, our valiant soldier of the Company of Jesus, to the Sacred Heart of Him, who is the Lord of Hosts and the God of Armies!

Sensitive as a child to bodily pain, he labored on heroically for more than thirty years in that damp old church, and dark, ill-ventilated basement: and the rare intervals of rest and recreation were taken in a comfortless residence, which was (and still is, for that matter,) more like a barrack, than a proper abode for overworked and often infirm priests.

Those who came from their bright homes and warm, cheery firesides to those old cheerless parlors at St. Joseph's; or who waited for a while, on business, in its cold, windy corridors, could better understand the words by which a distinguished convert from the Church of England once nerved himself to a similar life of self-sacrifice and toil: "Comfort and luxury, and home and ease, are not meant for those who wish to follow Christ. God's will be done, whatever that gracious will may be!"

The eulogist of the royal Charles of Sweden, describes him as possessing

"A frame of adamant, a soul of fire;
No dangers daunt him and no labors tire;"

but while Father Barbelin's "soul of fire" was equally dauntless and tireless with that of Swedish Charles,—(and in a far better cause)—his frame was, by no means,

of adamant or iron. A constitution delicate from infancy, and a heart as sensitive as a maiden's to insult or injury, gave him abundant and well-employed opportunities of merit.

"Each one of us," says Monsignor de Segur, "preserves under the sanctifying action of Christ, his own personality and the germ of his predominant passions." And as the Archenemy of mankind was well aware that abundant glory to God and good to souls, would accrue from the labors and influence of our indefatigable Jesuit, he spared no pains to raise up, from time to time, fresh obstacles and oppositions in his path.

But, though the tender heart might ache to its core under undeserved injuries, the tears rain (privately) in torrents from his eyes, because of unlooked-for insult, the servant of God found ever his strength and consolation at the foot of the Crucifix, burying all his sorrows in that divine and

> "——wounded Heart, which 'neath the olive trees,
> And on the Mount, in bitterness let fall
> The secret of Its own vast agonies."

The famous Apelles once acknowledged that he had acquired his mastery as a painter, simply by never suffering a day to pass without at least one stroke of his pencil or brush. So with him who would become proficient in the science of the saints. The mastery of self is one which can only be attained by daily, hourly struggles. "I am the rewarder of all the good, and the strong trier of all the devout," says the Lord, by the mouth of the wise A'Kempis.

A wretched sinner who had taken causeless offence against Father Barbelin, was once prompted by the demon to a diabolical assault upon the holy man's good

name. He sent an anonymous letter to Bishop Kenrick, making the foulest charges against Father Barbelin's morality and honesty. To avoid detection, the miserable calumniator had recourse to the novel, but tedious, expedient of cutting the words of his epistle from newspapers, and pasting them together, to suit his vile purpose.

The device, however, ingenious as it was, led in the end to the discovery of the culprit. For the Bishop having sent the abominable letter to St. Joseph's, a personal friend of Father Barbelin's, (a zealous layman), was so fired with righteous indignation, that he immediately followed up a clue given him, and ferreted out the identical journals from which the offensive words had been cut.

Father Barbelin was advised to sue the frightened traducer for libel; but the disciple of the Lamb of God was a true imitator of his Master's meekness, and he treated the repentant wretch with such forgiving gentleness, that from a bitter foe he became one of his warmest admirers.

Such conquests of self imply a more than ordinary spirit of fortitude.

The following extract from one of his letters to a relative in France, while it may recall to our older readers a sad calamity which transpired, we believe, in 1857, is, at the same time, another fair exemplification of our dear Father's zeal and courage:

"A frightful accident took place last summer; the children of the Catechism class and the members of a neighboring congregation, (St. Michael's,) had left Philadelphia by rail, to pass the day in the woods. When they were but a few minutes' ride from the place chosen for their recreation, a collision took place, caused by the carelessness of the conductors; and, in an instant, fifty

or sixty children and young men were either crushed to death or burned; a still greater number were wounded, some mortally, others, doubtful of life. Among the dead was a distinguished Irish priest, who had accompanied, as director, this unfortunate Excursion. I was in the country, at the house of a lawyer, whom I had had the consolation of baptizing some time previously, at a place a few miles distant from the scene of the accident I started immediately in my friend's carriage. Never shall I forget the heart-rending scene which presented itself—the cars heaped together in a burning mass, from which persons were trying to extricate burned and partially consumed bodies! A priest from the environs had already administered the last Sacraments to the dying. I visited those who had been carried to the neighboring farms; and I had the sad consolation of giving them a last absolution."

We must not forget, that Father Barbelin's imperfect English, especially in the early days of his sojourn at St. Joseph's, presented an almost insuperable obstacle to his success. His first sermon, as we have said, is still well remembered by some of the old residenters; and they can recall to this day, the curious and significant words from the prophet Jeremiah, that formed the text of that discourse.

O, what an endless toil it was for his soft French tongue! He soon discovered that neither English construction with French words, nor French construction with English words, would serve his purpose. One of the humorists of the Pacific Slope tells us that *he* tried the latter at a gentleman's house at Quebec, but that it would not work. "The maid servant asked, 'What would Monsieur?' I said, 'Monsieur So and So, is he with himself?' She did not understand. I said, 'Is it that he is

still not returned of his house of merchandise?' She did not understand *that* either. I said, 'He will desolate himself when he learns that his friend American has arrived and he not with himself to shake him at the hand.' She did not even understand *that*. I don't know why, but she lost her temper besides. Somebody in the rear called out: '*Qui est donc là?*' or some words to that effect. She said: '*C'est un fou*,' and shut the door on me."

But the strong will and acute intellect of Father Felix Barbelin, all inflamed with the love of God and zeal for His glory, successfully guided the courageous old priest through the mazes of our most inconsistent of all languages. And so it came to pass that, (as the late Hon. Joseph R. Chandler so aptly said of him): "the imperfection of his language was in the pronunciation, not in the words. He never made a mistake in the choice of a word. His English was good. . . . And where was there ever a preacher whose solemn words and affectionate tones touched the heart like those of Father Barbelin?"

"All delighted to hear him speak," says another, (a clerical friend); "although there was nothing ornate or stylish about his preaching. It was just what the people needed to hear; and in the clearest language. His little Gallicisms added a charm to his discourse. . . . . When he found himself about to utter an expression that was rather severe, he would give an original specimen of the rhetorical figure, *Æposiopasis*, and finish the sentence with a pantomime that left no doubt of the word he might have used, if he had allowed it to come from his lips. He made in this manner some powerful hits."

He did not approve of a preacher's exhausting his rhetorical arrows upon trifles. When that extravagant

feature of feminine toilettes,—Hoops—first came in vogue here, an eccentric old priest, (since dead), denounced them fiercely from the pulpit, and said among other unique and startling things, that "hoops would kindle for their wearers the fires of hell."

Some one repeated this to Father Barbelin. "Ah! no, no, no," said he with a little wry face and one of his inimitable gestures ;—"when something strong is needed, there is nothing left,"—meaning that such severe denunciations should be reserved for actual breaches of the commandments of God or of His Church.

Once, on a New Year's Day, he wished all the young ladies the New Year's gift of good husbands—and inversely ; producing, (so our informant assures us,) "quite a titter."

In the "*History of Old St. Joseph's*," the author says: "One sermon of Father Barbelin's we have well remembered. Indeed, thousands of times since then, when we have heard the Holy Name of Jesus profaned, have we thought of Father Barbelin's denunciation of that great sin. This sermon was delivered on January 19th, 1862, the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus."

But his favorite sermon of the year was the sweet, fervent little address he was accustomed to make before giving the Bread of Angels to the First Communion classes. This was always regarded as a treat by the members of the congregation ; and a priest (who was then a scholastic at St. Joseph's) assures us, that he once got a good scolding from some of the pious habitués of the church for starting too soon the hymn or prayer for the First Communicants (approaching the altar),—and thus interfered with Father Barbelin's precious little discourse.

A very pretty feature on such occasions was, also, the

reading of an address by a well-trained boy, just before the children went up to the communion-rail, begging pardon of God, then of the pastor, then (turning around), of parents and companions for all faults and bad example; and requesting prayers at that supreme moment of their young lives. This generally brought tears from all present.

Father Barbelin used to say that young priests should always be prepared with a set of discourses for the various Sundays and festivals of the year, as also, for various other occasions that might arise. He, himself, in spite of his foreign tongue, was never at a loss; and he spoke with such readiness, and was so simple and unambitious in his style of sermons, that he supposed every one to be equally, if not more, proficient. Once, when the church was crowded with people waiting for the Archbishop to pontificate in some solemn ceremony, there was an unexpected delay. He immediately turned to one of the scholastics: "Mr. N——, will you please go out and address the congregation until the Archbishop is ready? I will send some one out *to tell you when to stop!*"

Fancy the feelings of a diffident scholastic in such a straight, expected to anticipate his Grace in some easy, happy remarks, and hold the congregation spell-bound by the charm of his self-forgetting eloquence!

Yet, Father Barbelin, strong in the armor of his thorough simplicity and liberty of spirit, would not have hesitated in like circumstances, to supply the place of the Holy Father himself; and we venture to say that he would have so beguiled his hearers with

"The broken music of his foreign tongue,"

that they would have forgotten, for the nonce, even the disappointment of a papal defection.

Years after his death, one of the holy man's old pupils was anchored far off in the Pacific Ocean, at one of the Society Islands. There, this old St. Josephite (a cultured gentlemen, who deemed himself highly honored to be an altar boy once more,) was called upon to serve the Mass of a French bishop.

Monsignor Eloi was a noble, saintly prelate, a peer of France, in honor of whose arrival and departure from the Islands, the ship's guns always fired a royal salute; but the high-bred bishop bore within him the pure, simple heart of a little child. (That same heart we may add in passing, now cold in death, reposes as a precious treasure, in a porphyry vase in one of the oldest shrines of France.)

After the Mass, the holy Monsignor conversed freely with his gigantic altar-boy; and whilst they breakfasted together, the bishop questioned the Philadelphian about the famous FATHER BARBELIN, whose memory had been wafted out, like a fragrant incense, even unto the far-off islands of the Southern sea.

"Did he speak good English?" queried Monsignor Eloi; and he of Philadelphia was forced to admit that the good Jesuit's English was *rather* imperfect.

Ah! then broke forth the secret sorrow of the noble bishop's soul! Like his canonized namesake and countryman, St. Eloi, Bishop of Noyon, Monsignor Eloi had to battle in the Islands against the bad example given his native flock by nominal Christians. A gang of low, immoral ruffians,—English-speaking traders,—had taken up their quarters among them, wounding the pure heart of the prelate by their gross disorders, and corrupting the simple natives by their imported vices and scandalous ways.

The bishop preached to them in vain. He should

have consoled himself with the words which St. Gregory addressed to Domitian when he had preached the faith at Constantinople, seemingly without fruit: "Though I am grieved that the Emperor of Persia is not converted," said he, "it does not diminish my joy in the fact that you have preached to him the faith of Christ; for you will have your reward. The Ethiopian may come out of the bath as black as he went in, but none the less is the bath-keeper paid."

Instead of attributing the lack of conversions to the hard-heartedness of those perverse and degraded men, Monsignor Eloi laid all the blame upon himself, and, above all, upon his very imperfect English.

"Wait awhile, Monsignor," quoth our Philadelphia friend in comforting tones, (deeply moved by the saintly bishop's humble avowal); "just wait until to-morrow and I'll bring you a memorial poem on Father Barbelin which will show your lordship what *we* think of the converting power of broken-English on the Atlantic coast."

The next day, he placed in the bishop's hands the verses in question,* and when the down-hearted prelate read the lines:

> "That meek, good face—'mid children still a child's,
> The smile upon it was forever young;
> And well they loved his accents soft and mild,
> The broken music of his foreign tongue:
> The serpent's guile, the innocence of dove,
> Mingling forever in its zealous love,"——

he shed tears of joy and sympathy; and said to his reverential listener: "Tell the one who wrote *that* that she has comforted a bishop's weary heart; for if Father Barbelin's children could find a 'broken music' in *his* 'for-

* In Memoriam, Part IV. of the present work, p. 435.

eign tongue,' I will not despair any more of *my* poor, broken English."

And the writer, when the episcopal message was faithfully delivered to her, "after many days," (while her very soul dissolved within her with tenderest emotion), seemed to hear the Angel of the Churches chanting afar off to the overburdened and dispirited laborers of the Lord, —from sea to sea, across the wide expanse of barbarous island and civilized continent:

"Sow; and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears."

CHAPTER VI.

HIS PRACTICE OF THE CARDINAL VIRTUES (CONCLUDED). HIS VIRGINAL PURITY.

THE Angel of the Schools enumerates the integral parts of Christian fortitude as confidence, (of course, in God,) magnanimity, endurance, and perseverance; and having endeavored to exemplify the rulings of the first two qualities in Father Barbelin's spirit of fortitude, we will now proceed to speak of his heroic endurance and perseverance in his life of labor and self abnegation.

All perseverence is endurance, but all endurance is not perseverence. Perseverence implies a sustained and successful effort; but endurance may be, (and often is), ephemeral. It is only when it is daily nerved and strengthened by patience, that it can build its share of

the bridge, the pilgrim's bridge, which stretches away through storm and sunshine, spanning the wide, deep gulf between Time and Eternity.

Endurance may bring to the loom the raw material of final perseverance, but it is the calm, steady, untiring hand of patience which is continually weaving that blessed woof and warp, (more precious than threads of gold or Tyrian purple,) into the snowy, celestial robe, the white linen glittering and fine, which clothes forever more the King's elect.

A patiently-enduring man was Felix Joseph Barbelin. In the daily conquest of a strong and passionate nature, he remembered that he who ruleth his spirit is greater than the conqueror who taketh cities; and when the cunning enemy of souls besieged him, even in his latter days, with continued trials and temptations, he consoled himself with the words of St. James: "Blessed is the man who endureth trial, for when he hath been proved, he shall receive the crown of life, which God hath promised to those who love Him."

To his peculiar temperament and delicate constitution, the Religious rule offered daily opportunities of self-immolation. In the last year of his life, he is said to have remarked to one of his brethren, "I have been nearly forty years in the Society, yet rising at five o'clock is as difficult to me now, as it was the day I entered."

We have already spoken of the suffering and distress he endured from periodical attacks of asthma. For some time before his death, he suffered, as well, from rheumatic gout in the feet and limbs; and to that disease were added later, an abscess on the liver and a tendency to dropsy; but all the acute tortues of these most painful maladies failed to deter him from the exercise of his sacred ministry.

So long as he was able to cripple down to the altar and the confessional, he had not the heart to deprive his beloved basement of the sunshine of his presence. With slow step and panting breath, he would go up and down the aisles, sighing out his sweet words of sympathy to the teachers, encouragement to the pupils;—and, (forcing his trembling lips to smile,) holding back by the sheer force of his brave will, the deep groans of agony which were ready to burst forth from his breast.

When the swollen feet and limbs at last refused to perform their office, he caused himself to be carried from his bed, in the arms of his attendants, down two flights of stairs; so that the myriad penitents might not miss him from his confessional. "The pain of the least touch was intense," says a Jesuit Father, who used to assist in this service of love, "and as we carried him along, he would say to himself, 'Ah! poor sinner! poor sinner!'—and then try to laugh and praise our nice way, as he called it, of giving him a ride."

Placed in his confessional, he would sit there from 5.30 A. M. until 10 P. M., or later, shriving the sinner, counseling the doubtful, and consoling the sorrowful; and when he was borne back again to his room, late in the evening, racked with pain and exhausted by his self-imposed labors, his involuntary moans and sighs could be heard all through the house.

The fever superinduced by his maladies was, in itself, a fierce penance; for the thirst of the holy sufferer was continual and terrible. One afternoon, towards the close of his life, he was hearing confessions, when nature demanded that he should have been actually stretched on his bed under the care of his physician. The spirit, was, indeed, willing, if the flesh was weak. He attempted to speak some comforting words to one of his penitents, but

his voice was so hoarse and unnatural from pain and thirst, that the listener realizing the swift and sure approach of a dreaded hour, burst into tears.

> "Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
> Finer feelings can bestow;
> Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
> Thrill the deepest notes of woe."

The heroic director gently expostulated: but the confession and penance were no sooner at an end, than the devoted penitent hurried off to a neighboring confectioner's, and securing a glass of lemon-ice, returned with it to the good Father's chair, and set it behind the screen, unobserved by the throng of people in waiting.

If it was in Passion-tide, however, or in any other of the ecclesiastical periods of penance, there it remained, untouched and untasted. The Children's Friend had a real child's liking for candies and sweetmeats. Some of his friends, knowing this amiable weakness, and still more, knowing his fondness for distributing "sweeties" among the little ones, kept him always well supplied with nice confections. But the candies were only for high-days and holidays. During Lent, although preaching so constantly, saying the *Stations of the Cross* and the *Night Prayers* with such fervent devotion; and toiling in the confessional oppressed with that terrible thirst and pain,—not even a mint-tablet or a drop of orange-flower water, was suffered to cross his lips. Every tiny deprivation was united to the thirst and pain of our suffering Lord Jesus Christ. "What he practised himself, in this respect," says one of his favorite boys, "he taught others as well, for, finding that when I got a chance in Lent, I helped myself with never so much as 'by your leave,'—the next time I got to the closet, the sweetmeats had disappeared, and did not find their way back again until after Easter."

While he thus obeyed the Apostolic injunction, and presented his body "a living sacrifice, holy, pleasing unto God,"—his soul was a prey to a profound desolation. One, to whom his intimate confidence was given, has deemed it well to make known (for the glory of God and the honor of His servant,) that, in the last years of his life, Father Barbelin was permitted to drink deeply of that mysteriously-bitter chalice of high holiness, that interior dereliction and abandonment, which has ever been the crucial test of the saints, and which, (as a spiritual writer remarks,) forced a cry of anguish even from the silence-loving Heart of our Lord upon the cross.

To love one's neighbor as one's self, the Gospel tells us, is "a greater thing than all holocausts and sacrifices;" but what shall we say of this man's virtue, whose love of his neighbor rose, like a pure and ardent flame, from the altar of a perpetual and most royal holocaust?

It has been said of Father Barbelin that he was, in no manner, rigorous in the imposition or practice of penance; yet, apart from the exterior and interior sufferings sent him by heaven, (and which he so heroically embraced,) he continuously practiced mortification in little things. Like his immaculate Mother and his beloved John Berchmanns, whilst shunning singularity and doing nothing extraordinary, he devoted himself to doing ordinary things extraordinarily well.

Every year, his spiritual Retreat was made at Goshenhoppen, (euphonious name!) where his old fellow-novice, Father Augustine Bally, S. J., was pastor of the church of the Blessed Sacrament; and for many years, his companion in those annual Exercises was his devoted old sacristan, Brother Owen McGirr, who accompanied him from St. Joseph's.

Now, Father Barbelin's palate and stomach were con-

stitutionally as delicate as a child's, (so much so that the ordinary table-fare of the Fathers afforded him neither gratification nor nourishment;) and years ago, in that Teutonic region of Pennsylvania embracing Berks County, the *menu* of a Jesuit was anything but inviting. It was cabbage and *speck*, and *speck* and cabbage, from one week's end to another. But Father Barbelin remembered with St. Bonaventure "*non enim se compatiuntur gratia et gula;*" and no one could dispute the fact that his yearly sojourn in Father Bally's *Manresa* was more conducive to grace than gluttony.

When he and his amiable old sacristan returned, at the close of their retreat, to St. Joseph's—facetious friends who thoroughly understood the state of the case, would poke fun at the venerable McGirr, saying: "Well, Brother, did you see any chickens at Goshenhoppen?" "No," would be the mild, high-pitched reply, whilst the faded blue eyes twinkled with humor; "No,—but *I heard them crow!*"

Dear old Brother McGirr! how fragrant is the incense of his memory! How long and faithfully did he discharge the duties of his humble, but responsible, office! Often, in these later days, when a younger and brisker sexton is moving about St. Joseph's sanctuary or sacristy, fond recollection recalls a vision of his ancient predecessor; and we seem to see once more the tall spare figure of Brother Owen McGirr, and the good old face crowned with its aureole of silvery hair. The friend of well-conducted altar-boys, he was the terror of mischief-loving urchins, as well as of all presumptuous tramps and impudent imposters, who dared intrude upon his sacred domain. Simple as a child, his nasal tones, breathing homely comfort, soothed many a poor, sorrowing heart, whilst the sharpness of his wit confounded more than one learned professor of logic. He

did not survive his beloved Father Barbelin. Before the latter's decease in 1869, good Brother McGirr had passed away to his eternal reward, dying the death of the just at Georgetown College.

Beati mortui qui in Domini moriuntur!—Mortui qui . . . . moriuntur? Dead who *die!* Then these blessed ones of the Psalmist are already *dead* when they *die*! Yea, blessed those spirits of the faithful departed, since, before the solemn hour of their natural dissolution, they have already died to themselves and creatures by the supernatural death of Christian mortification. With St. Paul, they were able to exclaim "I die daily."

How fully our beloved Father Barbelin died to himself, and to those who were dearer to him than self, can be gleaned from a solitary instance. Once, when his dear brother Xavier was stationed at the *College de la Providence*, in Amiens, a meeting of the surviving members of the Barbelin family, in the *Rue de Narine*, was arranged; and Father Felix having been apprised of the fact by letter, was most lovingly invited to attend.

God alone knows how his warm heart, so true and tenacious in its affections, must have yearned to behold once more *la belle France*, and the dear old home circle from whom he had been so long parted. Had he not written to them with his own hand, (the letter, yellow and time-stained, lies before us at this moment,) "The older I grow, the more I love dear, dear France, and the old friends?" And now they were to be all there at Amiens,—Father Ignatius Xavier, the little boy-brother he had left behind him, in the dark days of his departure from Lorraine; the amiable sisters, Marie, Josephine, and the little "baby" Emilie; and after gazing on those loved, familiar faces at Amiens there would have been golden hours of wandering through other cherished scenes,

at Lunéville, at St. Dié, at Einville, at Nancy, at Severin, at Paris, the blessed haunts of an innocent childhood and a holy youth, sacrificed for the toils and uncertainties of a foreign mission, and never again revisited, save in dreams.

> "It was not that nature had shed o'er the scene,
> Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
> 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or rill,
> Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.
> 'Twas that friends, the beloved of *his* bosom, were near,
> Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear,
> And who felt how the blest charms of nature improve,
> When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

But the dark little church down the Alley, with its damp old basement and its hydra-headed ministry, rose up between the disciple of Christ and that fair, alluring picture. What were the delights of home, the sweet intercourse with relatives and friends, the bright vision of those older lands with their magnificent cathedrals, their royal shrines glittering with gold and jewels, and defying the tooth of Time to leave its fretting impress upon their bronzes and their marbles,—what were all these treasures to the mortified son of St. Ignatius, who knelt at the foot of his crucifix, and read in every open Wound of his Best Beloved, the stern lesson of detachment and self-renunciation? "To work, to endure, to spend and be spent in God's service and the service of the poor, in lessening for the few the misery that drives them to despair—what is the happiness of ease and content and natural love to this?" *

Father Felix wrote to the dear ones awaiting him at Amiens: "I cannot come,—but never mind,—we will meet in heaven!"

* Christian Reid.

"Yes," responded his sister by the next mail, (doubtless, the lively Emilie, who was 'the pet lamb of all the fold,') "yes; but when we meet in heaven, *I* will not know you, for I was so young when you went away, that I don't remember you at all!"

This sally (suggesting as it did, the necessity of a personal introduction to his dear little sister in Paradise), highly amused our good Father Barbelin; and a friend found him laughing heartily over the master-stroke by which *la sœur Emilie* hoped to accomplish her end.

"It is a shame to disappoint them," said his visitor; "but if you cannot go to them in person, dear Father, (and I'm sure, *I*, for one, don't know what we would do without you),—allow me, at least, to send them your picture."

A good deal against his humble wishes, an excellent photograph was procured and forwarded to Amiens; and if Father Barbelin did not send with it the lines which a celebrated French author once sent with his own likeness under similar circumstances:—

> "*Docile a l'appel, plein de grace*
> *De l'amitie qui vous attend,*
> *Volez image, et prenez place*
> *Ou l'original se plait tant,*"*

—the merry little Emilie could complain no more that she would not recognize her beloved brother Felix when she met him in Paradise.

Ah! ever adored be the holy and inscrutable will of God!—while *his* dear spirit and that of *la sœur Julie* are floating, we trust, in celestial brightness and beauty through the golden courts of the heavenly Jerusalem,

* Docile to appeal, and thankful for the love that awaits you, fly, my likeness, and take your place where the original loves so well to be.—*Count de Maistre.*

Emilie still lives and labors on this sublunary sphere, known to the world as Sister Marie of the daughters of St. Vincent, Superioress of the orphanage of the Holy Infancy of the Blessed Virgin, at Paris.

It is through the iron gate of self-denial and detachment, that we pass into the lily-garden of virginal purity and chastity. The more we withdraw ourselves from creatures, the closer we approach to the great Source and Centre of inviolate Virginity. "My beloved to me, and I to Him, who feedeth among the lilies."

If there was one virtue more than another which shone resplendently conspicuous in Father Barbelin's character, it was the angelic virtue of purity. "Never was there an action or a word of his which was not adorned with the charm of innocence," said one who was intimately associated with him for many years; "he delighted in a joke, and could relate one with humor, (although he sometimes failed in the point, as when with all solemnity he proposed the conundrum: 'What little *black* berry is that which is red when it is green?') but his anecdotes were always of a nature to give pleasure to a refined mind, and if any other were related in his presence, he not only did not countenance, but even did not seem to understand such unbecoming pleasantries."

While it has been recorded of him, that in the Confessional he could direct with prudence, delicacy and success, the most leprous conscience, it is also said, that, once outside the sacred Tribunal, (by a miracle of divine love), he was as ignorant as an infant of all the misery and corruption of the world. How could it be otherwise with one who was so true and devoted a client of the Virgin of Virgins, the Maiden Mother, conceived without stain of original sin?

Far back in his beautiful youth, in the old French

Seminary, when he was but seventeen years of age, he enrolled himself as a loving servant of Mary; and among his papers after death, (in a shabby old green leathern pocket-book, which was in itself a genuine relic of holy poverty), was found the record of this consecration, signed to an act of the most intense devotion to his heavenly Mistress:

"To-day, the 25th of September, 1825, I have inscribed myself in the Confraternity of the Servants of Mary, and I promise to remain a faithful servant of Mary to my last breath."

Again and again, among those same manuscripts, we come upon his signature, written thus: "Felix Joseph Barbelin, in all things, victim of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and slave of the blessed Virgin Mary." He also caused himself to be affiliated in those early days with the Order of our Lady of La Trappe (in the first Cistercian Abbey, by the way, re-established after the French Revolution of '93), sharing, in that manner, in all the prayers and good works of the sons of St. Bernard, our Lady's fervent lover and zealous champion.

His entrance into the Society of Jesus only intensified his love of Mary. From the day when the wounded hero of Pampeluna arose from his bed of pain, the loyal knight-errant of the peerless Lady, "who was neither countess nor duchess, but one of far nobler state;"—from the hour when he hung his sword and lance as votive offerings at the shrine of the Madonna of Montserrat,—devotion to the Queen of heaven and earth took firmest root in the heart of Ignatius of Loyola, and formed a distinguishing note of the Society which he instituted.

It is, indeed, the boast of the Company of Jesus that from its very inception it labored for the promulgation of the dogma of our Lady's Immaculate Conception. "We

prayerfully watched every step to its happy consummation," (has been said by a Philadelphia Jesuit): "and when, at length, we learned that Pius IX. of blessed memory, with our own saintly Bishop, John Nepomocene Neumann holding the book, had read that sublime *Bull*, Father Barbelin felt that earth and earthly creatures had answered the end of their creation, and that the end of the earthly might well come now, since (as he said), 'no higher honor could be given to Mary.'"

O, how he loved her, his spotless, heavenly Mother, to whom he felt that he owed his vocation to the priesthood and to holy Religion! All devotions to her were pleasing to him, but his special delight was her Rosary. In it, he found the blessed Virgin what St. John Damascene termed her, "the remedy for all the sorrows of the heart"—*omnium dolorum cordium medicamentum*: for he once assured an intimate friend that no matter how heavy might be the trial sent him, he always had recourse to the beads; and before he had recited one decade of *Ave*, the bitterness of the cross was past. Many congratulate themselves to this day, on the possession of a pair of good Father Barbelin's beads,—beads on which he himself recited the Rosary. And well they may, for he had many.

Said one who lived under the same roof with him for years: "Each coat had its pair of beads, lest he should forget in changing. They were always to be found in his confessional, on his writing-desk, at his kneeling-bench, beneath his pillow;—here, there, and everywhere, and all well fingered."

He labored hard to promote the devotion of the Living Rosary, urged thereto by the rich indulgences granted, as well as by the sweet thought (so specially congenial to *him*,) of communion of prayer.

Often, amid the multiplied distractions of his busy life, would he raise his heart to his heavenly Mistress with the tender aspiration: "*Virgo Virginum, ora pro nobis*;" or, whilst earnestly discussing some engrossing topic, would turn aside his head, and whisper to his unseen Mother: "*Mater purissima, succure mihi!*"

"I was in the tribunal at the side of the altar, making a visit," says one of his religious brethren, "when along came Father Barbelin, panting and stumbling up the stairs. He knelt down, and such a demonstrative, almost dramatic, recitation of the *Ave Maria* was never heard before; then he was up, and off."

When the children sang sweet Mary's hymns, many a time he was seen to avert his face, lest they should see, at the same time, his trickling tears. "Not," as he might have said with little Paul Dombey, (when they chided him for weeping at his gentle sister's songs,) "not that the music was too plaintive or too sorrowful, but because it was so very dear to him."

The "Lily among thorns," was, indeed, his love among the daughters; and when he cried out to her, "Draw me,"—he did not selfishly promise to follow her alone, but added: "*we* will run after thee in the odor of thine ointments."

To those who were tempted against the angelic virtue, it is recorded that he would say: "Avoid the occasions, pray, invoke, and imitate the Virgin without spot."

A child without innocence is a flower without perfume; and as he knew that the fountain of chastity lay in "the Wine which maketh Virgins," he was ever ready to animate his little flock to the practice of frequent Communion, by those words of the loving Doctor of Geneva, wherein he says: "Believe me, as in winter, the hares on our mountains become white as snow, because they see

and eat nothing but snow, so you, also, by often adoring and feeding on beauty, goodness, and purity itself in this Divine Sacrament, shall become all beautiful, good, and pure."

It was to this great end that Father Barbelin instituted at St. Joseph's, the devotion of the Six Sundays of St. Aloysius,—a devotion still persevered in with happy fervor until the present day. And God alone knows the treasures of purity and grace acquired by thousands of favored young people at St. Joseph's and elsewhere, who, year after year, have communicated for six consecutive Sundays in honor of Gonzaga's Angelic Youth, and meditated for six consecutive weeks upon his fair and fragrant virtues. Surely, the angels must have welcomed warmly to their virginal mansions, the pure-hearted old priest who first instituted in our midst a devotion so pleasing and so congenial to the celestial choirs!

The celebration of *one* feast of St. Aloysius at St. Joseph's, is thus described in a letter of Father B.'s to a relative in France: On the feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, I sung Holy Mass and gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Sister Gonzaga* had brought her little orphans, who, together with our children, sang the responses. After Holy Mass, I distributed books, beads, and medals of St. Vincent de Paul, and of St. Aloysius, to the Sisters and orphans, who all seemed much pleased.

He had all St. Teresa's trust in holy water as a powerful agent against the unclean Enemy. At the door of every room at St. Joseph's, (even to the kitchen,) the well-filled *bénitier* attested his confidence in that which ranks as one of the most efficacious of the Church's "*Sacramentalia.*"

*Sister Servant of St. Joseph's Orphanage, 7th and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia.

But, while he thus labored hard to protect his own innocence and that of his spiritual children; and while, like the virgin Knight, Sir Galahad:

> "His strength was as the strength of ten,
> Because his heart was pure."——

the emissaries of the devil were not idle on their part. A diabolical trap was set for his destruction; but his guardian angel, not only led him forth unharmed from that den of corruption, like another Paphnucius,—but, also, (as in the case of the latter,) brought after him to salvation, the poor, degraded Thais.

He was called to what he supposed to be a sick call, at a certain strange house. He was utterly ignorant of the character of its inmates; and it was not until he was actually within its precincts, that the foul (moral) atmosphere smote unmistakably upon his virginal perceptions. To the pure of heart, all things are pure; and even then, he presumed that he had been summoned to some poor, dying Magdalen, who needed his priestly offices.

Like a true disciple of Him who came not to call the just, but sinners to repentance, the intrepid priest was ready to discharge his perilous duty. He was shown to the room where the supposed sick woman was in bed. But no sooner had he crossed its threshold, than the attendant closed the door, and,—*turned the key on the outside!* Father Barbelin saw at once the horrible trap into which he had been led. But if God is with us, who shall be against us? Did He not lead forth the Three Children of old, from the depths of the fiery furnace, without even the smell of fire on their garments? Did He not protect the innocence of the tender St. Agnes, even amidst the foul brothels of pagan Rome? "Neither shalt thou fear thine enemy, the devil," says A Kempis, "if thou art armed with faith, and signed with the sign of the Cross."

In the first sound of the wretched woman's voice, Father Barbelin caught the clue of his deliverance.

> "Oft what seems
> A trifle, a mere nothing by itself,
> In some nice situation, turns the scale
> Of fate, and rules the most important actions."

It was the voice of an *Irishwoman!* The Apostle of Philadelphia raised his pure eyes to heaven, and made the sign of the Cross. *Noli me tangere!* Then, in grave, sorrowful tones which suffused her miserable face with the hot blush of shame, he said to her: "My child, where were you born?" "In Ireland," was her faltering reply. "*You* came from *Ireland*, from that blessed land of St. Patrick,—that island of saints and holy virgins? O, it cannot, cannot be! No *Irish* girl could ever fall so low as to forget what is due to the anointed priest of God."

The degraded creature burst into tears. The skilful hand of the master had touched the only chords which yet remained within her guilty heart, unwarped, unstrung by sin. "Deep calleth unto deep;" and the abyss of the creature's misery crieth out to the abyss of the Creator's mercy. Through the hot gush of her contrite tears, the wretched woman seemed to see, once more, the far-off land of her birth,—the cabin by the hill-side,—the little chapel with its faithful priest. Those innocent hours before the altar, or kneeling in confession at the good old pastor's knee. . . . . .

> "O, the last ray of feeling and life must depart,"

ere the memory of Fatherland and the *Soggarth Aroon* can fade from an Irish-born heart.

The woman was not a hardened sinner. Father Barbelin soon saw the advantage he had gained, and followed it up with some wise and holy words of admonition. The poor creature was powerfully moved, and opening her whole heart to him at once, acknowledged that she had

been inveigled into that den of iniquity, and kept "in durance vile" from the moment she crossed its threshold. She was only permitted to go out at intervals, and then, always with a body-guard, who had instructions never to quit her side, but to remand her safely to that vile abode, so fitly denominated in the Inspired Word "the house of hell."

Father Barbelin counseled her to watch her chance, and steal away, at her first opportunity, to St. Joseph's, where her loving and long-suffering Lord was waiting for her, as He waited of old for Mary Magdalen, to reconcile her to Himself in the holy Sacrament of Penance.

The woman humbly promised to do so; and the strange interview being at an end, Father Barbelin rapped at the door of the apartment. It was immediately unlocked, and the holy priest was permitted to pass from the house unmolested, thanking God all the while for His sovereign protection, and for that infinite mercy which had drawn good out of so much evil.

The poor Irish girl kept her promise. As soon as possible, she hastened to St. Joseph's, and there, through Father Barbelin's agency, approached the holy Sacraments with sentiments of fervent contrition. Her conversion was as sincere as it was sudden. A favorite legend of Father Barbelin's was that of a little bird which had been taught to say "*Ave Maria*," and which, being pursued one day by a hawk, and already in the fierce claws of its destroyer, cried out "*Ave Maria! Ave Maria!*"—and was immediately released by the hawk, and suffered to fall unharmed to the ground. Doubtless, in like case, it was some little prayer to our Blessed Lady, some daily aspiration to the Immaculate Mother of Jesus, persevered in, even through a career of sin and shame, which released this poor, tempted soul at

last from the clutches of the infernal birds of prey. Certain it is, that she persevered bravely in her good dispositions; and, ultimately, became the wife of an excellent Catholic, to whom Father Barbelin united her in the bonds of Christian marriage. After some years, her penitent life was crowned with the grace of a holy, edifying death: and she passed away to the sinless realms beyond the grave, there to await and welcome the blessed man of God who had led her as Paphnucius led Thais, or Zosimus, Mary of Egypt,—to the threshold of the heavenly Jerusalem, to the Sea of Glass, to the rainbow-circled Throne, to that sweet-voiced company of the Elect, "who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." (Apoc. 7, 14.)

CHAPTER VII.

HIS HUMILITY AND SIMPLICITY.

BEFORE closing this little casket of our beloved Father's virtues, we must fit into its shining lock the golden key which secures forever more to its divine Owner, a priceless treasure of celestial jewels.

That fair key is Humility, not only the foundation, but the guardian of all other graces;

> "——the eldest-born of virtue,
> Which claims the birth-right at the throne of heaven."

Felix Joseph Barbelin was a man of many and varied gifts; and yet he was as humble and simple as a little child. In his conversation, in his letters, there was an almost utter absence of that "self-talk," which Faber de-

clares to be so thoroughly "wretched and mean;" although, it would be difficult to name a practice of Christian perfection harder than the avoiding of it. "For," (adds the same author), "if we have ever made a real effort to hold our tongues about ourselves for any considerable length of time, we have found out that there may be some things which look easy, and yet are next door to impossibilities."

Those who had the happiness of listening to Father Barbelin, either in or out of the pulpit,—those who were ever honored with a note or letter from his pen, can recall (with the writer) what a poor show the all-important *Ego* had in his utterances, spoken or written. He either ignored self altogether, or, if, at any time, it was necessary to particularize, he veiled his individuality under that truly religious pronoun, "*We*."

"The wisdom of the humble shall exalt his head," says the Wise Man: "and shall make him sit in the midst of great men." And hence it came to pass, that Father Barbelin's fame spread abroad not only throughout America, but across the waters, even to the heart of the Eternal City.

A Protestant gentleman from Philadelphia, visiting Rome during Father Barbelin's pastorate, was presented to our late lamented Pontiff, Pius IX. Not being of the household of the faith, and being, besides, considerably overawed by an interview with the Head of Christendom, *facie ad faciem*,—our poor Philadelphian stood hopelessly dumb before his Holiness, and racked his brain in vain for a suitable subject of conversation. The poet Longfellow once told of an unpardonable solecism of which *he* was guilty on the occasion of his presentation at the Court of St. James, when he seized Queen Victoria's hand (extended for him to kiss,) and shook it up and

down, pump-handle fashion, saying, "How do you do, your Majesty!"—forgetting that Majesty is never expected to be anything else but well.

But our American friend at the Papal court, did something more to the point. Like a true Yankee, he could, at least, ask the Pope the question, and that question was: "Does your Holiness know *Father Barbelin?*"

Protestant as he was, he never wearied telling afterwards, that the Holy Father clasped his hands, and raised his beautiful eyes to heaven, and then exclaimed, with an incomparable accent of combined reproach and delight:

"*Do I know the Father of my Philadelphia children?*"

Indeed, Pius IX intended more than once to elevate "the Father of his Philadelphia children," to the dignity of the purple. In one of Father Xavier Barbelin's letters, we find the following note on the subject: "In 1853-4, whilst at the Novitiate (in France), we, (the young Jesuits,) were told that a great misfortune was about to befall the Society. We afterwards learned, that it was the intention of Rome to make some of our Fathers, bishops,—and that my brother Felix was specially spoken of for episcopal honors."

Those words, "*a great misfortune*," not only speak volumes for the humility of the sons of St. Ignatius in general, but for that of Father Felix Barbelin in particular. What an ambitious churchman might hail as a precious boon, the humble Jesuit shrank from with fear, nay, even with horror. His devotion to his holy Mother, the Society, and to his religious brethren, was unbounded, and he would not willingly have exchanged his simple title of *S. J.*, for the episcopal ring and cross of the fairest see in Christendom.

But in proportion as he fled from honors, the more closely they pursued him. At the Plenary Council, held in Baltimore shortly before his death, it was determined to push his appointment to a now struggling diocese; but the Provincial of the Maryland Province, begged audience of the Committee, and by respectfully representing to the Fathers in Council, his failing health and acute rheumatic pains, saved him from a much-dreaded dignity.

Like St. Philip Neri, who, when there was question of tendering him a Cardinal's hat, tossed his *berretta* into the air, exclaiming: "Paradise! Paradise!"—Father Barbelin fully realized that all the honors and dignities even of the Church, could not purchase the heavenly Kingdom as surely as religious humility and obedience. And, as that same God-fearing Founder of the Oratory, prayed each morning from the depths of his self-distrustful heart: "Lord, if Thou dost not keep Thy hand over Philip, to-day, he will certainly betray thee!"—so, from the humble heart of Felix Barbelin arose, each day, the cry of the self-diffident soul to its all-powerful God: "Lord, Thou knowest that I have need of Thee, not Thou of me—save us or we perish!"

Once, at his request, a dialogue was prepared by an earnest *zelatrice* of his Sunday School, explaining the significance of New Year's Day,—the custom of New Year salutations, and thanksgivings to God for the blessings of the past year. (He always had the *Te Deum* sung in Church, the last Sunday of the year, for the latter purpose.) And he directed the writer to have one of the little speakers close the dialogue with a handsome tribute of thanks to the able and devoted corps of Sunday School teachers.

The lady did as he desired, but secretly added a most eloquent and touching address to himself, which she intrusted for recital to the best elocutionist of the School.

The auspicious day arrived. The basement was brimming to its "highest top-sparkle" with juvenile joy and excitement. The New Year tribute to the zealous teachers progressed to its close, the dear old Father rubbing his hands as he listened, smiling and happy, to the well-merited praise of his beloved ones; but when, from a dark corner, another brave little speaker stepped forth, and in clear, ringing tones began the address, "And to *you*, our Reverend and best beloved Father, etc,"—the hot blood mounted to his very brow, and his distress and mortification were so great, that he covered his face with both hands.

"I shall never forget it," said the little orator of that day, (now, a noble Catholic wife and mother;)—"so beloved was he, that every eye shed tears, every heart found an echo to his praise." Yet he who always commended the most trifling merit in others, was so humble himself that praise was overwhelming to him. He never allowed *that* dialogue to be closed in the same way again; and if any personal encomiums were ever after smuggled into the Sunday School recitations, those wonderful wooden *clappers* drowned out the words of praise, and silenced the audacious youngster that dared attempt them.

Many years later, there came a certain May-time, when a great surprise was prepared for our beloved Father. The zealous little directress of Our Lady's choristers suggested to one of them, (a child-poetess), that a hymn be composed in honor of St. Felix, Pope and Martyr, which should form the central feature in the good Pastor's approaching birth-day celebration.

The young writer was not very well posted in the history of the martyred Pontiff, whose individuality, it must be confessed, had long been merged for us all in the person of his ever-present, and much-better-known, namesake. However, Butler's *Lives of the Saints* were pressed into the service, and the juvenile Sappho, in due time, produced the following

HYMN TO ST. FELIX.

I.

Martyr to thy faith and love,
St. Felix! thee we pray:
Blessed Father of the Church,
Which honors thee, to-day.
Thou didst serve thy God in truth,
And He 'mid death and shame,
Gave thee strength to meet the strife,
And conquer in His name.

Blest St. Felix! pray that we
May ne'er our God deny;
But meek of heart and firm of faith,
May for him live and die!

St. Felix, pray for us! St. Felix, pray for us!

II.

Thou, whose heart o'erflowed with love,
Which led thee forth to win,
'Mid tyrant rage and pagan scorn,
Unnumbered souls from sin;
All the fading joys of earth
Were worthless in thine eye,
For O, immortal was the crown
Awaiting thee on high!

Blest St. Felix, pray &c.

III.

Thus, thro' all thy mortal life,
An angel pure and bright,
Thy love of God and zeal for souls
Led many unto light;
When thy time of triumph came,
Thy blood bedewed the sod,—
O *happy* name, but *happier* fate!
To yield thy life for God!

Blest St. Felix, pray &c.

The hymn was set to the melody of a pretty *barcarolle*, sufficiently *allegro* and *marcato* to suit even Father Barbelin's well-known taste for marked and lively measures.

On St. Felix's day, the children and their happy directress gathered early in the morning in the pews at old St. Joseph's. The May sunshine streamed through the dim old windows, and the birds twittered outside in the churchyard trees. Father Barbelin began his Mass with his usual tender devotion; and after our blessed Mother's *Litany* had been sung, the little choir burst forth at the *Offertory* in the new hymn to St. Felix.

The effect was electrical. The dear old Jesuit almost fainted; and when the clear young voices rang out the closing stanza:

> "Thus, thro' all thy mortal life,
> An angel pure and bright,
> Thy love of God and zeal for souls
> Led many unto light," &c.——

the little singers had so curiously and completely identified the holy Felix before them with his canonized patron in Paradise, that there was all the gush and fervor of a personal ovation in

> "O *happy* name, but *happier* fate!
> To yield thy life for God!"

After mass, they flocked, like so many merry birds, into the vestry, to offer their birth-day congratulations; and while the dear old Father sat smiling in the midst of his children, the little poetess presented her hymn in all the glory of its snowy, embossed paper and sky-blue ribbons.

The recipient shed tender tears of joy; and then he told them all how they had *frightened* him. (Ah! he was a

true son of Her of whom it is written, "And when she had heard, *she was troubled at his saying*, and thought within herself what manner of salutation this should be.—Luke 1. 29.") "I thought, you know, that it was"——murmured our beloved Father, "well,—ye-es,—ye-es,—I tremble—I perspire—Ah! I was afraid"——and the broken words revealed the fear of the humble heart lest our votive hymn had been designed to honor not only the great St. Felix in heaven, but (what he would have termed in his sweet self-abasement) the *poor sinner Felix*, on earth.

He was always prepared to say to himself with Isaias, "They that call thee blessed, the same deceive thee, and destroy the way of thy steps,"—that way of Humility which is the straight and narrow path leading to the celestial kingdom.

But, nevertheless, the hymn to St. Felix, Pope and Martyr (he always made a point of adding the last two words, *to prevent mistakes*,) became, thenceforth, an institution at St. Joseph's. And that it cheered and comforted the heart of its pastor, we cannot doubt, when we find him writing to his dear young sister Emilie, a few months later: "I thank you a thousand times for your interesting letter which, like a fragrant bouquet, reached me on the feast of St. Felix. As usual on the 30th of May, our good children and the Sodalists were present at my Mass, and offered their communions for your unworthy brother. They surprised me, also, by a little hymn recently composed in honor of St. Felix, Pope and Martyr; and it was very well sung, indeed."

As we have already shown in an earlier chapter, Father Barbelin's battle for humility and meekness was fought and won at the point of the sword. He had much to overcome, much to merit, through his naturally sensi-

tive temperament. Once at a meeting of the Dorcas Society, in the basement, an officious member attempted flattery: "See all that you have done, dear Father!" &c. &c.—when, like a flash of lightning, came the quick retort: "What have *I* ever done?" The indignant glance, the heightened color, betrayed his unusual emotion. He turned at once, and stepped back to the little altar where the meek Lamb of God, his strength and his support, reposed. Kneeling at the railing, he hid his face for a few moments upon his folded arm, and then returned, serene and smiling, to the committee. To their intense surprise, (and almost mortification,) he said mildly: "I beg your pardon, friends, for what I said just now;"—and having humbled himself to his entire satifaction, he placidly resumed the business of the meeting.

"Even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

Who does not remember seeing him seated in the sanctuary with half a dozen dirty, offensive old people kneeling at the communion-rail, close to his back? And who could forget the kindly, loving glances he turned from time to time, upon those miserable old creatures, under whose rags, filth, yea, and vermin, he recognized and saluted the image of his despised and rejected Lord? Indulgent as he was to that pest of priests, the aged and ignorant devotee, the only occasions on which he lost patience with them, was when they would press forward as he came from the sacristy to say his Mass, and rub the palms of their hands on the back of his vestments,—as it were, "touching the hem of his garment."

"Then," says one of the Fathers, "when he would discover them, his shocked humility would find expres-

sion in an 'O my! humph!' &c., and a most amusing grimace of annoyance."

His attempts to scold, when there was no religious principle involved, were very ludicrous; but he became very impressive when his zeal was aroused.

We have already remarked that he was not what would be reckoned by people of the world, a handsome man; but if no other point of personal comeliness was his, he possessed, at least, that rare thing in a man,—very beautiful hands. In a picture of his mother, (still extant,) we can see the same soft, white, shapely hands, whose loveliness was ever enhanced by the graceful gesticulation, so common and continual with the French. "When Father Barbelin spoke," said one who has recorded his success as a narrator of pious histories, "when Father Barbelin spoke, the whole man spoke,—face, hands, arms, feet, every golden hair seemed to have a tongue of their own."

But there is a tradition in certain quarters, that once some bold and injudicious admirer of the holy priest, complimented him openly on the beauty of his hands. That was enough. Henceforth, those fair white members were never seen in their pristine purity and loveliness, until the solemn hour when earth and earth's vanities forever at an end——

> "The dear old hands, like *lilies* lay at rest,
> Beneath the Crucifix upon his breast."

He was always disposed to echo the gentle invitation of St. Francis de Sales: "Let us travel by these lowly valleys of the humble and little virtues," since "there," (as that amiable Doctor of the Church assures us,) "we shall see the roses among the thorns, charity which shines forth amidst interior and exterior afflictions, the lilies of pur-

ity, the violets of mortification"; and he remembered at the same time, that a wiser teacher than St. Francis de Sales had said: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful, also, in that which is greater; and he that is unjust in that which is little, is unjust, also, in that which is greater."

The dying flies corrupt the ointment; and he never tired warning his people against those petty sins, those "little foxes," which creep into, and destroy the fruit of the fairest vintage.

He was so universally beloved, so much sought after, that he would have to hide, in order to say his Office. One of the Fathers relates that, going once up into the loft at the pastoral residence, he found Father Barbelin sitting solitary, "like a sparrow on the house-top," behind a chimney, in a chair without a back, reading away at his Office "for dear life." And the intruder further assures us that he, (Father B.) was quite disturbed at having his hiding place discovered. Not that he loved Cæsar less, but that he loved Rome more; for, from his great humility sprang his spirit of cordiality, of generous, open-hearted hospitality.

It is recorded of the Curé d'Ars that when a visiting priest once came to him to ask permission to say Mass in his Church, the gentlemanly old saint replied with gracious courtesy: "*Certainement.* My only regret is that it is not Christmas Day, so that you could say *three* Masses instead of *one!*" That anecdote always reminded us of Father Barbelin.

Of course, his own religious brethren claimed the first place in his hospitable cares and courtesies. "It was enough for one to be a member of our loved Society," said a fellow-Jesuit, "to find a place in Father Barbelin's heart, and to receive from him a warm welcome to all he

had to give." But he never closed his heart or his home against members of other religious communities, against seculars, laymen,—Catholic or Protestants.

Among his frequent visitors was a distinguished Protestant divine,—what Mr. Gilbert would call

> "A doctor of divinity,
> Who lived in this vicinity,"

and who eventually became an Episcopalian bishop, (if we mistake not,)in an adjoining State. Father Barbelin was such a pure, bright, unselfish companion, and *Noblesse oblige* was so plainly written over his whole conduct and conversation, that his society was to Dr. O. . . , (as well as to others,) a continual antidote to that "inexorable ennui," which, according to Bossuet, "forms the basis of all human existence."

It was long before the days of Ritualism and Anglican-Catholicism in the Quaker City; but the Protestant minister could not fail to recognize in the devoted priest, the beauty of that faith whose victory overcometh the world, and whose counterfeit presentment has transformed the high-Churchmen of our present age, if not into Papists at least, (as some one shrewdly and wittily observes,) into "*Ape*-ists."

King Agrippa said of old to St. Paul: "In a little, thou persuadest me to become a Christian,"—so Dr. O. . . . was half inclined to say to Father Barbelin: "In a little, thou persuadest me to become a Catholic"; and beholding the wonderful charity and self-sacrifice of the humble Jesuit, he could not help but indorse the views of a modern English tourist in Catholic lands, from whose pleasant and fair-minded book of travels* we cannot refrain from copying the following tribute to the devoted priests and religious of holy Mother Church:

* *A walking Tour in Brittany*, by John Mounteney Jephson, F. S. A.

"Catholic Christianity," says Mr. Jephson, "certainly possesses an enormous advantage in being at all times able to command the services of men who will do for the love of God, what other people can scarcely be got to do for money. Our gentlemanly clergy (of the Church of England) answer admirably for the garrison duty of civilization, according to the diocesan and parochial system; but we cannot supply volunteers for the citadels of vice, ignorance, and misery. Abroad, when there is any peculiarly disgusting work to be done, the children of the poor to be taught, hospitals to be served, lunatics to be cared for and tended, or savages to be civilized, men of exactly the right degree of refinement are *always* forthcoming to do the thing cheaper and better, too, than we can get it done for the almighty dollar. Why is this? I think it is because we like our home-comforts too well; and if ever a self-denying spirit creeps over our minds, we think: 'Why should *I* sacrifice my comfortable fireside and my hopes of success in my profession? It is acknowledged that Heaven may be won in any honest calling,—what is the use, then, of going to be stewed and eaten by cannibals, or of trying to mitigate the sufferings of the sick and insane, when by so doing, I cannot do *more* than win Heaven?' This seems to be our view of it, but, somehow, it leaves a blank in our social system, the inconvenience of which is often felt."

Craving the reader's pardon for so lengthy an extract from Mr. Jephson's book, we will add that this "blank" in the Protestant "social system," (of which the author speaks,) so affected in time the spirits of the amiable Dr. O. . . that, after having made in his turn, a tour to the continent of Europe, he returned to put a cross upon the steeple of his church, instead of the conventional weathervane, (which very appropriately surmounts the conventicles

of those who, as St. Paul says, are "tossed about by every wind of doctrine"); and he further took to wearing a Roman cassock, and to varying the liturgy of his rather low church with sundry very *high* innovations, not always approved of by his evangelical adherents.

Whether anything definite would have come of it all, or whether the Episcopal authorities in high places, would have incontinently "squelched" the good divine's privilege of private judgment, (albeit, the "free drift" of Protestantism, like that of *Timon of Athens*, boasts from its beginning, that it

> "Halts not particularly, but moves itself
> In a wide sea of wax,——")

—it would certainly be hard to determine,—but alas! the liking for "home-comforts" and the lack of "a self-denying spirit," so feelingly deplored by Mr. Jephson, rose between the wavering churchman and the Great Mother of all religious truth, as impregnable and insurmountable as the grand wall of China. He enjoyed a good "living;" the wife of his bosom was an estimable, unenthusiastic lady, and a dozen little olive-branches, (more or less,) bloomed around his ministerial board. What could he do? He might put his hand to the plough of conversion, but what on earth could keep him from looking back? "The grace of God," doubtless rejoined Father Barbelin, when he became the recipient of so strange a confidence. But, besides the "comfortable fireside," there were hopes of preferment and ecclesiastical honors, to be sacrificed; there was, (to use a figure of speech,) an alluring vision of a very becoming *mitre* hovering before his eyes; and the upshot of it all was, that Dr. O. . . . never entered the Promised Land of faith, (because of the dreary desert that lay between,) but re-

turned to the flesh-pots of Egypt, too often typical of the luxuries and dignities of an Episcopalian bishopric.

"I sometimes fancy," said one of these compromising Anglicans, (whose convictions, like Mahomet's coffin, are suspended between heaven and earth, deriving support from neither,) "I sometimes fancy that I would fain be a Roman Catholic, if I could; just as I would often wish to be still a child, if that were possible!"

Such souls, as Marshall says, are enamored of this lower world, and therefore, cannot come to God; they refuse to be "as little children," and therefore, cannot find Him or His kingdom.

To be as a little child for Christ was Father Barbelin's glory and ambition. His playfulness and naïveté were as genuine and as amiable as those of the youngest of his flock. He had, indeed, quite a vein of innocent mischief which his graceful French manners made inexpressibly charming.

"When I was making my retreat at Goshenhoppen," relates one, who was a young novice in Father Barbelin's day,—"he came up and proposed to take me out riding in Father Bally's buggy. The latter old Father it seems, knew Father Barbelin too well; for he was slow about consenting, and after we got into the vehicle, gave us repeated injunctions not to drive fast,—to all of which Father Barbelin listened with becoming gravity and solemnity. As soon as he got around a corner, however, I saw that he was determined to give me a good ride. 'Can he see us now, do you think?' (meaning Father Bally). 'Oh! no, Father.'—'Then, get up, sir,' said he to the horse, giving him the whip. We had a grand ride: and on returning to the house, he complained demurely to Father Bally that he should have *let us drive fast and enjoy ourselves!*"

In the early days at St. Joseph's, before the erection of the College building, there stood on the site of the latter, the home and Classical Academy of Mr. Nicholas Donnelly, whose name is still held in benediction by the elder Jesuits of the Quaker City, Generous and self-sacrificing in his devotion to the Society, this gentle, scholarly old man (whose wife was a niece of Rt. Rev. Henry Conwell, second Bishop of Philadelphia,) had no children of his own, but had the honor of instructing in Latin and Greek, many promising boys who afterwards became priests, and even bishops, of holy Mother Church.

Between his humble *Academia* and the churchyard, in those old times, there stretched a little white paling, whose gates are described to the writer as having been adorned with a tremendous, old-fashioned latch, well-thumbed by loving fingers. For, inside the paling, on the churchyard flags, which like

> "The paths that lead us to God's throne,
> Were worn by children's feet,"——

Father Barbelin was accustomed to sit in a sunny spot, waiting to welcome his lambkins as they came to Sunday-school or "instructions." Out of that wonderful drawer, up-stairs, he could always produce, at such seasons, some toy or puzzle for the children. Sometimes, he would divide an orange, and pass around a little piece to each; or again, would offer a drink out of his magical double-glass tumbler, and smile with delight at the perplexity of the little ones, when they found they could not drink the water which seemed so provokingly near. On other occasions, when a goodly number of children had gathered round his chair, he would form them into a semi-circle,—when out came the inevitable snuff-box, and

each child must take a tiny pinch of the fragrant powder. The funny scene which followed, resembled what is termed in children's games, "a Dutch sneeze."

The pinch of snuff was poised between the forefinger and thumb of each little hand, until the smiling old Father gave a preconcerted signal to raise it to the nostrils. Of course, the sneeze that followed was almost simultaneous. If any unlucky little *snuffer*, however, got off an impromptu sneeze after or before the others, there was no end to the fun and laughter at his or her expense.

Once, a little French girl came tripping daintily in, holding her lace-bordered handkerchief airily by its centre, (as was the custom of old-time belles). Father Barbelin, fearing lest the little maiden's finery might abash the poorer children, (who were his special darlings, God be praised!) told her, when the famous box went its rounds, that *she* could not have any snuff, because her handkerchief was "too *élégante*." If ever there was a pointed rebuke to poor little Mam'selle's vanity, it was when the snuff in due time produced its delightfully simultaneous report, and she found herself, like *Lord Dundreary*, incontinently deprived of her sneeze.

Doubtless, it was this salutary little lesson that prompted her later to accomplish a generous sacrifice, which we will proceed to record. A brief mention has already been made in these pages of the little flower-makers of St. Joseph's, known to our readers as the "*Rosebud Association*." We hear a great deal about *Rosebuds* in these present degenerate days of ours,—not only "*Jacqueal*," and "*Marsha Niels*," and "*Gloire di Dijons*,"—but the *débutantes* of society, hot-house flowers of Fashion, who throng the reception-rooms and "kettle-drums," with their bouquets and their white silk gowns; or fill a proscenium-box to overflowing on opera nights with

the garish glory of their satins, laces, and jewels. "Buds," which have already forgotten to blush (if they ever knew how:) and whose exposed arms and necks in their *décolletée* toilets, are at the mercy of any man about town who chooses to level his *lorgnette* in their direction.

Heaven preserve us from such travesties of floral simplicity! The "*Rosebuds*" of St. Joseph's were of a different sort. Sweet little pure-hearted maidens, whose Queen was the *Rosa Mystica*, the immaculate Rose of Sharon, they breathed around them as they bloomed, the perfumes of *Her* virginal fragrance and innocence. Their "Association" was an ephemeral one, created to adorn the old church for an important festival; and when the period of their usefulness had expired, they unanimously agreed to dissolve with—a "party."

It was a grand, absorbing idea, as well as a profound secret. They could secure the use of the school-room, north of the church, and give Father Barbelin a grand surprise. How delightful! But a "party" without "refreshments," would be like *Hamlet* with the role of the immortal Dane omitted. And they were all such poor little girls; not one of them could boast, like the fascinating lassie in the Scotch ballad, that she could

> "—dress in silk attire,
> And siller hae to spare."

In the darkest hour of their deliberations, the child-committee received the noble overture of the little French Mam'selle aforesaid. She had a pretty fan, which she presented to the "*Rosebuds*" in council, accompanied by the generous suggestion that it be disposed of in a private raffle, and the proceeds applied to the purchase of "goodies" for the party.

Weigh well, if you please, gentle reader, the magnanimity of this sublime offer. A lovely, painted fan,—nay, more, the lovely painted fan of a miniature Frenchwoman, (and what is not a fan to any Frenchwoman, big or little?)—sacrificed by vanity at the shrine of fraternal charity! Father Barbelin's lessons had, indeed, borne good fruit; and the "*Rosebuds*" eagerly closed with Mam'selle's offer.

The empty exchequer was replenished,—the "goodies" were bought; and then came the important venture of inviting Father Barbelin to preside at the entertainment. The little poetess who had supplied the hymn for St. Felix's day, was appealed to, once more, for some appropriate stanzas, and in due time, (having routed out her Muse from some lesser and lowlier abiding-place than Mount Parnassus,) she produced the following *morceau*:

"THE ROSEBUD ASSOCIATION"
TO
REV. FATHER BARBELIN.

To their own dearest Father, the "*Rosebuds*" so bright,
Send their warmest and kindliest greeting,
And say, as they hold a small party to-night,
'Twill give greatest pleasure and greatest delight
If *he* will attend at their meeting.

They hope for much pleasure and laughter and jokes,
In which he can kindly assist;
Now, pray, do not think this is only a hoax,
For he'll see a bright circle of happy young folks,
And surely, he cannot resist.

So we trust on this evening our Father to greet,
(That is, if he's healthy and hearty),
And the "*Rosebuds*" will be twice as blooming and sweet,
If they find, when together they happily meet,
That *he* will make one of their party.

How could he refuse them, his Ann Elizas and Katies, his Marys and Lizzies, his little Caddies and Ellies,—his own dear little children, the young singers and speakers who were the crown and glory of his Sunday School?

The hour arrived, and with it, the man. Nor did he come alone. An Italian Father came with him, one who, long since, sailed away to his native Mediterranean shores, and now dwelleth in the Eternal City, in the shadow of the holy Vatican.

There was singing, there was declamation; and "the rosebud garden of girls" was in its fairest, fullest bloom, when Father Barbelin dispatched a messenger into the house who brought back a tray of eggs.

Such wonderful, brilliant eggs,—no hen in the universe (since the first chicken entered the Ark with Noah,) ever laid, or dreamed of laying such marvellous, ovarious treasures! The goose that laid the golden eggs could alone have rivaled them; for lo! when each "*Rosebud*" had received her gift from Father Barbelin's own hands, she found that the beautiful egg unscrewed, and became a charming *bonbonnière*, filled with delicious, toothsome candies!

At this juncture, the Italian Father had vanished from the happy circle into the house, but returned in a little while, with—*mirabile dictu!* a smoking tureen of *Macaroni soup!* The little maidens almost exploded with the temptation to giggle, but with the natural courtesy of well-bred children, (trained in the school of a French pastor,) they suppressed their mirth, and swallowed the fun and the soup together.

Good Father F. . . never learned from *them* (though he may have learned it later from his smiling host,) that *soup* is not *en règle* at evening entertainments in the United

States; but if he were not anticipating the now general custom of "late dinners," (unknown to those simple souls,) he could, at any rate, plagiarize the sentimental poet, and exclaim to each one of the little guests at the "*Rosebud*" entertainment:

> "I give thee all I can, no more,
> Tho' poor the off'ring be,—
> This *Roman soup* is all the store
> That I can give to thee!"

But the *bon-bon* eggs were the delight of the hour. A short time ago, one of the little group (long scattered and many dead,) told the writer with tears in her eyes, that she still preserved among her treasures her little wooden egg.

No doubt, among many similar hoards hidden under lock and key in Affection's dearest store-house, we would come across, to-day, some dull little pebbles, which, like the money of the Irish *leprechaun*, once shone bright and beautiful in the grasp of their possessor. These were the Cape May "diamonds," Father Barbelin used to pick from the strand when his rheumatism or his asthma drove him, at intervals, to the seashore.

Gathering the children on the sands, on such occasions, he would pace to and fro with them, saying the Beads, or telling a pious story, or mayhap, playing "tagger" with the in-coming tide. The waves for *him* were ever saying, "Let us (s) pray."

And the quests for shells and "diamonds" were many and delightful. Again we must repeat, that it was like St. Francis Xavier and the children of the Fishery Coast,—the same bewildering magnetism of a great and holy man drawing innocent souls to himself and God, as the straws are drawn by the amber.

And when the Cape May diamonds were found by

the eager little seekers, they were used as prizes for the one who ran the swiftest race, (Father Barbelin's chair being always, as we have said before, both starting point and goal); or else he mixed the little pebbles with comfits, and then would lure a timid child to draw near by the vision of his out-stretched hand full of "sweeties" (and stones), with the soft murmur of "O, such funny candies! Come, and see,—wouldn't you like a few?" and so on, and so on, till the little one, like a shy bird drawn by a bait, was presently at his side, leaning confidingly on his knee, looking up at him with bright, wondering eyes, and listening to the sweet stories of Jesus and Mary, of the saints and the angels, such as he, alone, could tell. Sometimes, he would try the same lure with a medal and a piece of candy, closing both hands, and making the child guess "which was which."

At First Communion times, he instructed the class to make written *Resolutions*, (simple little promises of certain pious practices, or devotional acts to be performed for the future;) and these he placed in a golden heart, and laid upon the altar. The "*Resolutions*" were then returned to their owners, to be preserved and read over afterwards. Some framed them, and kept them during life. The writer acknowledges the possession of a similar paper, which now reposes, yellow and time-worn, in a secret drawer of her secretary. "One I know," says a Jesuit Father, "has had *his* about twenty years, and he says they were the saving and making of him, both spiritually and temporally."

At a pic-nic, one day, there came on a sudden summer shower; and the rain fell in torrents. There was no house at hand; and the little ones were dismayed. Their precious white dresses and Sunday hats were in danger of destruction.

But, "Let us make a tent!" cried Father Barbelin in his cheeriest tones; and all fright and consternation were forgotten as he ranged the umbrellas in a semi-circle, hung over the interstices as many heavy shawls as the more prudent of the party could furnish, and straightway, gathered the children under such a cosy little shelter, that it was like "playing house" with their best friend in the middle.

"Now, let us sing," said that wonderful man; and while the rain poured on outside, the sweet young voices rang forth in many an old-fashioned hymn and song; and the little ones, enjoying the novel experience, were safe and dry till the storm passed over.

With the simplicity of the dove, he combined in a singular degree (as we have said) the prudence of the serpent. A correspondent, who was once a happy unit in his mammoth Sunday-school, writes: "I remember the large body of children he used to take with him on picnics, every summer, by boat or rail (a feat which pastors would tremble at to-day); and never an accident or unpleasant *contretemps* occurred to mar their pleasure,—so well drilled were his teachers, and so obedient were the children to his wishes. His consideration for their smallest needs was that of a mother. He would have provision made to substantially feed that army of little ones, knowing all the ways of children, as mothers only know them. I have seen their little lunch-baskets emptied before ten o'clock of the happy day, and then, at noon, the great reserve-lunch, (prepared in advance by Father Barbelin's orders,) was most timely and welcome to the hungry brood.

"It seems to me, looking back upon it all now," adds the same writer, "that he closely resembled St. Joseph in these traits of his character,—his foresight to provide,—

his cherishing of the family—(yet not his own, according to the flesh): and as St. Joseph had to be both father and mother in his brooding care of the youthful Mary and the little Jesus,—so, Father Barbelin united the strength and tenderness of both parents in his solicitude for his spiritual children."

And his charity was so universal. It was useless for his friends to present him with new garments to take the place of the old, patched underwear he insisted on using. Holy Poverty and sweet humility would have their due; and the new flannels (which were most necessary for so delicate and over-taxed a *physique*) would find their way at the first opportunity, to some poor sick person or destitute beggar, who deserved them and needed them (he would tell you) more than *he* did.

Reading his letters to his own dear ones, we see very clearly the humble opinion he entertained of himself. Here is a sample, penned to his sister Gabrielle, of Marseilles: "How are you?—Well?—At least spiritually,—always full of confidence,—submissive and devoted; forgetting transitory difficulties, advancing little by little every day, encouraged by the hope of a never ending happiness. So many poor people, great friends of the good God and so many personal friends, are praying for you! Pray you, also, for us, but, above all, for your poor, cowardly, and ungrateful brother."

He was always "the poor sinner," the "unworthy one," who was "so cold, so *slothful*, so distracted!" And we can scarcely help smiling a tender, tearful smile, when we find him begging his brothers or sisters to "pray for his *conversion*."

God help the rest of us, if *he* had need for conversion!

When he took his Sunday-school on pleasure excur-

sions (as he sometimes did), in stages or old-fashioned omnibuses,—even if there were six or eight coaches, he would manage to spend a little while in each, *en route* or returning. "It was perfect joy," said one of his little children, "to sit beside him;" and, knowing how they all prized the privilege, he would reward some faithful pupil (*faithful* and *zealous* were his favorite adjectives), by a little *ruse* as ingenious as it was successful. So as not to excite jealousy among the little flock, he would toss his hat to the one he meant to favor, before the children had quitted the excursion grounds. Then, bareheaded, at the moment of starting, he would hasten to one of the coaches, and mount the steps; but, as if struck by a sudden thought, would pause in the door of the stage and cry out, "Who has got my hat? Let the *leetle von* who has my hat, bring it to me at once!"—and the happy little child running forward, would be caught up, hat and all, and placed beside him in the seat of honor.

A favorite scholar was leaving Philadelphia some years before his death, to make a permanent residence in the far West. Father Barbelin called on her at the last moment, bringing a large package, the contents of which he instructed her to distribute among "leetle friends" whom she might meet in that new country. We will let her tell her story in her own words: "Trunks were all packed and off, and I had to carry that package until the end of the (then) long journey. It contained beads, medals, pictures, crucifixes, statuettes, &c., &c. He expected them to be given to Indian children; and he enjoined me to see to Sunday-schools, and the instruction of children. (He gave this commission to others of his flock going northwest and to California.) In *my* case, the package, which was made up of genuine 'objects of virtue,' did

great service in drawing children,—though not Indian children,—to a small and struggling school."

From first to last, it was the vision of the Indian mission which, with a voice of almost syren sweetness, seemed to cry out to him, as the benighted people cried out to the Apostle of old: "Come over to us, and help us!"

And yet, humble and obedient to the last,—he went not.

PART IV.

HIS LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.—HIS OBSEQUIES—MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

"Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,—
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere."

—*Longfellow.*

"Then, "Glory to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit," rang aloud
Throughout all Paradise; that, with the song,
My spirit reeled, so passing sweet the strain.
And what I saw was equal ecstasy;
One universal smile, it seemed, of all things;
Joy past compare; gladness unutterable;
Imperishable life of peace and love;
Exhaustless riches and unmeasured bliss."

—*From the Italian of Dante's* VISION.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

It was towards the close of our late civil war, that Father Barbelin's health began visibly to decline; although in the following letter, written to his reverend brother about that time, we find that with his characteristic self-forgetfulness, he makes no mention, whatever, of

his own ailments and sufferings. Indeed, the whole epistle in spite of his bad health and the distracted days in which he penned it, is, as we shall see, full of that business-like brightness and cheeriness, which were so preëminently the characteristics of the writer:

"PHILADELPHIA, February 26, 1864.

"DEAR XAVIER,

"P. C.

"And who wrote last? You or I? I don't know now; it matters not! Let me scratch down a few lines. But have you time to decipher them? You are ever so busy, so active, so zealous! and so different from the slothful old man who is now writing to you!

"I am always in Philadelphia, where I do my work with pleasure in the midst of our children and people of St. Joseph's; but I am ready to give up, whenever obedience shall call me elsewhere. Twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago, I offered myself for the Indians of the Rocky Mountains; but our Rev. Father Provincial told me he had other Indians for me, and sent me to Philadelphia to help Father Ryder who had charge of St. Joseph's.

"This was the first Catholic church erected in Pennsylvania; it was opened in 1733. At St. Joseph's, a *Te Deum* was sung after the war of Independence in the presence of General Lafayette and his French officers, George Washington, the American generals, and the members of the first Congress, who had been invited. I have a copy of the discourse delivered on this occasion by a chaplain of the French army.

"In 1838, the old church was torn down; the new one was consecrated in 1839 by Bishop Kenrick; Bishop Hughes preached the sermon. Bishop Conwell was also

present. I was forced to beg from door to door in order to raise the money for the building. We got together twenty to thirty thousand dollars. Our residence was old and too small; we had to build a new one, large and commodious. We use a part of the residence as a temporary College, and though it is not so recognized by the Society, we have a hundred students. I got a charter from the State of Pennsylvania, and this gives the establishment a literary and civil existence as 'St. Joseph's College.'

"Whenever our Province will have more Fathers and scholastics, we intend to have a more central position for a large College and a new church; but we must wait for the return of peace and harmony. We have also bought two houses for free schools for the children of our congregation, in order to keep them away from the public schools, where their religion is in very great danger. These two houses are paid for; but I haven't a cent towards the foundation of a new College! Confidence in Divine Providence!

"Peace is the object of our prayers, but now all is despair. A call has been made for 500,000 more soldiers; and if volunteers do not come forward in sufficient numbers, (in many places bounties of from $500 to $800 are offered to them,) a new draft will take place on the 10th of March, and this will include every man between twenty and forty years of age. Here, even ministers of the gospel are not exempted.

"The free circulation of paper money helps us very much at present; within the last year, 2,284 houses, (and many of them little palaces,) have been built in Philadelphia. Thirteen large factories and nine churches were also erected. During the year before the present, the

same prosperity was noticed; and this is something very unusual in war times.

"Prices are very high; the taxes, formerly very light, are now quite burdensome. There is talk, also, of taxing religious, benevolent and literary institutions, which, hitherto, have escaped. This will be a great burden for us.

"Our Province paid lately $2000 to keep some of our scholastics out of the army. Now, the payment of $300 to the government frees one from the draft for only a year.

"Are you not tired of my tattle? So be it; I leave you in peace, but on one condition, that you pray for me, and get others to do so.

"Your devoted Brother,

"F. J. Barbelin, S. J."

"P. S.—My respects to the Rev. Fathers, though I have not the honor of knowing them personally. Fr. Jamison, who knew you at Amiens, and who has stayed here with me for the last six months, gave me some interesting news about my dear Xavier: persevere!"

Who could ever have suspected from this letter the many pains and aches, the myriad crosses and cares of its beloved writer? Nay, even of those who were meeting and greeting him every day, how few guessed the heroic effort it cost to stand upon the poor, swollen feet, to get a free breath from the asthmatic lungs, to endure the agonizing torture of his afflicted side?

"All zeal and no bitterness," says one, who lived under the same roof with him for years, and who loved him, even as Jonathan loved David; "all cunning, but no hypocrisy; all prayer, but never inactive; most serious,

and most condescendingly gamesome with the young; sparing everybody else, and excusing them,—never sparing or excusing himself; most industrious and untiring to cause pleasure or profit to others,"—(this was "the *slothful* old man" of whom he wrote to his brother)—"he had a little pious project or good deed for every odd moment or spare minute,—directing his every breath, step, and word to the glory of God and the good of his neighbor."

But the long years of hard, unremitting labor in the underground chapel, in the dim, crowded church above, in Sunday School and Sodality, confessional and pulpit, sanctuary and sick-room,—all had done their fell work upon a frame which had never, at best, been robust or stalwart.

He came of a long-lived race, it is true; his father had died in the mellow ripeness of his fourscore years; his mother, at the allotted term of threescore years and ten. But life in those older, slower, European lands is void of the wear and tear of our North American climate and customs; and if Father Barbelin, like *Sir Galahad*, possessed, metaphorically,

> "the strength of ten
> Because his heart was pure,"—

he had done, in reality, the work of *twenty*, because his zeal was great.

Rheumatic gout, asthma, and later, a painful affection of the liver, combined, for ten or twelve years, to torture, at intervals, every part of his feeble body, and try the patience of his strong soul.

The writer remembers meeting him, on one occasion, coming out of the church into the corridor, adjoining the sacristy. He walked slowly, and with difficulty, and

made, as he went, a little moaning sound, like the plaintive note of a caged dove, which was inexpressibly pathetic to listen to.

"Are you suffering much, Father?"—was the almost unnecessary question which the keenest sympathy prompted.

We can never forget the touching answer, nor the mild gaze of the dear old eyes which accompanied it: "From the crown of my head to the sole of my feet."

Was it not written of the Divine Victim, of the suffering Lamb of God, his Lord and his Love: "From the crown of His head even unto the sole of His feet, there was no soundness in Him"? And had not this gentle disciple of that afflicted Master inscribed himself from boyhood: "Victim, in all things, of the Sacred Heart of Jesus"?

Yet, though he might have said truthfully with the poet:

> "I hear a Voice you cannot hear,
> Which says I must not stay;
> I see a Hand you cannot see,
> Which beckons me away!"——

the brave old Father did not relax from his heroic efforts to spend and be spent for the cause of Christ. As St. John the Evangelist in the infirmity of his old age was borne about in the arms of his diciples, murmuring ever "Little children, love one another!"—so, Father Barbelin was carried up and down to his confessional by his devoted friends, (when he was no longer able to stand upon his swollen feet); breathing always the tender accents of divine love and fraternal charity.

With the beginning of the year 1869, came a more perceptible failing of his health. On the first Sunday of that May, he undertook to administer the First

Communion to the children of St. Joseph's,—an office he had been wont to discharge with special sweetness and satisfaction for nearly the third of a century ;—but before he had given the Bread of Angels to the first row of little communicants, his strength forsook him, and he was reluctantly obliged to resign his loved task to another Father.

The next day, however, according to his custom, he started for Goshenhoppen to make his annual Retreat. "Give glory to the Lord your God before it be dark, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains," saith the Prophet; and with the very shadow of those dark mountains, the very silence of that dim night wherein no man can work, falling heavily upon his soul, the brave son of St. Ignatius went forth for the last time to give glory to his Lord in the holy solitude of Manresa.

Who shall dare penetrate the veiled sanctuary of that last Retreat? Who shall venture to count the many and sublime graces which the divine Master must then and there have poured into the heart of His suffering and devoted servant, strengthening it, as it were, with a celestial cordial for the coming supreme ordeal, for that fire of mortal tribulation which shall try every man's work of what sort it is!

And Mary, his Immaculate Mother, so long and tenderly loved, so well and faithfully served,—may we not believe that she, the Queen of Angels, drew near to him in those solemn days of seclusion (when heart and flesh were failing him through pure, physical weakness), infusing into his soul, in her own chosen month, a foretaste of such heavenly delight that he was moved to cry out with that other venerable Jesuit, Father Alphonso Salmerone, "To paradise, to paradise! Blessed be the hour that I have served Mary! Blessed be the sermons, the

toils, the thoughts, that I have had for thee, O *Madonna mia!* To paradise!" . . . . .

Ascension Day was passed at Goshenhoppen; and then, Father Barbelin came back to St. Joseph's, as the Apostles came back that blessed day from Mount Olivet to Jerusalem,—to work and suffer yet a little longer ere the Master called him.

There was a last visit still to be made to his beloved Sunday-school, the grand field of his special mission, the secret altar of his sublime holocaust;—so he was borne down the dark staircase in an arm-chair, and placed once more in the midst of his darling children. He gazed around upon them with eyes of pathetic love, a long lingering gaze, as if to make sure he would know each loved and little face when he saw it again in the glory of the final Judgment-seat; and, as with tear-dimmed eyes, teachers and pupils alike returned that strange, steadfast gaze, they marked with swelling hearts, the dread change in their Father's cherished form and face.

The abscess, forming with intense pain upon the liver, had turned his complexion from its naturally florid tint to a dull yellow,—the whites of the eyes were like amber,—and the once fair white hands, folded upon his breast, were like moulds of yellow wax. Bent and shrunken with the tortures of his agonizing complaint, his ruddy, kindly old face looking unnatural through that drawn, yellow mask, it was hard to believe him the active, cheery pastor, the merry old play-mate of the past. But ah!

"——ne'er was beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light
In holy lustre wastes away!"

"We had hoped," said one of his devoted assistants, "that he would soon be relieved, and be spared to us for many, many years; . . . . . but now, all our last hopes failed, and we felt we were soon, too soon, alas! to lose our Father, the friend of our boyhood, the director of our youth, and the loved Superior of our manhood!"

The indomitable spirit of the apostle, nevertheless, still struggled to overcome the weakness of the failing flesh, and by heroic efforts he managed, for the nonce, to offer up the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and attend to the needs of those who sought him in the sacred tribunal.

On the vigil of Pentecost, May 15th, he entered the confessional, as usual; but was forced to quit it long before his accustomed hour. The delicacy of his conscience may be fully understood from the fact that, when one of the Fathers sought his room, late the same evening, to learn the arrangements for the next day's Masses, Father Barbelin apologized to him *for having the holy box so soon*; "as if," said his friend (unable to conceal his admiration and tender sympathy for the sufferer), "as if I did not know that his heart was there, though his body might be absent!"

CHAPTER II.

LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EI!

THE festival of *Corpus Christi* fell that year on the 27th of May, the beautiful feast of the Blessed Sacrament, which Father Barbelin had always celebrated with extraordinary ceremony and devotion. It was he who had obtained the privilege, and instituted the custom (which still prevails at St. Joseph's), of giving Benedic-

tion in turn at the three altars, after the solemn High Mass of the day. And never was he happier or more radiant with spiritual joy, than when he bore the Adorable Host from altar to altar, beneath its shining canopy of cloth of gold, the white-robed children in their snowy veils walking processionally before him, scattering their fragrant flowers in the path of the Hidden God.

The whole day was wont to be filled with an aroma of glad devotion; the Blessed Sacrament so long exposed upon the altars, drew to the church an unusual concourse of worshippers; and in the evening, the Novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus opened with exercises of tender piety, and ushered in a fourth Benediction from the divine Lover of the Tabernacle.

Alas! on the *Corpus Christi* of 1869, other hands than our beloved Father's, bore the Eucharistic God from aisle to aisle, from altar to altar,—and the long procession of white-robed children, flinging their flowers right and left, missed for the first time, the sunshine of their gentle shepherd's smile.

But the mighty eloquence of prayer and tearful supplication, at least, remained to them; and the Novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus began to send up its potent incense to heaven, freighted with one universal, fervent petition:

"O Sacred Heart of Jesus! make Father Barbelin well!"

Another of his great days was close at hand. The Sunday following Corpus Christi, was the feast of St. Felix, (Pope and Martyr); the holy man's sixty-first birthday. Ah! how the hearts of his many children thrilled with fondest fears when that birthday dawned, lest it might be (as it was) his last natal day on earth! Said one of them to the writer, only a few short months

ago,—"When I first realized that he was going to die, I felt that *I* must die too!" How could they ever live without him—without him, who was the heart and soul of dear old St. Joseph's,—without him, who was part of their lives, as it were,—who gave tone and coloring to their character,—to whom, under heaven, they owed everything that was of any worth in them,—Father and friend, confessor and consoler, teacher and guide? How could they *ever* live their life or die their death, without beloved Father Barbelin?

Such was the almost passionate appeal that went up to the Most High from myriads of afflicted hearts on the 30th of May, 1869.

It was thought, at first, that in his weak and suffering state he would be unable to say his Mass on that day; but, although he might have cried out to God with the royal Psalmist: "Thine arrows are fastened in me, and Thy hand hath been heavy upon me!"—he made a supreme effort, and was carried, panting and moaning, down the stairs to the sacristy. A timid penitent was waiting there, one whom he had directed for more than twenty years, and for whose scrupulous sufferings he felt the keenest pity. "They shall be in the mountains like doves of the valleys, all of them trembling," says Ezechial; and this was, indeed, a timorous dove who trembled even on the heights of holy perfection.

Agonized and exhausted, as he was, Father Barbelin paused in the vestry long enough to hear that person's confession, long enough to console some of the hearts that were aching and breaking at the thought of his approaching end. Then he was assisted to the altar of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and there said his last Mass.

Like Lucianus, the martyred priest of by-gone centuries,—torn on the rack of a torturing disease, our vener-

ated Father was that hour victim as well as priest to the divine Victim and eternal High-priest, Christ our Lord. Well had he fulfilled the promise of his beautiful, innocent youth, wherein he inscribed himself upon the tablets of the Sacred Heart "*Victime du cœur de Jesus*," with the touching compact now accomplished for the last sweet time: "*J'ai pris pour heure d'adoration le* 30 *Mai depuis* 5*h jusqua* 6*h du matin!*".

When the *Domine non sum dignus* sounded in feeble, gasping tones, and the sanctuary bell sent forth its clear, silvery chimes, every nook and corner of the old church yielded up its communicants to the altar. From the confessionals, from the galleries, from sacristy, aisle, and pew, swarming like celestial bees to the honeyed Bread of Heaven, "replenished with all sweetness," Father Barbelin's devoted children thronged to the railing to offer their communions for the recovery of his health.

Never more might they receive that adorable Food from *his* beloved hand. Unable to administer it to them himself, on that last blessed birthday, he hastened to conclude his Mass, (the dear old feet almost refusing to fulfil, that long, their painful office); and then, whilst another of the Fathers gave Communion to the waiting multitude, he caused himself to be seated in a chair at the base of St. Joseph's statue.

There, at the feet of his cherished patron, facing the crowded rail, he watched with loving eyes, as his children, young and old, came and went about the altar; and when the solemn rite was over, when the last communicant had passed away to his place, bearing with bowed head and reverent steps, the hidden Eucharistic treasure, ——rising, he looked upon them all with a fixed gaze of deep, paternal tenderness. Then, in his soft, tremulous tones, which sank, like balm, into many an anxious,

troubled heart, he said with indescribable sweetness and fervor:

"*May Almighty God bless, not only in heaven but on earth, the kindness of this day!*" They were his last public words to his people. Do they not recall that touching passage in the Gospel of St. Luke, recording the last blessing of the Master to His disciples on Mount Olivet? "And it came to pass, whilst he blessed them, that he departed from them, and was carried up to heaven."

The golden harvest of Felix Barbelin's works was ripe to the sickle; and the hour was fast approaching when the divine Husbandman was to gather it into His barn.

Borne up the staircase that day in the arms of his faithful friends, he was carried to his room,—the room he was destined never more to quit alive. But, as the appreciative poet has said:

> "The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
> Is privileged beyond the common walks
> Of virtuous life—quite on the verge of Heaven."

And Father Barbelin's room became from that hour, indeed, a "privileged" spot "quite on the verge of heaven,"—the sanctuary and shrine, as it were, of a gentle, dying saint.

"When put in bed," says one of the Fathers who attended him in those closing hours, "the weight of the bed-clothes was too much for his inflamed feet, (to which every touch was agony,) and an arched protection was arranged over them. For this, (bless his sweet, humble heart!) he was most profuse in thanks and admiration. . . . He always accepted compliments and presents, (when he saw that it pleased those who offered them), with expressions of great gratification; but the gratification was only in being an occasion of satisfaction to the donor, or for the good spirit that he loved to see others manifest."

There, he lay upon his bed, the premonitory symptoms of dropsy manifesting themselves in the rapidly-swelling limbs, in drowsiness, and oppression of the chest. That holy and gifted woman, Madame de Swetchine, who suffered in her last hours from a similar oppression and pain, remarked in sweet apology to her friends: "The suffocation makes my voice so harsh, that I seem to be grumbling in spite of myself." But Father Barbelin spoke but little. He kissed constantly his crucifix or a little image of our Blessed Mother which lay within reach of his hands, and when he could no longer lift those beloved objects, he made unmistakable signs to his attendant to convey them to his lips. In the intervals of drowsiness and prostration, his head, like the divine Victim's on the Cross, was bowed until it rested on his breast; and his union with his God was silent and self-contained.

"Life," as a well-known spiritual writer remarks, "is seldom so varied or so adventurous as to enable a man to unfold all that is in him. A creature who has got capabilities in him to live forever, can hardly have room in threescore years to do more than give specimens of what he might be and will be;" and if the dying apostle of St. Joseph's could have unfolded to his people in those last, solemn hours the *arcana* of the anteroom of Eternity, their grieving hearts would, doubtless, have been thrilled with the wonderful secrets of that privileged soul, the vision of the glory which awaited it, beyond the jeweled walls and the gates of pearl, in the streets of the Golden City.

On the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, June 4th, his confession was heard by Rev. Peter J. Blenkinsop, S. J., who also administered to him, early in the morning, the holy Viaticum and the sacrament of Extreme Unction. The congregation were assembled down-stairs in

the church at 8.30, hearing the Mass, and keeping the feast of the adorable Heart of the Man-God; and when Rev. Father Jordan announced to them their beloved Pastor's extremity,—young and old, men and women, white and colored, lifted up their voices, and wept unrestrainedly together.

Abroad in the fair June world! (the sweetest month of all our changing Philadelphia year!) the sun shone brightly in the busy streets, flowers bloomed in garden and field, and birds poured forth their joyous carols in the fresh, green trees,—but the dear old Father who had loved, like a second Francis of Assisi, sunshine, and flowers, and birds, (the blessed creatures of Him who is the glorious Source of all Light, and Sweetness, and Song,) lay dying in a darkened, silent room, with the pallor and sweat of dissolution upon his anointed brow.

After the last Mass, one of the Fathers was dispatched to the Cathedral to announce the approaching death to the Rt. Rev. Ordinary of the diocese. Father Barbelin was extremely dear to the episcopal heart; and when Bishop Wood learned that the spirit of his favorite Jesuit was hovering upon the confines of eternity, he announced his intention of visiting St. Joseph's at once. For this purpose, he proposed dismissing his Consultors who were with him at the time, in council. But good Father J— having assured him that the danger was not so imminent, the Bishop delayed long enough to conclude the business of the meeting, and then hastened to Willing's Alley, accompanied by his Chancellor and two of the leading priests of his diocese; and visited and blessed the dying son of St. Ignatius.

"None of us liveth to himself," says St. Paul, "and no man dieth to himself;" and the presence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop at St. Joseph's was the signal for like visits

of priests from all parts of the diocese. The holy sufferer had been the Confessor and spiritual director of the greater portion of them; and he was such a universal favorite, that they had been wont to give him a general *carte blanche* in parochial matters, ceding to him, with a sort of humorous good-nature, their own local prerogatives and perquisites; so that when they learned from time to time that the children of their respective parishes had been spirited away to St. Joseph's for baptism, they were often heard to exclaim with a laughing shrug of the shoulders: "O, it's *Father Barbelin!*" (In this way, he had baptized more babies than any other priest in Philadelphia.)

Now, they came flocking to his bedside full of love and sympathy,—until at last, the concourse of clerical visitors became so formidable, that admission to the death-chamber had to be reluctantly refused. Alas! he was no longer able to welcome the anxious throng of friends, no longer able to extend to them that cordial greeting, so full of gentle courtesy, which had given sunshine and sweetness to every little interview in the old, familiar room. He had passed beyond the rubicon of mere earthly interests; he was nearing the boundaries of the Unseen World, and although he was blindfolded yet a little, weary while, the veil was about to be lifted, and the Beatific Vision disclosed.

The deaths of detached souls are specially dear to God. "He loves," says a spiritual writer, "to have His creatures loose and unrooted"; and if, as is further remarked, "there is not a more wondrous earnest of a happy death than that rare sweetness of an uprooted, yet still blossoming, old age;" and if, "in all the gardens of the Church there is no blossom more heavenly than *that*," —how ineffably precious in the sight of the Lord must

have been the fragrant beauty of Father Felix Barbelin's detached and departing spirit!

On that same Friday evening of Bishop Wood's visit, (a day doubly devoted to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, inasmuch as it was the first Friday of the month, as well as the prescribed Feast of the Sacred Heart,)—the (then) Father Provincial, Very Rev. Angelo Paresce, S. J., arrived at St. Joseph's from Maryland, bringing with him with considerate forethought, a certain lay-Brother of the Society, so skilled in nursing, that he was regarded as an expert in the sick-room. This good Brother immediately assumed charge of the beloved invalid. But no earthly skill or care could long delay the inevitable approach of the destroying Angel.

There was, to be sure, a temporary improvement on Saturday; and on the next day (Sunday, June 6th,) eight hundred communions were offered up at St. Joseph's altar by his faithful people, imploring the Eternal Father through the merits of His only begotten and beloved Son, to avert from them the calamity of that dreaded death.

It seemed, at first, as if their united prayers had been heard and granted. That same afternoon, the taper of life gave out an evanescent, flaring flicker. For some hours, the decaying forces of nature seemed to rally; and when the vast Sunday School gathered, like a human hive, in the basement, it was announced to them all, that it was possible their beloved Father might yet recover.

"On the instant," says one of the Fathers, "a little boy's voice struck up '*Evviva Maria!*' (one of Father Barbelin's favorite canticles to our Blessed Lady); and never was there sweeter singing than that chorus of '*Evviva Maria, e Chi la creo,*' from a thousand scholars and teachers;—their innocent, loving hearts were on their tongues. Then followed unbidden, St. Felix's hymn, St.

Joseph's '*Vir fidelis*,' 'On this day, O beautiful Mother!'—until the Sunday School was turned into a concert of youthful praise, for a favor which God in His wisdom did not see fit to grant."

Alas!

> "As if a door in heaven should be
> Opened, and then closed suddenly,—
> The vision came and went,
> The light shone and was spent;"

and Monday morning shattered forever all those warm, bright hopes of the beloved one's recovery.

The internal abscess was ripening to suppuration, and the physicians in attendance, (who had been untiring in their efforts to save so valuable a life,) declared that the bursting of the imposthume involved the most critical issues,—everything depending upon the course taken by the discharge from the abscessed organ; if it burst *upward*, the consequences would be fatal.

Early on Monday morning, a marked change was visible in the venerated patient. Of his famous Founder, St. Ignatius Loyola, it was narrated, that in his last hours "he made no address to those gathered in his room, all of them in tears, but lay quite straight in his narrow bed, his eyes bright as ever, and looking upward with the aspect of one waiting"; but, although Father Barbelin spent the most of that solemn time, (as well,) in silent recollection and mental prayer,—even from his bed of death he preached one brief sermon on humility and religious deference for superiors, which can never be forgotten by those who heard it.

Mr. M. Quinn, (for many years secretary of St. Joseph's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul,—a post which, we believe, he still holds with ability and devoted zeal,) relates that whilst Father Barbelin lay in that critical

state, he and another young member of the Conference called at the Church, and were permitted as a special favor to enter the sick-room.

They found the beloved patient in a very sinking condition; and the Father Provincial (Paresce, S. J.) stood at the foot of his bed, gazing earnestly and tenderly upon his dying spiritual son. The latter recognized the gentlemen visitors—the young Secretary having been one of his favorites in the Conference. But he was too far spent to speak many words. At parting, one of the young men knelt by the bedside, and taking hold of the dear old hand that lay upon the sheet, strove to kiss it. Father Barbelin seemed abashed and confused at this act of homage in the presence of his Superior, and withdrawing his hand with a gentle but decided attempt at rebuke, he pointed to the foot of the bed, with the broken, gasping words: "The Provincial,—the Provincial!" as if to say: "If you wish to pay deference to any one here, let it be to the Very Rev. Father Provincial, who is to me the representative of our Lord Himself."

Father Paresce was deeply moved by the humility of his dying disciple; and, since the word of Eternal Truth assures us that "he who humbleth himself shall be exalted," the eye-witnesses of this touching scene relate, that the Father Provincial raising his hand, and pointing solemnly upward, bore open testimony to Father Barbelin's sanctity by these words: "*He will go straight to heaven!*"

The same sense of his own unworthiness, the same spirit of self-abasement, seemed to pervade all the last utterances of our dear, dying Jesuit. "During his last illness," said one who wrote a memorial sketch of him immediately after his decease: "he frequently spoke of his sisters, and of his brother, who, in his own words, was

doubly his brother when he joined the Society of Jesus. He spoke of them always as being very good—*all good but himself—he was bad.* He was ever lamenting his sins —his *unfaithfulness* as he termed it;—and during an illness some years before, he seemed to be dwelling upon his 'imperfect' life, when suddenly, his face became illuminated with joy, as he exclaimed, 'Oh Mary, my Mother! but I have loved *you*!' and his great faith in the intercession of the holy Mother of God entirely calmed him When told on Sunday last of the many prayers for his recovery, that were being offered up by his grief-stricken people, he said, 'No, tell them that God's will must be done; pray that God's will be done!'"

It is related of the celebrated Gerson, the theologian, that, when about to die, he became overwhelmed with those fears of the approaching judgment which have often struck terror to the holiest and purest of hearts. It seemed to him, in that cold, clear, piercing light of Eternity, that he was about to appear before God, destitute of all merits and good works. He trembled, thereupon, with such excessive dread, that the Fathers round his bed, (who knew his sanctity,) feared the Enemy might drive him to despair. They had recourse to a novel expedient to reassure him. Leading, into the death-chamber, a multitude of little orphans and poor pensioners whom his charity had fed, clothed, and sheltered for many years, they instructed them to file slowly past the bed of the dying man, and pass out through an opposite door. And, ever as the long procession of weeping and grateful dependents wound in and out the apartment, they cried aloud to the trembling occupant of the bed: "Look on *us*, John Gerson, and take courage!"

O, if in like manner, all the children and adults, all the poor and the sick and the afflicted ones, whom Father

Barbelin's zeal and charity had instructed, aided, and comforted, could have passed in grateful procession around *his* dying bed, crying out to him in their turn: "Look upon us, O beloved Father, and take courage!" —what shadow of fear or distrust could ever have fallen upon the sunshine of his fast-departing spirit? On the other hand, what one room of like modest proportions could ever have held the vast concourse of *his* spiritual children, the subjects of his hallowed ministrations for more than thirty years?

On Monday, June 7th, between 1.30 and 2 P. M., the condition of our cherished Father became so alarming, that all the reverend members of the household gathered around his couch, expecting each moment to witness the final agony. The last prayers were recited, and the last blessing given,—but emotions of tender grief so mastered those devoted Jesuits kneeling about their dying Superior, that the one who had undertaken to recite the solemn service, broke down, and became so choked with sorrow that another had to take up the interrupted prayers, and continue them with difficulty to their close.

Still, however, the panting spirit lingered in its tenement of clay. Although he might have cried out wistfully with St. Paul, "To me to die is gain!"—the hours wore slowly, painfully on, and found the holy man still waiting the last call of the Master.

Out in the fair, blue sky, the June sun was slowly, calmly setting,—the last sunset that should ever shed its golden splendor upon *his* living eyes. The balmy air stole in the open windows of the death-chamber freighted with fragrance, and, (like a soft, moaning shell,) full of subdued sounds from the dreamy summer world below. From the warm pleasant streets, from the cool dim alley,

musical echoes of far-off merriment float up to *one* silent, shadowy room.

> "It is only the children playing
> Below, now their work is done,
> And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
> With the rays of the setting sun."

But they are not *his* own little children, the darling lambs of his fold! Ah! no, while the gentle shepherd lay a-dying, his good faithful boys in one of the lower rooms, as well as the little girls in the Sister's Academy, were reciting the Rosary for their beloved Father, pouring forth their fervent prayers and tears in his behalf to the Blessed Mother he loved so well, *Consolatrix Afflictorum.*

That very morning, one of the Fathers had brought to his bedside, a large collection of beads, medals, &c.—and although then in his agony, and speechless, he was perfectly conscious, and blessed the devout articles for the last time.

And all day long, the corridors and stairs were thronged with old men and young, mingling their sobs and tears together; whilst in the lower passages, the groups of women and children whispered apart, and wept unrestrainedly. All hearts and ears were centered on the bulletins from the quiet chamber above. It was a new, sad experience for those devoted souls to weep and mourn alone, uncomforted by the Father who had never yet failed them in their afflictions. So universal and overwhelming were the manifestations of his people's grief, that the Father Provincial, for one, could endure it no longer. His tender Italian heart was so overcome by it all, that he was forced to withdraw from the residence before the final moment came.

As evening drew on, the congregation gathered in the church for the Novena-devotions in honor of the

Sacred Heart of Jesus. But, above stairs, a dim light burned in the silent death-chamber, and two watchers sat by the bedside of the dying servant of God. As his condition seemed unchanged since noon, the devoted Fathers had, one by one, departed to their several duties, leaving Rev. Father Duddy, S. J. and Brother O'Reilly, the infirmarian, to tend to the last wants of the holy sufferer.

The end was nearer than they dreamed.

While the good priest and Brother kept prayerful vigil by the death-bed, suddenly the dying man's head drooped forward, and sank slowly toward his breast. Then there came a singular sound, *like the snapping of a broken harp-string!*

> "The chord alone, that breaks at night,
> Its tale of ruin tells."

The imposthume on the liver had burst *upwards*,—and as the fatal, foaming stream forced itself between the pallid lips, lo! upon its tide, the pure, gentle, saintly spirit of FATHER FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN sped forth, forevermore, to the bosom of the God that gave it!

CHAPTER III.

FUNERAL RITES AT ST. JOSEPH'S, AND AT THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND ST PAUL.—FROM THE CATAFALQUE TO THE CEMETERY.

Father Barbelin was dead! The venerated Pastor of the old historic Church, the idolized Father of Pius IX's Philadelphia children, the heroic Apostle of the ancient Quaker City, had passed forever from the scene of his long and self-sacrificing labors.

But while kind, fraternal hands closed the dim blue eyes and wiped the death sweat from the cold brow,—the sad news yet remained to be broken to his devoted people. Down stairs, (in the dear old church he was never more to enter, save in death,) they were gathered around the familiar sanctuary, still odorous with the perfumes of his last, sweet presence. Sad-faced men and weeping women, young folks and children, white and colored, all kneeling, all praying to the hidden God and Saviour for support and consolation in the approaching hour of anguish.

For, after the Novena-prayers to the Sacred Heart had been recited, Rev. Father Ardia had turned to the afflicted people, and said with a tremulous voice: "Ask the crucified Heart of Jesus to help you bear what you will have to hear this night!" There were tears, then and smothered sobs; but just before the State House chimes rang forth the hour of eight, Father Jordan, appearing in their midst, with deep emotion announced to them the dreaded news. Their cherished Father was no more. They might weep, but he could not see; they might cry, but he could not hear; they might stretch forth their hands to him in longing, heart-broken appeal for help and instruction, for consolation and sympathy, but he could never, never, never come to them again! Ah! then the flood-gates of their grief were loosed:

> "——And from them rose
> A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
> And as it were one voice, an agony
> Of lamentation."

What a never-to-be-forgotten Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was that which followed! Father Ardia strove in vain to lift his voice for the "*Panem de Cœlo:*" and the choir, having struggled through the

Tantum ergo sacramentum, half-stifled with suppressed sorrow, heard, (as they sang of the Bread from heaven, "replenished with all sweetness,") the soft, silvery knell of St. Joseph's Church-bell announcing to the night-shadowed city abroad, the mournful news of Father Barbelin's death.

The muffled, dirge-like toll swept forth through the darkness, under the faint, glimmering, far-off stars, like a messenger of woe, finding an echo in many a loving, sorrowing heart, and telling to all (as a graceful writer of that period has said,) that: "In that evening hour, while the sweet, solemn strains of the Benediction hymn were rising from the church below, and the odor of incense floating through the corridors,—while the forms of his children were prostrate before the lighted altar, and their hearts were pouring out most fervent prayers for him,—the beloved Father, the faithful pastor, the saintly priest had expired."

On the sarcophagus of an ancient Archbishop of Ragusa, these words are said to be engraved: "*Bonis et mors et vita dulcis est*—to the good both life and death are sweet,"—but sweet and delightful as death in the Sacred Heart might be to our dear, departed Father, the news of his passing away was bitter enough to his bereaved, surviving children. So vast was the multitude that hastened at once to venerate his remains, that it was necessary to place a guard at the door of the parochial residence.

At 8.30 o'clock, on the morning of June 9th, a Mass of Requiem was sung at St. Joseph's, some of the principal musicians of the city forming the choir; and the altar-rails were thronged with communicants, all eager to offer their fervent suffrages for the beloved dead. The next day, another High Mass was sung, and numbers of

devout communions offered,—the tender love and zeal of the worshippers being intensified by the fact that the sacred remains of Father Barbelin were present in the Church, although, as yet, not exposed to view.

Towards noon of that same day, however, his blessed body was robed and arranged upon an elevated catafalque within the sanctuary, at the base of the familiar old pulpit, from which he had so often and so lovingly announced the glorious tidings of salvation. Even though cold and silent, he was still preaching in death, of closest union with Christ, of "the rest that remaineth unto the people of God" after the trials and tribulations of this miserable life are past; and of that celestial, shining City, which "needeth not sun nor moon to shine in it; for the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof."

"Placid and smiling, there lay the guide of our boyhood and our youth; the friend of our early and of our later manhood; and while the sweet music of his accents still lingered in our ears, we imagined we could hear him say; 'And now we will finish with some prayers to the Blessed Virgin—remember poor sinners, and the suffering souls!'" Thus wrote one of his own religious brethren.

Yes, there he lay in his own beloved sanctuary, on the very spot where he had so often knelt at the temporary shrine of his holy Founder, St. Ignatius of Loyola, whose faithful son he had been in time, and whose heavenly glory, (we trusted,) he was sharing that hour in Eternity. And while he tranquilly reposed, close to the altar of the Immaculate Mother he had loved and served so long and well,—the church-doors were flung wide to the mighty concourse that sought admittance to his bier.

O, then began an ovation to the holy servant of God, the bare remembrance of which, even at this late

date, cannot fail to dim the eyes with tears, and quicken the throbbings of the sympathetic heart. Protestants as well as Catholics, knelt on the platform, and *kissed his feet*,—those dear, suffering feet that had borne him to and fro, through so many eventful years, in the sacred cause of God and the salvation of immortal souls. "How beautiful the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace: of him that showeth for the good, that preacheth salvation." One gentleman, a Protestant judge, (beholding with wonder that strange and thrilling sight,) was heard to declare that "he (Father Barbelin) lay like a king in state, receiving the homage of his subjects." Dear king, blessed king, whose kingdom, like his Master's, was "not of this world,"—*his* crown was humility, his scepter, meekness, his throne, the hearts of the poor and suffering members of Christ!

"The crowds that visited the church during that gloriously-sad day," says an eye-witness, "were simply innumerable. They resembled the ocean-billows,—one gave way but to be followed by another. Still, owing to the admirable arrangements of the gentlemen of the Sodalities, Sunday-school, and Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, there was no disorder. It has been stated that, in that one day, *over one hundred thousand persons* were in a church that will not hold a thousand: and yet, not an incident occurred to distract the most devout. During the afternoon, various Sodalites and Confraternities visited the church, and sang their solemn strains. But the little ones seemed to think that, by right,"—(and methinks their dear, dead Father would have agreed with them!)—"belonged to *them* that sadly-pleasing duty; and if we had permitted it, they would have been but too happy to spend the afternoon there

raising their sweet little voices in 'O, pray for the dead,' or in

> 'O, turn to Jesus, Mother, turn,
> And call Him by His sweetest names;
> Pray for the holy souls that burn
> This hour amid the cleansing flames.'"

The Persian proverb says: "The moon looks on many flowers, the flowers see but one moon:" and these little, cherished flowers of old St. Joseph's spiritual garden, were missing sadly the tranquil moon of that holy life, which had so long shed light and joy upon their hearts.

When Rt. Rev. Bishop Wood was apprised of Father Barbelin's death, he at once expressed the desire that his venerated remains might be conveyed to the Cathedral, so that, (apart from his personal craving to receive, as it were, under his own roof, the body of his beloved friend,) a larger space might be obtained for the solemn obsequies, and a better opportunity afforded the universal homage of our city to its dead apostle.

But St. Joseph's people refused to yield up the precious corse of their pastor, until they had first performed the funeral rites at his own best-beloved shrine,—and could go with him on his last journey.

Accordingly, on the morning of June 11th, (being the octave of the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus,) the propitiatory Sacrifice of the Mass was again offered up for the soul of him, who had so often officiated in that sacred spot, but whose body was about to be borne forth forever from its hallowed precincts, to the solemn bourn whence no traveller returns.

Before the dawn of that eventful summer day, as early as between three and four o'clock, the crowd of mourners began to gather in the dark quadrangle, waiting entrance to the church. When the throng had in-

creased to a vast number, admittance was granted, and the little temple was filled with weeping, sobbing people, who remained kneeling and praying in an agony of grief and desolation, all through the many Masses that rapidly succeeded each other at the several altars.

Shortly after eight o'clock, A. M., the funeral cortege slowly moved from St. Joseph's,—the dense crowd that had congregated in Willing's Alley, falling back in order to allow it to pass.

"It was a sad sight," says one of the local papers of the time, "it was a sad sight to many, to behold their beloved Pastor borne out for the last time from the church where he had ministered for over thirty years. There were some who, as little children, had received the regenerating waters of Baptism from the hands of Father Barbelin. Later in life, they knelt by his side in the confessional; and received from him the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. Still later in life, they came to ask him to bless their union by the Sacrament of Matrimony. All wore a look of subdued sorrow, mingled with that of hope at his happy release from his earthly sufferings, and his present happiness in the world beyond the grave."

As the long procession moved slowly up Walnut Street to Eighteenth, *en route* to the Cathedral, an incident occurred of so sacred and touching a character, that it cannot help but recall to our readers similar events in the lives of the canonized saints.

Two persons, who were bitter enemies, and had not spoken to each other for years, were standing at the corner of Fourth and Walnut Streets, as the funeral train approached. The lid had been removed from the coffin, and through the glass enclosure of the hearse, the face and form of our beloved Father Barbelin were distinctly visible,

The two enemies on the sidewalk beheld him coming towards them,—the meek old face, in its pure, placid repose, breathing from every lineament the sweetness of divine love, the celestial sweetness of that peace which passeth all understanding. The dead, smiling lips seemed still to preach to them the gospel of forgiveness and fraternal charity.

Their hearts dissolved within them; the last vestige of resentment and malice melted away, like ice beneath a genial, summer sun, and as the silent Apostle of Philadelphia was borne past them, westward through the sunny, fragrant street, the ancient enemies, (*now* friends forever more,) drew close to each other among the weeping throng, and gazing lovingly into each other's eyes, clasped hands.

"and kissed again with tears."

Even in death, the gentle lover of the Sacred Heart of Jesus had continued *Its* chosen and blessed work of reconciling those who were at variance. "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

To the Philadelphia *Catholic Standard* of June 19th, 1869, we are indebted for the subjoined account of the imposing ceremonies at the Cathedral on the occasion of Father Barbelin's obsequies,—an account of which we avail ourselves all the more gladly and gratefully, since, at that time, the writer was absent from the city, and, therefore, unable to record the facts from personal observation.

After some preliminary remarks upon the funeral rites at old St. Joseph's, and the passage of the solemn cortege from the church to the streets, the *Standard* goes on to say:

THE PROCESSION

moved slowly up Walnut street, to Eighteenth, and along Eighteenth to the Cathedral. We are happy to say that along the streets through which it passed, the shutters of many houses were bowed, as a mark of respect and esteem for the deceased, who was revered not only by Catholics, but by all who knew him, whether of his faith or otherwise. The funeral cortege moved in the following order:

Society of Christian Doctrine.

Male children of St. Joseph's Sunday School, in charge of their teachers.

Pupils of St. Joseph's Academy, Locust street, in charge of the Sisters.

Female children of St. Joseph's Sunday School, in charge of their teachers.

Young Girls of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Joseph's Church.

Young Men of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Joseph's Church.

Old Gentlemen of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Joseph's Church.

Students of St. Joseph's College.

Delegations from St. Vincent de Paul's Society as follows: Cathedral Conference; St. Paul's Conference; St. Augustine's Conference: St. Philip's; St. Teresa's; St James'; St. Malachi's; St. Michael's; St. Patrick's; St. Agnes', of West Chester, and St. Francis'.

Congregation of St. Joseph's Church.

Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, of St. Joseph's Church.

Catholic Philopatrian Literary Institute.

THE HEARSE

was enclosed with plate glass, surmounted with tall black

plumes, and drawn by a span of fine black horses. The remains were exposed to view as the funeral passed along, and the solemnity of the occasion was thereby greatly increased. Some of the young men of St. Joseph's Sodality surrounded the funeral-car, and acted as a guard of honor.

Following the hearse were carriages containing the assistant priests of the late pastor, Rev. Fathers Jordan, Blenkinsop, Ardia, Duddy, Sorrentini, A. M., and Stonestreet.

AT THE CATHEDRAL.

The head of the funeral procession reached the Cathedral at about twenty minutes after nine, yet its end had hardly emerged from Willing's Alley. The procession entered the Cathedral by the main entrance, and proceeded up the middle aisle, where seats were assigned to the members of the different associations by a number of the members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, under the able direction of Mr. W. J. Power.

Arrived at the Cathedral, the body of the deceased was placed upon an elevated bier, prepared by Mr. Simon Gartland, who performed the duties of undertaker on this occasion. All the preliminary arrangements having been concluded, the Rev. Clergy commenced the holy Office for the Dead, Rev. Thomas Francis and Rev. Francis P. O'Neil acting as Cantors. The solemn *Benedictus* at the close of the Office was beautifully rendered by a number of priests and seminarians. The Office for the Dead being over, the

PONTIFICIAL MASS OF REQUIEM

was sung by Right Rev. James F. Wood, D.D., Bishop of Philadelphia, assisted by Rev. Charles H. Stonestreet, S.J., as Assistant Priest; Very Rev. M. A. Walsh, V.G.,

and Very Rev. James O'Connor, D.D., as Deacons of Honor; Rev. Thomas Francis as Deacon, Rev. James E. Mulholland, as Sub-deacon, and Rev. A. J. McConomy and Rev. Thomas F. Mullen, as Masters of Ceremonies."

All this while, the sacred remains of Father Barbelin clothed in his clerical vestments, and with a golden chalice and paten in his hands, reposed upon a magnificent catafalque, surrounded by pedestals of marble, rich vases of natural flowers, beautiful candelbra, and rows of lighted tapers. At the head of the coffin, stood an ivory crucifix.

The solemn Mass being concluded, the orator of the occasion ascended the pulpit to preach the long-expected funeral sermon. This was Rev. Dr. Michael O'Connor, S.J., himself a remarkable man with an unusual history; the first Catholic Bishop of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Dr. O'Connor had voluntarily resigned the mitre and crozier to become an humble and obscure son of St. Ignatius of Loyola. He is since deceased in the odor of sanctity, but his younger brother, Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, is the present Bishop of Nebraska.

Dr. Michael O'Connor was a man of profound mind and singular erudition, but simple and humble, withal, as a little child. He was a devoted friend of Father Barbelin, and his discourse at his funeral was as follows:

SERMON BY REV. DR. M. O'CONNOR, S.J.

"The patient man is better than the valiant, and he who ruleth his spirit than he who taketh a city."—*Proverbs* xvi, 3.

"Thought of honors would seem to be nowhere so much out of place as in the presence of death. Death, above all, shows us the vanity of human things. The proudest of men, and the greatest of their undertakings, disappear before it, and show themselves but as bub-

bles rising on the ocean of eternity and sinking into it to be seen and heard of no more.

"Yet the feeling that leads us to do honor to the dead, to speak of their persons,—like all other feelings, is most natural for a legitimate object. This can be found only in an homage to which virtue is entitled, in the well founded Christian conviction that virtue is beyond the assaults of death; that it remains, notwithstanding the other ravages of this monster, and that it tends to the enjoyment of those rewards, due to the works that follow the faithful Christian even beyond the portals of death. He, therefore, who relies on this virtue, is the only one acting under the dictates of true wisdom.

"In this sense, first of all, are the words of my text true. Better is the patient man (whom we may take as a specimen of the truly virtuous man in every department); better is the patient man than the valiant, and he that ruleth his own spirit than he who taketh a city.

"But, even in this world, notwithstanding the crosses which, in one form or another, it is doomed to bear, virtue is calculated to secure a more solid and a more lasting honor than any mere natural advantage. It is this that has called forth the feelings which, in this great city, have been so extensively manifested at the departure of him around whose remains we stand; it is this, that has called out this multitude, that has brought together this outpouring of persons from every class, from every grade of society, to express the honor with which they cherish his memory.

"It is his virtues, not his natural or any accidental qualities, that have caused this homage to be paid to him. Even in this sense, therefore we may also say that better is the patient man, better is the truly virtuous man, better is the condition of the true Christian, than that of the

mighty, than that of the valiant, than that of the rich, than that of the powerful. And honors may be paid, perhaps, more marked by external splendor; scarcely could they be paid, evincing a deeper or more sincere love and esteem.

"It is virtue that has called forth this homage, and while I feel entirely inadequate to explain to you fully the details of that amiable character, I know that your feelings demand an expression of that kind on this occasion.

"I regret, indeed, that it has fallen to the lot of one to become the organ of your feelings, whose words may be suspected of partiality on account of my connection with him, but, beloved brethren, you all know, that whatever I say on this occasion is not the expression of sentiments conceived in such closer connection, but that they are the expression of feelings equally entertained when I had no other bond of unity than a common faith and a common ministry.

"You will admit this all the more, when nothing will or can be said that would not have been said equally by any of the worthy clergy here assembled, if it is not the expression of your own feelings. Indeed, it is little more than a mighty demonstration to speak of the person of this good Father, whose character is familiar to you all. His character is well-known, is familiar in every household, in every Catholic household at least, (and in many households that are not Catholic,) in this vast city, and I am sure that anything said in his praise would not even come up to that of which we are all convinced It is for the purpose of strengthening us all in this attachment to that virtue, to that holiness and love for which he was so distinguished,—for which he labored, and labored so effectually, to infuse into all amongst the thousands and tens of thousands that knew him. There is not one who may

not relate many proofs of his virtue; there is not one who does not entertain for him respect united with affection; there is not one, I will venture to say, who remembers word or deed of his in which they can point, or would point, to anything but what charity, or what the purest of virtue, would prompt. When we speak of him, therefore, it is merely to refresh our memories in what all know, to strengthen the principles that were so dear to him, and so well illustrated in his long life.

"Father Barbelin was born, as you are aware, in France, in the town of Lunéville, and the province of Lorraine. He was brought up in a pious, Christian family, as was evinced by the career of virtue in which not only he himself engaged, but to which almost all the members of that pious family have dedicated themselves.

"Having selected the ecclesiastical state, he pursued his preparatory course in the seminaries of his native land; and at about the age of twenty-two, he resolved to emigrate to this country. He met with great opposition from a beloved mother, who could not bear the idea of being separated from him; separated from him, not only by distance, but by that greater separation which would result from his becoming a member of the Society of Jesus; and the young man, however ardent to labor for the glory of God, was most unwilling to give pain to a mother whom he esteemed and loved so truly; but failing in every effort to reconcile her to his undertaking, he had recourse to another Mother who reigns and watches over us all in heaven. He recommended himself and his earthly mother to *her* powerful intercession; begging of her to obtain from her Divine Son the grace for him and for her to carry out willingly God's holy will.

"He made for this purpose a Novena, in honor of the Immaculate Conception, and he was surprised on the day

on which this Novena closed, without any renewal of his entreaties, that his mother herself came to announce to him her consent to his project, and bid him God-speed in his glorious work.

"He then immediately started for the United States. And what think you, beloved brethren, brought him here? Was it the teeming fertility of our country? Was it any of the brilliant prospects that seemed to be opened to those who felt that they had some power within them? Was it the enjoyment of the liberties that were admired throughout the civilized world? No, beloved brethren! None of these things were the cause of the preference of the young Levite for the United States.

"He came here, because he thought that it was the surest and swiftest road by which he could go and dedicate himself to the service of the savage Indians that wandered through our forests. He wished to dedicate himself to this mission, and he thought if he entered the Society of Jesus in Europe, it would be more difficult to attain his object; and therefore, he entered the Society in a place where he thought it would be more easy to accomplish his purpose.

"But while God, no doubt, looked with complacency on the devotedness of His servant, He used this intention for another purpose. Saul, seeking for his father's asses, was led to the prophet that anointed him as King of Israel. Father Barbelin, aiming at the evangelization of the savages of the West, was led by God to spend himself, and be spent, in one of the most populous and polished cities of this continent. Having been received here into the Society of Jesus, and completed his ecclesiastical studies in September, 1835, he was ordained priest at Georgetown, and two years later, that is in September, 1837, he was appointed to the church of St. Jo-

seph in this city, where he has since spent his life in the manner with which you are all familiar.

"You know how fervent he was, how devoted, and how foremost in every good work. The promise he had made at the altar, when he was first admitted as a cleric, marked his career through life. Then it was that he took the Lord for the portion of his inheritance and his cup. He looked to the Lord, and to Him alone, to recover his inheritance, and you who have witnessed his career in this city during the last two and thirty years, will be able to bear testimony that he was faithful to his engagements.

"To speak of his occupation in detail, would be but to paint a faithful priest seeking God, first of all, in his labors, and for God's sake, seeking the welfare of every class of men. But there are some points on which his zeal was so marked and manifest that it would be injustice to him,—it would be, I am sure, doing violence to you,—were one to refrain from making some special remarks on them. First of all, that for which he was distinguished, in which he stood out, I may say, in a special manner amongst his brethren, was his devotedness to children; his love for them; his labors for them; his success in winning their esteem, their affection, and thus leading them to the Lord in that little church of St. Joseph. It was a wonder to see the crowds that his zeal had drawn around him. No Sunday passed by on which he was not surrounded by from 1,500 to 2,000 children, and in the glow of their countenances, in the fond fervor with which they would hang upon his words, and look upon his well-known face, in the affection with which they would gaze on him, you could see proofs of the zeal and of the success with which he labored for their welfare.

"He labored for them because he loved them. He saw in them, souls regenerated to God; he saw in them, souls for which Jesus Christ died; he saw in them, and he felt the beauty of, that first innocence uncontaminated by the touch of vice; and he spared no labors to hedge that innocence around, and preserve it from everything that could tarnish its purity, giving it strength and power to control and contract the passions of more mature age.

"In the instruction of youth there is no other element so powerful as that of love. When there is love—true love for the child—the child will soon discover it. The child will soon feel sympathy for one that loves him; and when this love is based upon God—when it is animated by virtue, and accompanied with what experience and sound judgment will prompt, it will prove an irresistible lever in the training of the child. This was the true secret of Father Barbelin's influence with children, and you all know how great that was. They would flock around him, they would listen to everything that it pleased him to suggest, they would study for him,—they found him a part in their very amusements, like him, they would apply themselves sedulously to the practice of virtue in the time intervening between the recital of their lessons. They were devoted to him, and everywhere this devotedness would show itself in a most unmistakable manner.

"I recollect seeing him in one of the interior parishes of the country, where he undertook to instruct some children who had come from a distance to prepare for Confirmation. These poor children, in the beginning, seemed struck with awe, and hardly dared to speak. But the countenance beaming with joy and affection, or the tenderness expressed in his words and in his whole deport-

ment seemed to thaw the coldness of their first gaze, and you could see the countenances of those children opening by degrees, as if something had dawned on their horizon.

"During the time of the riots in this city, he, like others, tried to disguise himself, to be able to avoid giving the many evil-disposed persons that were then so numerous, an occasion of offering an insult; but it was in vain for him to try to disguise himself; wherever he went, under any disguise, his children would everywhere meet him, and in their shouts, their joy, and their unconsciousness of danger, would soon betray him, who might have succeeded in concealing himself from others.

"A remarkable instance of the impression that he had made on the hearts of his children, was given one day in this city, when a poor child had wandered away from his home; the child lost himself, and when several came and offered their services to attend him, he was unable to tell where his home was. He knew neither the street, nor direction, nor anything that could guide them. They asked him the name of his parents,—he could not remember it. They asked him his own name, but with like results. He could remember nothing that would be a guide to those who offered to conduct him home. A lady, at last, asked him in despair, was there any one at all that he knew in this city? Any one, whose name he could give? And the child cried out, "I know Father Barbelin!" He had forgotten father and mother, he had forgotten his own name, but the name of his dear Father Barbelin was so engraven on his heart, that this was the first thing that came uppermost, and secured his return to his family.

"As he loved children so he loved all classes. He labored to implant and develop virtue in their souls.

It was he who, first of all, commenced those Sodalities in this city, which bring so much joy to the hearts of every one interested in the spiritual welfare of the people; gathered together the young of both sexes, and, speaking to them, engaged them in these societies, where, after the training of youth, they form their character, so as to give direction to their whole future life. Oh! what a blessing it is for them, at that critical period, to be united under the patronage of our Blessed Mother, to have her beautiful character held up to them for their imitation—that character which, amongst all pure creatures, is the most perfect, which brings down and nearer to us, I might say, the great perfections, displayed by her Son, exhibiting them in a creature like ourselves. What a blessing at that critical period of life, to have formed their characters on such a model as this!

"This work commenced by our worthy friend, was established with so much vigor in the little church of St. Joseph, that it was carried throughout the various parishes into the Catholic population of the city; and it was refreshing to see the beaming joy of Catholic devotion in their countenances, and to see the chief source from which it was fed. I remember, on one occasion particularly, when this good man was unable through sickness even to stand on the floor. But yet, a celebration of his Sodality was coming on, and he could not absent himself from it. He was brought down in men's arms into the sanctuary and there, clothed in the richest vestments of the church, he sat, and continued to sit, several hours, delighted to hear the songs of his beloved Sodality; and while they were singing the praises of God, you could not fail to see the glances they would turn to their beloved Father, delighted in seeing him partake of their joy.

"It was this earnestness of his virtue that lent strength

to these Sodalities, which has spread itself and their influence through the length and breadth of this city, and gives so much joy to every one interested in its welfare. You all remember the occasion on which your respected Bishop invited these Sodalities to come to this Cathedral, a few days after its consecration, and who could have witnessed its spacious nave and aisles on that night filled in all its parts by those who had thus dedicated themselves to the practice of the highest virtues, and not feel his heart flowing over with pleasure at a spectacle so well calculated to give joy to every human heart?

"And, no doubt, your beloved Bishop looks upon this as a great consolation—as a great crown of the labors and sacrifices to which he had devoted himself in the erection of this noble building. And, as in these things, so I may say in everything else, Father Barbelin was ever prominent. It was he who first of all introduced those Rosary Societies, that have also been taken up by the zealous clergy of this city; and which are so well calculated to spread abroad the sweet odor of Christian piety; so in every good work;—he was not anxious to take the first part, but his zeal was frequently the means of suggesting it. Thus, in that noble hospital which is such an ornament to this city,* so creditable to the spirit of charity that reigns in it. It was, I may say, entirely prompted by him. I remember being at the first meeting that was held for this purpose. I happened to be in this city by chance on that day; it was before the ship fever had made its ravages felt in the lower part of the city.

"When amongst the poor emigrants, and those who came in contact with them, this pestilence was stalking abroad and desolating many and many a house-

*St. Joseph's Hospital.

hold, (in some houses there were no less than fifty persons struck by its pestilential influence,) Father Barbelin did everything to come to their relief, he called around him various excellent men and women, who, catching the spirit of zeal by which he was permeated, devoted themselves to the good work. Several of the ladies gave themselves up to the service of the persons afflicted by the fever, and thus struggled with it through the chief period of its ravages. But he was not satisfied with relieving their temporary wants; for, before their zeal abated, he called them together and proposed the establishment of a hospital that would be conducted by Catholic Sisters, thus giving stability to that spirit of charity by which he was animated; and the work was soon done by the clergy and laity of the city. Thus it is to Father Barbelin and to his exertions, we may say, that the good work owed its impulse.

"He was devoted to its interests, but he was devoted to his duty and the service of the people in every department of his ecclesiastical work. He showed his love of the faithful, he was ever ready to hear them, he was ever ready to sympathize with them. He was devoted to the confessional, he was devoted to the altar, he was most assiduous in ever performing the highest functions of the priesthood,—in celebrating the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, with a devotion that imparted itself to all who were present, not once, but over and over again. I have seen him when he was unable to stand, brought down in men's arms and placed in the confessional, and there, suffering under the most painful disease, would he sit and listen to the confessions of all those who approached him. And suffering under disease, he would be brought frequently in like manner, to the altar, and able to stand only on one foot, he would bear it all rather than renounce the privi-

lege and the satisfaction of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. He would suffer, and suffer with patience, without a sigh, or, at least, with no sign but what nature forced from him, for in the midst of some sighs that were for him compulsory, you could always see the tranquil spirit upraised to the cross which his Heavenly Father was pleased to place before him.

"His physicians declare that his last sickness was much aggravated, and his death hastened, by the fact of his celebrating Mass, last Wednesday week, when disease had so reduced him as to make even the labor of standing at the altar, one attended with serious consequences. And so weak was he, that many who were present at the celebration of that Mass, were frequently on the point of rushing up to hold him, lest he should fall at the altar itself. But he stood it out, and resolved to omit no occasion of celebrating Mass, when by any exertions he could accomplish it. He not only celebrated Mass, but, (what he might have dispensed with, with much greater ease) he went around and gave Communion to nearly two hundred persons who then desired to receive it. Thus, during his whole life, he was devoted to duty at whatever cost, seeking God and God alone, and in Him, seeking the welfare of his people.

"He was affable to such a degree, that no one can remember ever hearing a harsh word from him, a word that could cause pain to any one. It was thus that by his virtue he obtained that place in the hearts of the people of this city, of which we have seen the proof, and now see the proof on this solemn occasion.

"He was esteemed by persons of all classes; the highest knew him, the poorest loved him. He was esteemed by the learned and by the simple, by the old and the young. And this, in consequence of no great natural ability, for,

as I said before, it was not for this that he was distinguished. He had, indeed, all the solid information that enabled him to discharge the duties of his station with success. He had all the information and the learning that were necessary, and his opinion was always entitled to, and enjoyed, respect. But he had not those brilliant qualities that dazzled, that attracted attention. What he accomplished, he accomplished purely through the strength and power of his virtue. His conversation, and even his sermons, were of the most familiar character; they never sank to a degree that would bring disgrace upon his ministry, or render ridiculous the discharge of his duty, but they seemed almost to reach the very verge of what would have this effect; it was only the power of virtue, expressing itself in the most familiar, simple, and touching language, that gave him so much influence with the hearts of all.

"Thus, in this sense, we might say of him, that the virtuous man is better than the valiant; true zeal will be more effectual in producing lasting and important results in his ministry, than the most brilliant qualities when not accompanied by it. It was by virtue, and by this alone, that he endeared himself to the souls of so many, and therefore, we should learn from this, how great, how praiseworthy, these virtues are, in this respect, beloved brethren; for, while you are all here assembled to do honor to his memory, I propose to you his example. You can all, in your respective spheres, imitate his virtues; you can, too, like him, love God ardently, and, for God's sake, love those with whom you are brought into contact.

"And to my brethren of the clergy, I would say in a special manner, we ought not to allow this occasion to

pass without refreshing ourselves in the remembrance of that with which we are intrusted.

"Let us, like our venerable friend, try to entertain great love for God and his people. Let us labor for them without cessation, and thus we will accomplish the great end of our ministry. If God places other talents or other abilities at our disposal; let us make all subservient to this great purpose, and then the sphere of our usefulness will be enlarged. O, let us guard against considering any thing as above, or even equal to, this. Though we know this great truth, we cannot too often refresh ourselves in its recollection.

"And how much more, beloved brethren of the laity, when, on an occasion like this, we see and feel, I may say, the vanity of the vices of this world, when we see how death shivers the brightest prospects, and shows the nothingness of all that men's hearts can attach themselves to in this world,—how much should we learn to value virtue, and learn that this alone survives the shocks of death. While, outwardly, you may all be engaged in your affairs, worldly pursuits, yet you should value this wisdom, that leads us to know and remember God's holy will, more than any thing else which this world can give. You may succeed in obtaining worldly goods, but a day will come when all will be taken from you; a day will come, when you will go before the judgment-seat of God to receive the reward of your works. O! may that day bring you, as we trust it has brought our beloved friend, to eternal happiness with God, who, taking an account of our works, will know if we have been faithful to the trust reposed in us.

"Oh! how dreadful it would be if, having labored for every thing else, we had forgotten that which alone is important!

"While we study these important lessons for ourselves and speak in praise of him who has departed, let us not confine ourselves to mere admiration.

"O! beloved brethren, however we may hope that he has seen God in joy, yet even the saints must remember that if they say we have not sinned the truth is not in them. Even the best have their frailties, which must be expiated fully, before they are found worthy to enter into that Heaven wherein that which is defiled cannot have place; even the slightest stains of sin will retard their entrance, yet such may be found in the holiest of souls. If we feel we owe to our dear friend a debt of gratitude, let us endeavor to pay it, at least by offering up our prayers for his speedy deliverance. He may stand in need of our prayers; he may yet have to suffer for some frailties contracted in the flesh, and yet receive great benefit through that bond of union which God has established between all of the members of His Church, whether in Heaven or on earth. In their career of purification, it is in our power to help them. Let us show our gratitude for what he has done by thus offering up prayers for his relief. Let us offer our good works for him, which will thus have the double effect of doing good to him, and of doing good unto us also. If in this manner and in this spirit, we attend his funeral, then, beloved brethren, it will be an occasion of advantage to us all.

"And let us impress on our minds with special energy, this day, that we may all serve our God and be the means of saving our souls; for, in fact, better is the patient man than the valiant; better is he who ruleth his own spirit than he who taketh a city."

THE ABSOLUTION.

Immediately after the sermon, the Rt. Rev. Celebrant and his attendants proceeded to the bier, and performed the absolution of the body, the choir, in the meantime, singing the prescribed psalms.

The spacious sanctuary of the Cathedral was thronged with Rt. Rev. and Rev. participants in the solemn ceremonies,—clerical representatives being present not only from all parts of our own diocese, but, also, from those of Louisville, (Kentucky,) District of Columbia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Scranton, Wilmington, and Newark,—making in all, about one hundred clergymen.

After entering into detail upon the mortuary rites, and the beautiful and appropriate music which added so much to the completeness of the sacred services, the *Catholic Standard* remarks in conclusion:

"From the Cathedral, the funeral cortege proceeded to St. Joseph's Cemetery, where all that remained of the good and saintly Father Barbelin was consigned to the grave, in the presence of an immense concourse of people. Father Barbelin is no more, but the remembrance of his virtues will long survive him, and those who lament his demise will find their only consolation in the religion he taught. Far from the sepulchre of his fathers repose the ashes of the great and good Father Barbelin; but his grave is not as among strangers, for it is watered by the tears of an affectionate flock, and his memory is cherished by all who value instruction, honor virtue, or love devotion. May he rest in peace!"

Beloved Father, venerated old friend, may he, indeed, rest in sweetest, holiest peace! Under the shadow of the cross, in the peaceful, grassy grave-yard, surrounded by the ashes of his religious brethren, and of a vast multitude of his spiritual children, the gentle old

apostle of Philadelphia reposes in the consecrated bosom of mother earth, waiting the judgment-Angel's welcome call.

In the annals of another blessed servant of God, (Francis Patrizii,) it is related that forty years after his death, there sprang from his mouth a most beautiful lily, on whose snowy petals the *Hail Mary* was written in letters of gold. When St. Joseph's children gather on some future *Decoration Day* around dear Father Barbelin's tomb, there to sing their hymns, and breathe their prayers, and scatter their lovely, odorous flowers,—who would marvel if they should discover springing from *his* sacred dust, some wondrous, snow-white blossom, on whose lily-leaves their tear-dimmed eyes might read the olden, golden legend: "*Jesus, Mary and Joseph, we give you our hearts and our souls!*"

After his obsequies, Rt. Rev. Bishop Wood is said to have remarked: "If this Cathedral had been built for this occasion alone, the money would have been well expended;" and on the day after the funeral, one of the Jesuits at St. Joseph's, meeting a leading minister of the Episcopalian persuasion, the latter took occasion to say: "Father, there was no need of a sermon in the Cathedral yesterday,—the sight of those children was eulogy enough for any one man!"

CHAPTER IV.

HOMAGE TO THE SAINTED DEAD AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AT the first favorable opportunity after Father Barbelin's death, the news of that sad, yet edifying, event was conveyed by the Very Rev. Angelo Paresce, to the head of the Society of Jesus at Rome. The original document was doubtless in Italian; but, having been translated into French,—(we presume, for the consolation of the surviving relatives and friends of the deceased,)—a portion of it has been again translated into English, and intrusted to the writer of this Memoir, with permission to publish. We, therefore, take pleasure in inserting it here, for the benefit of our readers.

A. M. D. G.

Extract from a letter of Very Rev. Father Paresce, Provincial of Maryland, to our most Rev. Father General.

"The 8th of this month (June,) the Rev. Felix Joseph Barbelin passed away to a better life; his death was that of the just,—calm and tranquil, with heavenly smiles on his lips. Although his agony lasted seven hours, and he had lost the power of speech, his consciousness remained until the last. His death caused general mourning throughout the city of Philadelphia,—priests and people rivaled each other in paying him the greatest respect. His Lordship, the Rt. Rev. Bishop, insisted that his funeral should take place at the Cathedral. His corpse was exposed for a day and a half in our church, the concourse of people being immense, and continued from five o'clock in the morning until near midnight. The doors could not be closed, the crowd outside was such as to prevent egress from the church; but, at last, the portals being closed, and those inside, shut in the church until the

door in the yard and that in the street were clear, then the multitude was allowed to pass through the sacristy. The following morning, at 8.30 o'clock, a long and solemn procession, composed of all classes of society,—men, women, rich and poor, boys and girls of all ages, priests, and religious Sisters of different orders,—left our church to follow the body to the Cathedral. It was conveyed and exposed to view in a beautiful hearse drawn by four black horses engaged by the people, (*qui per modum facti.*) who conducted the funeral, not allowing the interference of any one. Several houses on the route were draped in mourning. In the Cathedral, the body was placed on a catafalque. Ninety-five priests and seventy seminarians sang the Office for the Dead, with great solemnity; after which Father O'Connor pronounced the funeral oration, the Bishop giving the last absolution at the bier. When all was finished, the procession conveyed the remains to the Cemetery, accompanied by the Bishop, who pronounced the final benediction at the grave. The ceremonies lasted from 8 o'clock a m until 4.30 p. m. God be praised who honors His servants in life and death! Rev. Father Barbelin was a man of great piety, tender devotion, and untiring zeal. During the last years of his life, in the winter months, he was confined to his room or chair by agonizing pains from gout, but nevertheless, he insisted on being carried to the confessional, and there he remained, (without moving,) hearing confessions for eight consecutive hours. The greatest gift he had received from God was the art of winning the hearts of the young, both girls and boys. His death, to us, is a great loss; to him, a great gain; he had his purgatory here, in suffering for ten or twelve years with patience and resignation.

"JUNE 25th, 1869."

Prior to Father Paresce's letter to the Most Rev. Father General of the Society, the following memorial lines had been indited to the Mother House of the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, at Paris, by Sister Mary Gonzaga, the venerable Sister-Servant who has been for more than half a century the mother of St. Joseph's Female Orphanage at Seventh and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia. (Sister Gonzaga's letter was written, in French, the very day Father Barbelin died).

"Phila., St. Joseph's Asylum, June 8th, 1869.

"My dear Sister:

"When you last wrote me you mentioned that good Sister Barbelin was uneasy at the silence of her brother. He was seriously ill last year; his condition becoming since then more aggravated, the end of May, this year, he succumbed. Notwithstanding his illness, he continued to offer the holy sacrifice of Mass until his sixty-first birthday, May 30th; only, at the time of Communion on that day, he was obliged to sit down, whilst another priest administered communion to upwards of six hundred children and others, who never failed to offer their tribute of loving prayers for their father on his feast-day.

"Friday, June 4th, by the advice of the doctor, he received the last sacred rites of the Church; and the following Sunday, eight hundred communions were offered for his restoration to health. His dear sister cannot imagine how much he was beloved by every one; I beg of you to communicate to her this pleasing news.

"June 9th. My letter not being mailed, I can add that, last night between 7.30 and 8 o'clock, Father Barbelin's pure soul went to heaven to receive the reward of his labors and virtues. I have every reason to believe that Sister Barbelin will be advised of the sad event by the

Society of which this worthy priest was so cherished a member.

"SISTER MARY GONZAGA."

Poor little Emilie, tender-hearted *Sœur Marie*, the pet sister and godchild of the dear, dead Felix, it was not long before the sorrowful news reached her in her far off, Parisian orphanage. We will let her tell us, herself, (as she told her brother Xavier,) the manner in which she received the sad announcement, as well as what were the sweet sources of her hope and consolation in that most trying hour.

"*House of the Holy Childhood of Mary.*

"PARIS, June 27th, 1869.

"Dear and beloved brother;

"I have just returned from the Community, where I learned very sad news, Sister Grand, (whom you know,) notified me that she wished to speak to me. On entering her presence, she told me she was about to demand a great sacrifice of me. After talking a little further, she asked me if it had been long since I had received news from my sainted brother in America, if I knew that his illness was serious, and so on. All this, made me guess the sad reality; she acknowledged, at last, that our dear Felix had gone to join our sainted parents in heaven; he died on the 8th of this month. I send you the translation of a passage from a letter, written by one of our Sisters in America to one of the Sisters here. Mother, who loves and respects our brother as her own brother, having been educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where Felix went often to hear confessions,—has repeated, again and again, the good our dear brother had done in America, and how much he was beloved by all.

I see, once more, in this sad circumstance the kindness of all our Sisters, each one coming in turn to offer me a word of consolation. I confess, my dear friend, that notwithstanding the fact that I did not know our good brother personally, I feel his loss most sensibly, which makes me imagine what you will feel, if the good Fathers in America have not already advised you of his death. Let us pray that God will soon admit him to that beautiful heaven where he will be happy with our venerated parents. He will pray for the success of your work. . . . . Our little children will have a Mass said for Felix, without any one suggesting it to them. They count the days that separate them from the Retreat. Adieu, good and beloved brother; I will write to our sisters the painful news. I hope the combined prayers of so many will obtain for him peace and mercy, and that his prayers will unite the family in heaven. The two eldest of our household are with father and mother. Let us endeavor to follow in their footsteps.

"Ever your sister and friend,

"*Sœur Marie*,"

The translated passage to which Sister Marie Barbelin alludes in the above, was taken from a letter written just after Father Felix's death by a Religious of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at their beautiful Convent, Eden Hall, near Torresdale, Pa. As it contains some additional incidents relative to the holy man's obsequies, we think it well to present it here to our readers:

"*Extract from a letter from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Philadelphia.*

"Since our last communication our blessed Lord has demanded of us a great sacrifice. The Rev. Joseph Felix

Barbelin died at rather an advanced age, of pulmonary phthisis, departing to enjoy eternal rest after a life of privation and devotion. His funeral cortege proceeded through the streets of the city, followed not only by Catholics, but by members of all the sects, who sincerely regretted him. The poor, the children especially, gathered around his coffin, and mourned him, as Father, friend, and protector; they pressed around the bier with beads, medals, and objects of devotion, which they touched to his person. One of the Fathers had the happy thought to untie a silk handkerchief that the saintly man wore around his neck, and to keep it for us; several persons afterwards borrowed it from our Reverend Mother for the sick, and at each application, the latter were relieved. Without noticing his devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and his wonderful simplicity, we will cite, but one trait,—that of his love for children. He never passed a child on the street without asking its name, residence, &c. &c. A little child was lost in the city, and did not even know its parents' name. "Whom *do* you know?" they asked it. "Father Barbelin," was the answer. It was taken to St. Joseph's Church, where Father B. recognized it immediately, and conducted it to its distressed parents. His charity knew no bounds; he found means to establish an association of colored people, under the patronage of the Blessed Claver; at certain hours, he gathered them together, said Mass for them, instructed them, made them sing in the choir, and won those degraded beings to the love of Christ." . . . . . .

Alas! before Father Xavier Barbelin had received his sister Emilie's touching little communication, he had been the recipient of the following letter from Rev. Peter J. Blenkinsop, S. J., who was Minister at St. Joseph's at

the time of Father Barbelin's death, and who succeeded him in the pastorate:

"It is with the deepest grief and profound sadness, that I write you these few lines. It has pleased Almighty God to sadly afflict this house in calling to himself a cherished Superior, esteemed and beloved by all. Your beloved brother, the Rev. Joseph Felix Barbelin, has been called to his heavenly home; he died Tuesday evening June 8th, at 7.55 o'clock. His health was declining for some time past. About the middle of May, his state became more serious; and after his annual Retreat of eight days, he was very prostrate with sickness and debility. His death was not accompanied with much suffering; he retained his faculties until the end, uniting in the prayers for the dying, and edifying the community by his patience, resignation, and piety. He died the death of a true and good religious. All the city was plunged in sadness and mourning; his zeal, his charity, his labors for thirty years, are as perfumes which make his memory dear to all Catholic hearts. It is needless to tell you, Reverend and dear Father, that I unite in heart with you, and your brother and sisters, in this separation. Have the kindness to advise them of this sad news.

"With sentiments of esteem and respect, I am as always, Rev. Father,

"Your brother in Jesus Christ,

"P. J. Blenkinsop, S. J.

"P. S. I send you some of the notices published in the newspapers of this city.

"P. J. B."

And on the very day that *Sœur Marie* poured forth her full heart to her beloved brother Xavier, at Boulogne, his superior at Amiens had confirmed (in the fol-

lowing lines) the announcement that Father Felix had passed forevermore to the bosom of his God.

AMIENS, June 27th, 1869.

"Very dear Father,

A letter from America brings the sad news of the death of your brother, Father Barbelin, of Philadelphia, which occurred June 8th, mourned and regretted by all the city, as is testified by the letter. He is a great loss to the Society, as well as to his family, and we all sympathize with you. I will recommend him to the prayers of the Society. I think they will be more inclined to pray *to* him than *for* him. Recommend to his prayers, the Retreat, and examinations of our Philosophers. I also beg your prayers.

F. GRANDIDIER, S.J."

Meanwhile, the friends and followers of the dear, dead Father in Philadelphia had not been remiss in their expressions of love and reverence for his memory.

At a meeting of the Particular Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, held on Wednesday evening, June 9th, 1869, the President announced the loss which the Council and the whole society had sustained in the death of the Rev. Felix J. Barbelin, S.J., Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, and Spiritual Director of the Particular Council,—whereupon the following resolutions were adopted:

"This Particular Council, sharing the common grief consequent on the death of the Rev. Felix J. Barbelin, and especially deploring its own bereavement in the loss of its Spiritual Director, deem it a duty to its members, and to the cause of Christian charity, to make record of the high estimation in which the Reverend deceased was

held by the community of which he had so long been a useful member, and of its own sorrow for the deprivation it endures of the counsel and companionship of one whose purity of life illustrated the truth of his teachings, and whose kindness of manner was the true exponent of an affectionate heart.

"*Resolved*, That the Particular Council remember, with affectionate gratitude, the earnest zeal of Father Barbelin for the success of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and his efforts, by precept and example, to cultivate in the hearts of its members, and bring into practice for the benefit of society at large, that charity which is the motive of action and the bond of union of the members of this association.

"*Resolved*, That this Council acknowledge with gratitude to God, the benefit which has flowed to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul from the holy and unfailing efforts of Father Barbelin to keep alive and efficient the energies of his brother members in the cause of that Christian charity which is promotive of the physical, as well as the spiritual, comforts of those upon whom it is operative.

"*Resolved*, That, though as a priest and the pastor of a most confiding parish, Father Barbelin gave the example of self-denial and of withdrawal from all that seems unconnected with the great object of his sanctified mission; yet, as a man, his cheerful and beautifully-simple manners attracted the love, and fixed the esteem of all who approached him; and thus, by kindness and affectionate encouragement, he won souls that would have been repelled by sternness, or shocked by unseasonable reproof.

"*Resolved*, That, meditating on a life devoted to the greater glory of God, and the enlarged good of man, the members of this Particular Council will seek to comprehend, and will endeavour to imitate the

virtues of their departed Director; and, confessing a selfishness in their grief, they, with a permissible pride in their relations with so good a man, thank God for so long sparing to them and the Society, that great illustrator of the truth, that Christianity still possesses the power which was imputed to it in former times, and that love and respect and reverence are as attainable now, by piety and purity, as they were in the ages of faith.

JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, President,
J. J. BYRNE, Secretary.

Hall of the Particular Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Philadelphia, June 10th, 1869."

This meeting of the General Conference was followed in a few days by a meeting of the St. Joseph's Special Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, the proceedings of which are thus recorded:

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, June 12th, 1869.

"At a special meeting of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Conference of St. Joseph's, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"*Whereas*, it has pleased the Father of Mercies in his providence to take from amongst us our honored and beloved pastor, the Rev. Felix J. Barbelin, S.J, we cannot refrain from giving utterance to the feelings of sadness and sorrow that we experience at his unexpected death.

"*Resolved*, That in his death, this society has lost a much beloved Director and faithful friend.

"*Resolved*, That the Rev. Clergy of this Church have our profound sympathy in their affliction, through the loss of one to whom they had reason to be very tenderly attached, on account of his kindness and attention as a Pastor, brother, and friend,

"*Resolved*, That a copy of the foregoing be transmitted to the Rev. Clergy of this Church, and published in the *Catholic Standard, Age*, and *Public Ledger*.

P. Brogan, Pres't.,
D. O'Brien, V.P.,
M. A. Quinn, Sec.,
D. Murphy, Treas.,
} Committee."

Then followed the memorial tribute of his other favorite organization, the Sodality of our Blessed and Immaculate Mother, which he had been the first to establish in our city, and which he ever loved and fostered with tender and most zealous devotion.

"At a special meeting of the Young Men's Sodality of St. Joseph's Church, held Sunday, June 13th, 1869, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

"When the good and loved ones die we mourn. As we testify by word and act the depth of our love for the living, so, by our tears we give evidence of the intensity of our sorrow for the dead, and,

"*Whereas*, He who "doeth all things well," has removed from our midst, Rev. F. J. Barbelin, S. J., the founder of this Sodality, whose death has filled with sorrow the hearts of the faithful throughout the city, (who mourn him because of the virtues which adorned his life,) it has grieved us in an especial manner. He it was, who, calling on the powerful and ever Blessed Virgin to preserve in the minds, and impress on the hearts, of youth, those lessons of virtue and piety instilled by him, founded our Sodality, and placed it under the protection of that Heavenly Mother whom he loved so well, and a tender devotion to whom he taught us to cherish. Therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That the memory of Father Barbelin be cherished by us with fondness, and enshrined in

the hearts of those among whom he labored so long and so successfully, ranking his name with the many illustrious ones which cluster around 'Old St. Joseph's Church.'

"By his exemplary life as a priest, by his warm affection for his people, and his zeal for their welfare; by his freedom from all ambition save the glory of God, the increase of the faith, and the good of his people, our loved and lamented pastor illustrated the character of a good priest, and 'received a good testimony from all around him.'

"And, *Whereas*, Our Founder labored over thirty years, seeking the welfare of his people whom he loved with more than paternal affection, the universal sorrow at his death is but a tribute to his worth, and of the affection of children for a loved father.

"*Resolved*, That, as Father Barbelin instituted this, the First Sodality, and placed us under the protection of the Queen of Heaven, we hope that he is now enjoying the sweet companionship of Her whom he caused so many to serve.

"*Resolved*, That, as all those virtues which should adorn the life of the good, were centered in our Founder, and endeared him to the hearts of his people in an eminent degree, it is but fitting that we imitate him, and frequently recall his virtues, and his deep affection for us.

"*Resolved*, That by the death of Rev. F. J. Barbelin, St. Joseph's Church has lost a worthy Pastor, the children a Father who ever cherished for them a warm affection, and our Sodality one who, by its organization, and ever-abiding interest in its welfare, testified his interest for the preservation of youth to virtue and religion.

"*Resolved*, That, as he spent a long, laborious, and edifying life in the advancement of our holy religion, we,

as the best testimony of gratitude for his services, will ever profess, practice, and defend the law he taught us.

"*Resolved*, That the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass be offered for the eternal repose of his soul; and that the rolls of the Sodality be draped in mourning for one year.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions, suitably engrossed, be presented to St. Joseph's Church, and that they be published in the *Catholic Standard* and *Public Ledger*.

F. P. Henan,
John I. Priestly,
Edw. J. Devlin,
Martin. I. J. Griffin,
} Committee.

Robert Delaney, Prefect.
John J. Kavanagh, First Assistant.
Wm. D. Kavanagh, Second Assistant.
Chas. W. Naulty, Secretary."

The same day, at a stated meeting of the *Catholic Philopatrian Literary Institute* (the first purely Catholic organization of the sort established, we believe, in Philadelphia, and whose motto has ever been "*Revere the Church, thy Mother, and love thy Fatherland*,") the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"*Whereas*, It having pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our venerated and much esteemed fellow-member, the Rev. Felix J. Barbelin, S.J.,

"*And, Whereas*, It being the desire of the Catholic Philopatrian Literary Institute to join in the general expression of sorrow at this sad event, many of whom having been baptized, instructed in their religion, and admitted to the Sacraments of the Church, by, and during their whole lives having enjoyed the most familiar and constant intercourse with him,

"*Therefore, be it Resolved*, That while bowing submissively to the Omnipotent Will, and encouraged to hope, by every assurance that can be given by a long life devoted entirely to the service of God, and spent in the practice of Christian virtue, that our beloved Father and fellow-member is now reaping the reward of his usefulness, in that never-ending Paradise to which he was so patient a traveller,—we, nevertheless, cannot refrain from indulging in that natural grief, which we all feel when death separates us from those we love, however confident that 'our loss is their gain.'

"*Resolved*, That in the death of our late fellow-member, the lamented and beloved Father Barbelin, the Catholic Church has lost a faithful priest, his congregation a zealous pastor, and the Catholic Philopatrian Literary Institute, an esteemed member.

"*Resolved*, That as we loved him in life, we cherish his memory in death, and always regard the example of his life as the pathway to that Home in which we trust he is now at peace.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions, suitably engrossed, be presented to the clergymen of St. Joseph's Church, and the same be inserted in the *Catholic Standard*, of this city; and that as a tribute of respect to the departed, the hall of this Institute be draped in mourning for one year.

CHAS. A. HARDY,
DANIEL F. GILLEN,
DANIEL J. SWEENEY,
} Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, June 13th, 1879."

CHAPTER V.

THE MONTH'S MIND.—ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY THE REV. DR. HORSTMANN.—THE FIRST ST. JOSEPH'S DAY WITHOUT FATHER BARBELIN.—THE TABLET ON THE WALL.

THE sad weeks dragged wearily along, and on the thirtieth day after the death of St. Joseph's beloved pastor, his *Month's Mind* was commemorated in the sanctuary where he had labored so long and faithfully,—with all the solemnity prescribed by the Roman Ritual.

Shortly before ten o'clock, the Rt. Rev., Very Rev., and Rev. Clergy entered the sanctuary, and having taken their places, commenced the Holy Office for the Dead—Rev. Fras. P. O'Neill, of the Cathedral, and Rev. Thos. W. Power, of St. Mary's, acting as Cantors. The Holy Office over, the Pontifical Mass of Requiem was offered up by Right Rev. William O'Hara, D.D., Bishop of Scranton, assisted by Rev. John Fitzmaurice, as Deacon, Rev. Thos. W. Power, as Subdeacon, Rev. A. J. McConomy, and Mr. J. Daly, as Masters of Ceremonies. Rt. Rev. James F. Wood, D.D., attended by Very Rev. M. A. Walsh, V. G., and Very Rev. C. J. H. Carter, V. G., occupied a seat in the Gospel side of the Sanctuary.

REV. DR. HORSTMANN'S SERMON.

At the conclusion of the Mass, Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D. D., of the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, (at present, Very Rev. Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, and to whom, it is said, that Father Barbelin foretold his vocation to the priesthood),—ascended the pulpit, and delivered a very appropriate sermon, in which he eloquently portrayed the virtues of the deceased. Having received his first lessons in religion from Father Barbelin, the Rev. speaker

could not be otherwise than affected by the memories awakened by this solemn occasion, and the large concourse of persons present felt, with him, their common loss. Many a half-suppressed sob broke forth from the assembled throng during the delivery of this very able sermon, which we are happy to lay before our readers in full.

"*And we know that to them that love God, all things work together unto good, to such as according to His purpose are called to be saints. For whom He foreknew, He also predestinated to be made conformable to the image of His son: that He might be the first-born amongst many brethren. And whom He predestinated, them He also called. And whom He called, them He also justified. And whom He justified, them He also glorified.*"—Romans viii, 28–30.

"Thirty days, my brethren, have passed away since the happy departure of the soul of him we all prized so highly, and loved so dearly; of him who was truly our father in Christ, the friend of the weak, the consoler of the afflicted, the support of the orphan, and of all children, true pastor of his flock, an honor to the city and diocese, and a glory to the priesthood. These thirty days have been a season of mourning; and at the call of the Church we are here assembled to-day, to commemorate in a suitable manner our great loss and his great gain; to offer once more solemnly the unbloody Victim for the happy repose of his innocent soul, and renewing the memory of his life and virtues, to gather therefrom lessons of faith, hope, and courage for ourselves, that so we, too, may walk in the way he trod whilst here on earth, and thus merit, one day, to rejoin him in the company of the blessed, which we trust he, through the mercy of his good Saviour, already enjoys. We know whither he has gone, and the road we also know; and though silent, he

calls to us from the tomb to be faithful to his teachings, to follow his example, that so the work he commenced in our souls may, through God's grace, bring us to that heavenly glory, for which he labored and toiled so zealously during his mortal pilgrimage. Need I say that, that charity which glowed so brightly in his soul for us all, far from being lessened by death, has been strengthened; and that his prayers now ascend to the throne of Mercy for those who were especially intrusted to his care whilst here on earth?

"As the Jews of old mourned thirty days for their high-priest Aaron; as thirty days of mourning were the testimony of their grief for the loss of their law-giver, Moses, the meekest of men: 'And the children of Israel mourned for him in the plains of Moab, thirty days,'—so do we mourn for our father and leader, our priest and pastor, of whom it can be truly said, that he mastered that lesson taught him by our divine Lord: 'Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart.'

"But what shall I say of him to you who knew him so well; of him, whose life has been so familiar to you, whose every action breathed forth the spirit of the Sacred Heart? These four walls: that altar, at which he ministered so faithfully for over thirty-one years: yonder confessional, where so many a soul has been comforted, and encouraged to persevere in the royal way of the Cross, and where many a prodigal has been received back to mercy: that sanctuary chair, which at every solemnity we expected him to occupy—everything around us speaks most eloquently in his praise. He is truly missed as a much loved one from the family circle. Everything recalls him to our minds, and it is hard to realize our great loss, and to become reconciled to it.

"He is dead—gone to his rest. For him, there

is no more labor, no more anxiety of mind, no more solicitude for others, no more suffering. We may say of him, that he is blessed; for he died in the Lord, and so shall live forevermore. He is gone to his rest; still though dead, he yet speaks; though dead, his memory lives, and will always live in the hearts of his children. To the loving heart, words can give but feeble expression to the thoughts it would desire to communicate; and as his spiritual child, I feel how difficult it is for me to say what I would wish of him, around whom cluster the happiest remembrances of my past life: from whom I received my earliest religious training; who, up to the time I began my ecclesiastical studies, was always my director; whose hands first gave to me the bread of life in Holy Communion; and to whom, under God, I owe the happiness of ministering at the altar of my Saviour, and co-operating with Him in the salvation of souls.

"'Praise not any man before death,' says the Holy Spirit; 'but that glory may be given to the Most High.' That applause of the world, he so much contemned during life, that respect which true holiness must always command (even from those who cannot understand the secret of its power), that love and affection which his virtues had excited in the breasts of his many spiritual children, although never expressed in words, yet manifested always by their actions,—this applause, respect, and love were shown in a special manner, to be sincere, when the moment came for consigning his remains to the grave. According to his Master's commands, in all humility he had so let his light shine before men that they might see his good works and glorify his Father in heaven; he had always humbled himself, and God wished that he should be exalted; and what testimony could have been more

magnificent than the crowds that flocked to take a last look of his well-known countenance, the tears then shed, the immense concourse which formed his funeral procession, and the many tributes of affection which have been offered at his grave and to his memory, by those who can never forget the debt of gratitude they owe him. A heathen proverb says: *Vox populi, vox Dei:* the voice of the people is the voice of God. That voice certainly was expressed in a substantial form when the news of his death spread over the city. It is yet to be heard that any one has spoken of Father Barbelin except in admiration. His life and death were a proof that even in this stirring utilitarian nineteenth century, there is one form of greatness that can drive out selfishness, and command our sincere homage and respect; and that is, *supernatural virtue;* that the good, holy priest will be honored to-day even as he has been in all ages past; that, though riches, fame, power, and mere natural attainments, are so soon forgotten, true holiness is immortal, and immortalizes all who are so happy as to obtain its treasures. Father Barbelin is an example of this truth.

"You have already heard much of his public life, of his great actions, and of the grand undertakings he inaugurated, the fruits of which God allowed him to see in part, and the merit of which for generations to come, will be ascribed to him by the just Judge, who renders to every man according to his works. I intend, however, to bring him before your minds only as the good priest, the zealous pastor, the father of his people; to tell you briefly what were his virtues, and by what devotions he became so dear to God and men; and thence, to draw one practical reflection for your and my own spiritual benefit and encouragement. What words, then, can be more applicable to him than those of the Inspired Writer which I

have taken for my text? 'And we know that to them that love God, all things work together unto good, to such as according to his purpose are called to be saints. For whom He foreknew He also predestinated to be made conformable to the image of His Son: that He might be the first-born amongst many brethren. And whom He predestinated, them He also called. And whom He called, them He also justified. And whom He justified, them he also glorified.' These words, my brethren, are applicable to each and every one of us, no matter what may be our position in life, but they apply especially to the priest, who is really another Christ, fulfilling His mission, the salvation of souls; and whose duty it is to make his own soul as perfect a copy as he can of that of his Divine Master. 'I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, do you also.' 'Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart.' 'You are my friends, my brethren, my disciples.' 'The disciple is not above his master.' 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me.'

"These, and like lessons, were always before his eyes; and his only study was to fulfil his Lord's desire. He left his home, his brethren, his sisters, his father and mother, for Jesus' sake. He took up his cross, and was always faithful to the divine call. He proved himself a faithful and wise servant, whom his Lord placed over his family, to give them their food in season. All could recognize in him the faithful dispenser of the mysteries of God. It could never be said of him that he did the work of the Lord negligently. He was always vigilant, laborious; he did the work of an evangelist by word and example, at home, in church, and by his short, familiar, yet most telling visits. He made himself the servant of all; to the weak, he became weak, that he might gain the

weak. He became all things to all men that he might save all.

"He, indeed, esteemed all things to be but loss for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ, his Lord; for whom he suffered the loss of all things, and counted them as nothing that he might gain Christ. All things for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls, was his motto; and in the pursuit of this one object, he was always ready to spend himself and be spent for his neighbor. As a priest, called by God and appointed for men in the things that appertain to God, he offered up gifts and sacrifices for sins, knowing well how to have compassion on them who are ignorant and err. You can all recall how zealous he was in the exercise of those two great powers which constitute the dignity of the priesthood—his power over the real Body of Jesus in offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and his power over His mystic body, the church, in his unceasing attention to the confessional, and his visitation of the sick.

"Jesus came that we might have life, and have it more abundantly. He came to deliver us from the power of darkness, and to reconcile us to Himself, making peace through the blood of His cross. The sacrifice on Calvary was *His* mission; and He said of himself: 'How am I straitened until it be accomplished.' Father Barbelin was not called to offer up his life for his brethren, to seal his faith by his blood. But he could say with St. Paul that he was a minister of the Gospel, and daily strove in his own person to fill up those things that were wanting of the sufferings of Christ, for His body which is the Church; for his long life of constant labor was truly a slow martyrdom, as his last ten years of suffering were a real imitation of his crucified Master. If he could not shed his blood for his Saviour,

he could see that the merits of that infinite sacrifice on Calvary should not remain unfruitful through any fault of his. Hence, his great desire to celebrate Mass daily. No difficulty was ever allowed to hinder him from enjoying this happiness; and for some eight or ten years past, but especially toward the close of his life, it was painful to see the effort he made and the fatigue he endured, in order not to deprive himself of this great pleasure. When unable to walk or even to stand, without severe suffering, still he was found each morning at the altar, until within a few days before his death. To those who have been present at his Mass, it is needless to speak of the extraordinary fervor and recollection with which he always celebrated those tremendous mysteries.

"And what shall I say of his labors in the confessional? labors which, when they continue hour after hour, are so fatiguing, but which bring with them the greatest consolations of our ministry; where the divinity of our holy religion is shown forth every hour of the day, and where we are so often forced to admire the wonderful workings of divine grace in the soul. Jesus was proclaimed the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. We know that he came to save that which was lost, to seek that which had gone astray. We behold his patience in the conversion of the Samaritan woman at the well; his mercy to the woman taken in adultery—to teach us how we are to act in the reception of sinners, and to learn the spirit of which we should be made, in order to gain souls to God.

"Father Barbelin walked in the footsteps of his Saviour. The confessional was the place, above all others, he delighted to occupy. Early and late, at every call, he was ready; and the crowds which always surrounded him, were an unmistakable sign

that his labors were appreciated, and that he was able to satisfy the necessities of the soul. Often have I seen him carried down from his room and placed in his confessional, where for hours he would break this bread of life to those who sought it of him, never betraying signs of weariness or suffering, but showing plainly that his happiness, nay, his food even, was to do the will of Him who sent him, and to perfect his work. As the faithful friend, he was there to thousands a strong defence; and they that consulted him in their doubts, found in him a treasure. He was always a sure support in trial and temptation. All felt that whilst they had him for their guide, they did not walk alone or rashly; that, if through weakness they should fall, he would always raise them up. These, his penitents, can never forget him. Their loss is a hard one to bear.

"But harder still will it be to supply his place in the Sunday-school, that cherished work of his life. 'Suffer little children to come and forbid them not, for the kingdom of heaven is for such.' These words show the love of the Sacred Heart for the innocent little ones, so specially his by baptism. 'Amen I say to you, unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven,' were the words addressed by Jesus to his disciples; thus making the little child, by its simplicity and innocence, the model of the true-hearted priest. And when he wished to express the vehemence of his love for us, to what does he compare it but to that of a mother for her offspring: 'Can a woman forget her infant, so as not to have pity on the son of her womb? and if she should forget, yet will I not forget thee.' This love for children was the most beautiful trait in the character of Father Barbelin. It was one by which he was known throughout the length and breadth

of the land; and one which never failed to produce abundant fruit in souls. True love is sure to beget a return of love; and the instinct of the child never fails to discover who are its real friends, and worthy of its affections. That love for holy things which Father Barbelin instilled into the minds of children; that regular attention to religious duties; that respect for God's House and His ministers, was not a mere passing influence, but it was one which endures even to this day.

"I can call on many who now listen to my voice, and some of whom had the happiness of attending Sunday-school in St. Joseph's as far back as the year 1839, to testify to the magic influence the recollection of those days still exercises over their souls. They may have fallen away from the practice of their religion as taught by him; confession and communion, which were then monthly practices with them, may, for years, have been neglected, yet, their love, their respect for him, and, through him, for their faith, is as deep to-day as it was when they were children. Many a good resolution has been made on the occasion of First Communion, promising an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* daily for Father Barbelin, and I know that such resolutions have been kept, even when the children who made them have grown to the years of manhood. Well may the little ones go to his grave and strew it with flowers; for, they know that there lies buried their best friend, that that kind heart which beat always with love for them, and was always intent on promoting their welfare, now beats no more; and feeble, indeed, is the gratitude they can show to his memory for all he has done for them. The poor, also, had their full share of love in his large heart, and were always sure of obtaining relief from him—in a word, we may say of him that he was a good

priest, a true model of his Saviour, always fulfilling his ministry, according to the injunction of St. Paul.

"Spiritual writers tell us that where one of the supernatural virtues is found, all the others will be there in its company; that they are all, as it were, links of one chain, with faith and humility as the groundwork of all. But, as star differs from star in glory, so there is some one virtue which is characteristic, and which shines forth with peculiar lustre in each saintly soul, as a testimony of God's special work therein. In our departed friend, I need not say, childlike simplicity, meekness, and humility held the first place. This simplicity is the mark by which we will always recall him to our minds. This, joined to his great charity and patience, will form the brightest jewels of his crown in heaven. I have said his patience, for he was always patient, but God in his mercy gave him full opportunity for perfecting himself in this virtue during the last ten years of his life. You all know of the sufferings he endured, and the many painful maladies by which he was afflicted, but I never heard a word of regret fall from his lips,—I never noticed any sign of impatience in him. When the pain would be greatest, 'Poor sinner!' he would murmur, and nothing more. He had mastered that lesson of the Holy Spirit; 'Humble thy heart and endure. Take all that shall be brought on thee; and in thy sorrow and in thy humiliation, keep patience. For gold and silver are tried in the fire, but acceptable men in the furnace of humiliation.' As a man lives, so does he die, is the rule. His life was for God's glory, his death, therefore, was precious in the sight of the Lord.

"And how did he accomplish so much for himself and others? What were his devotions? Not speaking of his Office, his meditation, and the Sacrifice of the Mass,

there were two devotions he practised himself, and was zealous in propagating amongst those who came under his care; and they were, childlike confidence and love to Mary, the Mother of God, (shown especially in the devotion of the Rosary and in her Sodality) and devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Lord. Through his virtues and devotions he became, what he always was, dear to God and men, and therefore his memory is in benediction. To him the words of the Wise Man can be applied with truth: 'The souls of the just are in the hand of God, and the torment of death shall not touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure was taken for misery * * * but they are in peace. And though, in the sight of men, they suffered torments, their hope is full of immortality * * * because God hath tried them and found them worthy of himself. As gold in the furnace he hath proved them, * * * and in time there shall be respect for them.' It was in the hope of that immortality, he sanctified himself; and that he might reach it and enjoy that building of God, that House not made with hands, but eternal in the heavens, he knew that it was necessary that the earthly house of this habitation should be dissolved. He desired to be clothed with that habitation which is from heaven, that what was mortal in him might be swallowed up by Life. Hence, he did not fear death; for, with the Apostle, he might say that he was confident of having a good will always, of being present with the Lord, of living always for His greater glory, knowing that the judgment was before him. He did not fear death, but he always kept the holy fear of the Lord before his eyes, and grew old therein. Fearing the Lord, he was never incredulous to His word; loving Him he kept His way; fearing the Lord, he sought after the things that are well

pleasing to Him; loving Him, he was filled with His law; fearing the Lord, he prepared his heart, and in His sight he sanctified his soul, he kept His commandments, and had patience even until the visitation of his Judge. His trust was in that Lord, of whom it is said, that it is unknown that any one hath ever hoped in Him and been confounded, of whom it is written, that according to His greatness so also is His mercy—infinite.

"And now, my brethren, what lesson shall we draw from his life and virtues? The Holy Spirit shall tell you: let it not be said of us 'that the just man perisheth, and no one layeth it to heart, and men of mercy are taken away, because there is none that understandeth.' (Isaiah 57: 1.) From his happy home, (where, we trust, our Father in Christ already is, or through our prayers, soon will be,) he calls to us: 'Come up hither. Where I am, I wish you also to be. For this I labored, toiled, and suffered; let not my labors be without fruit. Do not weep for me, but strive to gain the end I have reached. I live, and with God's grace, you also will live with me, if you fulfil his holy will, if you practice what I have taught you, and if you imitate my example.' Tacitus, the great Pagan historian, after summing up the glorious deeds of his hero, Agricola, wishing to incite his readers to the imitation of his virtues, gave expression to a natural sentiment of the soul in thus apostrophizing his departed friend. 'If the spirits of the just live in another world; if (as wise men think), great souls do not perish with the bodies they have tenanted, I would say to thee: Sleep on and take thy rest in the happy repose which thou hast merited; and bid us, thy family, cease from useless regrets and womanish lamentations, and rather turn to the contemplation of thy virtues, which are no fit subject for lamentation, and which it would be impious to tarnish by

a tear. Bid us honor thee by our admiration, and so far as our weakness will allow, by our imitation, rather than by the empty sounding forth of thy praises. This is the only true honor, the best tribute of duty and affection which thy relatives can pay thee. Let us so venerate thy memory as to go over in our thoughts, all thy words and deeds, and embrace the form and features of thy mind rather than of thy body. Not that I would forbid images of marble or of bronze to recall thee to our memories; only they are weak and perishable like the faces and figures they represent; whereas, the form of the mind never dies. This, therefore, we can seize and reproduce, not by the work of other hands, and in some other material, but in ourselves and in our own characters.'

"I am sure I express the desire of Father Barbelin in calling on you all, but especially on you, fathers and mothers of St. Joseph's,—on you, members of the Conference,—on you, young men and women of the Sodality,—to reproduce in yourselves and in your own characters, those virtues which made him so amiable in the sight of the world and merited for him the reward of the just. He is blessed: for, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth, now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors.' But the words which come after are in part addressed, also, to you, 'for their works follow them.' His good deeds, his virtues, his sacrifices, his unwearying attention to his Master's work, all have merited for him his eternal reward. But remember that you also are his works, and that it is your duty to follow him. He has shown you the way; he has strengthened you on the journey; his words of encouragement still sound in your ear; faint not, then; do not disappoint his expectations, but daily resolve that you will, with God's grace, be where he is. His assistance will not be wanting

to you. Pray to him, and pray for him, if, perchance, he still stand in need of help. Pray to him with confidence, but pray especially for a happy death like his. May we all die the death of the just, and may our last end be like his. Amen."

THE ABSOLUTION.

At the conclusion of the sermon, which was listened to with great attention, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Scranton, performed the ceremony of the Absolution, which comprised the last sad rites prescribed by the Church.

St. Joseph's was crowded on the solemn occasion; and a large number of the Reverend clergy were in attendance.

In connection with the published record of the *Month's Mind* ceremonies, appeared at the same date, a memorial poem written in Minnesota, and which, although familiar, no doubt, to the majority of our readers, we have been requested by some of Father Barbelin's friends to insert in the present work.

IN MEMORIAM.*

REV. FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN, S.J.

I.

Father and friend! Shepherd of many lambs!
Is it too late for *this* one to draw near,
And drop from out her prayer-enfolded palms
The flowers of saddest song upon thy bier?
Out of the distant West, in spirit come,
To kneel beside thee, tremulous and dumb?

II.

That crowded church—how well my fancy paints
Its sombre drapery, its solemn light;
And in the midst, a visage like a saint's,
Shining from out the shadows pure and white;
The dear old hands, like lilies, laid at rest
Beneath the crucifix upon his breast.

* From "*Out of Sweet Solitude*," by Eleanor C. Donnelly.

III.

That meek, good face ('mid children, still a child's),
The smile upon it was forever young;—
And well *they* loved his accents soft and mild,
The broken music of his foreign tongue;
The serpent's guile, the innocence of dove,
Mingling forever in its zealous love.

IV.

His heart was in them, from the baptized babe
Up to the stripling and the maiden fair—
His mission lay among the little ones
Whom Christ committed to His Spouse's care;
And how he did his work—how long and well
He labored—let St. Joseph's children tell!

V.

Early and late, through sunshine and through storm,
In the tribunal—at the altar-rail—
For thirty years his dear, familiar form,
His pleasant face, with suff'ring often pale,
Went to and fro, in guise of common things,
Doing an angel's work on tireless wings.

VI.

Who that has heard his Mass—who that has knelt
In the Confessional, and heard his voice
Pleading God's cause so sweetly,—but has felt
A secret thrill which made his heart rejoice?
And, going forth, has breathed a sunnier air,
As tho' our Lord Himself had spoken there.

VII.

Ah! how we'll miss him, who was ever found
Ready to sympathize and strong to guide;
Ah! how we'll miss him as the years roll round,
And life grows stern, and griefs are multiplied;
How often yearn, 'mid vexing cares, to be,
Children, to tell our story at his knee!

VIII.

Advent and Christmas we shall thronging meet
To seek our friend 'mid Bethlehem's delights;
And through the Lent, the crowded, close Retreat—
We'll miss his reading of the prayers o' nights;
And when the words of final blessing sound,
Full many a secret tear will dew the ground.

IX.

May-time will come, and twinkling lights will
shine,
And flower and incense fill the air with balm—
But one dear visage at that blessed shrine,
Will look no more upon us meek and calm ;
And other hands than his, will then dispense
The First Communion to the innocents.

X.

Lo! in the Octave of the Sacred Heart,
He sought his refuge in that School of peace—
Take him, O Lord! (all loving as Thou art),
Clad in the raiment of his fresh release,
Take him, and fold him there in deathless
bliss,
And may *our* latter end be like to his!

Between Christmas and May-time, (those favorite seasons of the dear, departed Pastor!) there was one day of special sadness for the mourning congregation at the old, historic church. This was St. Joseph's day, March 19th, 1870, the first feast of the holy Foster-Father without our beloved Father Barbelin. It fell that year on a Saturday, and on the following day, the children of St. Joseph's Sunday School held their annual celebration in honor of their titular patron.

"At a quarter after three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, March 20th," says an eye-witness, "the pupils of the Sunday-school, about 2,000 in number, accompanied by their teachers, entered and entirely occupied the body of the church. A distinguishing feature of the procession was about four dozen young ladies, in white dresses and veils, with broad black silk sashes as a badge of respect to the memory of Father Barbelin, bearing rich bouquets of natural flowers, and on a floral mound, a beautiful heart-shaped locket with chain, which they suspended around the neck of the statue of the Guardian Angel,

whilst a golden heart and floral tributes were deposited at the feet of our Blessed Mother. The Rev. Fathers Blenkinsop, Jordan, and Duddy, occupied seats in the sanctuary. The exercises consisted of the singing of hymns, recitations, and the reception of a large number of new members into both the branches of the Holy Angels' Sodality. Considerable taste, as well as judgment, was displayed in the selection of the programme, and the children acquitted themselves with the well-known excellence peculiar to St. Joseph's pupils. A touching feature of the ceremonies was the recitation in front of St. Joseph's statue, by Master Charles Jones,* of the following pious apostrophe :

"'O, God, amidst this scene of joy there is one whose smile we miss, whose voice is silent—one who for nearly forty years has never been absent from our celebrations—our loved, our lost, our dearly prized Father Barbelin. O, God, whilst we bow us humbly beneath Thy smiting rod, our hearts will bleed and tears will not cease to flow for our loved and lost, and 'tis to Thee alone we can turn for comfort—for hast Thou not said that Thou will be a Father to the orphan! Here, Lord, are many hundred crying for their father. Thy promises never fail, O Lord. He is not lost but gone before. From Heaven's radiant heights, he looks upon his much-loved children. Dear Lord, reward him for all he did for us. He taught us, O holy Joseph, to prize thee—he taught us, O best of Mothers, to love thee —he taught us, Jesus, King and Brother, to know and long for Thee. O reward him now—he has fought the good fight. May Joseph lead him to Mary's throne, that Jesus may crown him with the victor's laurel wreath! Oh! may his mantle fall upon his successor, and may the

* Now Rev. Father Jones, S. J.

children of St. Joseph's, young and old, walk with him in one never-ending May procession in Heaven!'"

During the delivery of this little address, a touching accompaniment of sighs and sobs could be heard throughout the church, and tears flowed from many a sympathetic eye. When St. Felix's hymn followed, it would have been hard to say whether the singers were imploring the prayers of St. Felix, Pope and Martyr, or of that other blessed Felix, so much better known, so much more dearly loved, whose familiar face and form, for the first time in more than thirty years, were missing from St. Joseph's sanctuary on dear St. Joseph's day.

A project was soon formed for erecting some substantial memorial of the deeply-lamented pastor. Accordingly, what was called the "*Barbelin Memorial Association*" was organized, with some of the leading gentlemen of St. Joseph's, as the committee.

Father Barbelin had once expressed the wish to be buried close to the old Church he had served so long and faithfully, in the humble hope that if his grave were always in sight of his beloved people, he would secure their continual prayers for the repose of his soul. It was not deemed well, however, to inter him, as he had desired, in that venerated soil which had been (as we have seen) the ancient cemetery of colonial times; but since contributions began to be received by the above-mentioned committee, measures were taken, some months after his death, to erect a memorial on the south wall of St. Joseph's Church.

This mural tablet is of white marble and is adorned with a bust of Father Barbelin, surmounted by the symbolical dove of the Holy Spirit, with out-stretched wings, as though about to descend upon the head of him who was, in truth, a very dove in his sweet simplicity and gentleness. The face of the statue is a tolerably fair likeness; but it lacks the breadth and force of the original.

At the base of the Memorial, the following words are carved:

A.M.D.G.

"Beloved of GOD and men
whose name is in benediction." Eccl.XLV.

Rev. JOSEPH FELIX BARBELIN, S.J.
Born at Luneville, Alsace, France,
May 30th 1808.
Entered the Society of Jesus in the Province of
MARYLAND
Jan 30th 1831.
Ordained Priest at Georgetown, D.C.
Sept 13th 1835.
Died at St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia.
June 8th 1869
Let Priests who rule well
be esteemed worthy of double honor.
I Tim. V. 17th

IHS

(The error, by which *Alsace* was substituted for *Lorraine*, was not noticed until after the words were cut upon the stone.)

On June 5th, 1870, the "Tablet on the Wall" was unveiled to a large concourse of people. An eloquent address was delivered by John Duross O'Bryan, Esq., (one of Father Barbelin's old and favorite pupils); and the exercises were altogether of a highly interesting character.

A copper box was placed back of the Memorial. It contained coins, papers, the minutes of the Society, the "History of St. Joseph's" from the *Catholic Universe*, and the following memorial record:

I. H. S.

IN MEMORIAM.

Revdi. Patris Josephi Felicis Barbelin, S.J., qui nas cebatur Lunaville in Gallia, die 30th Maii, 1808, et e vita decedebat in Collegio Sti. Josephi, Philadelphia, die 8th Junii, 1869.

A. M. D. G.

Hoc monumentum excitatum fuit a amicis suis, sub nomine Father Barbelin Memorial Society, die 5th Junii, 1870.

Revd'mo Jacobo Frederico Wood, Episcopo Diocesis, Philadelphiensis.

R. P. Josepho E. Keller, S.J., Praeposito Provinciale Societatis Jesu. in Provincia Marylandiae.

P. Petro J. Blenkinsop, S.J., Sup. Operario Ecclesiae Sti. Josephi, Philadelphiensis.

D. Ulysse S. Grant, Praeside Civitatum Forderatarum, in Septemtrionale America.

D. Joanne W. Geary, Imperatore Civitatis Pennsylvaniae.

Daniele M. Fox, Praefecto Urbis Philadelphiæ.

Burke et Kornbau, Artificibus.

Die 1st Junii, 1870.

B. V. M. H.

Many have been the loving looks cast by fond eyes upon that Memorial to a great and good man; and although more than seventeen years have elapsed since his

pure spirit winged its flight to God, any one who knew Father Barbelin living, or mourned Father Barbelin dead, will recognize the truth of the subjoined lines on

THE TABLET ON ST. JOSEPH'S WALL.*

Once in his life he said—(God rest his soul!)
"When I am dead I would be glad to lie
Near the old church, where friends might see my grave,
And breathe a prayer for me as they pass by."

O rare humility! O saint-like fear!
Which, after years of zealous ministry,
Rested with such a simple, childlike faith,
Upon the prayers of sinners such as we.

God's blessing on the earnest heart that held
The words safe treasured;—and God's blessing fall,
Like clearest sunshine, on the lives of those
Who set this tablet in the southern wall!

It was the one thing needed then and there;—
Not that his mem'ry could grow dim or die,
But it was good to see his pleasant face,
And feel him, as a guardian angel, nigh.

The footsteps of the children come and go,
Like sound of summer leaves in pattering rain,
And from the wall, their Father's face looks down,
And seems to smile upon them once again.

Organ may peal, and consecrated chime
Summon the faithful to the holy Mass,
But surest magnet of them all—behold!
The face which seems to brighten as they pass.

The sinner ling'ring at the outer gate,
Afraid to enter and confess his sin,
Hears from the marble lips: "Come, come, dear child!"
And mastered by old memories—goes in.

* Eleanor C. Donnelly in "*Domus Dei.*"

Blest are the dead who in the Lord repose,
For their works follow them,—yea, holy priest!
The very meekness of thy sculptured face
Wins souls to Heaven, though thy life has
ceas'd.

O Christ! who wept when gentle Lazarus died—
Send quiet rains upon this Tablet white;
And let thy sunshine gild his brow by day,
Thy moonbeams softly silver it by night.

Smiling, he seems to listen to the hum
Of childish voices in the sunny yard:
Within—the sweet Lord holds his court; without—
Dear Father Barbelin keepeth watch and ward.

June 8th, 1870.

In the Month's Mind of our beloved Father, Rev. Dr. Horstmann appropriately quoted those words of Tacitus wherein he eulogizes the heroic deeds of the dead Agricola: "Let us so venerate thy memory as to go over in our thoughts all thy words and deeds, and embrace the form and features of thy mind, rather than of thy body;—not that I would forbid images of marble or of bronze to recall thee to our memories, only they are weak and perishable like the faces and figures they represent; whereas, the form of the mind never dies. This, therefore, we can seize and reproduce, not by the work of other hands, and in some other material, but in ourselves, and in our own characters."

These words of the pagan historian apply to us all, dear Christian friends, as we stand before the tablet on St. Joseph's wall, and remember that the best and fairest of all monuments to a dead Pastor's memory is the reproduction of his virtues in the lives of his spiritual children. The most flattering inscriptions upon bronze or marble become obliterated, one day, by the effacing finger of Time; but the records of holy words and deeds

inscribed upon the fair tablets of an immortal soul (once sealed by the crowning grace of a happy death), shall shine in letters of gold and living jewels, upon the changeless archives of eternity. Not for the few, fleeting years of our own generation shall the memory of Father Felix Barbelin live. It shall last as long as his blessed teachings and example bear fruit in the lives of Philadelphia Catholics; for,

"Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

CHAPTER VI.

"THE SINCERE MAN."—A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE BY THE LATE HON. JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

ON the 25th of July, 1869, a special meeting of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul was convened in Philadelphia; and an eloquent panegyric of the late Father Barbelin, S.J., was delivered before the members, by Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, ex-U. S. Minister to Naples, and then President of the Particular Council of St. Vincent.

Father Barbelin, (as we have already stated,) had been the first to establish in these parts that invaluable organization in the cause of charity which Frederic Ozanam and his devoted *confreres* had made so powerful a lever for good among the suffering poor of the Old

World; and, up to the time of his death, the dear old Pastor of St. Joseph's had discharged the office of Spiritual Director to the Particular Council.

He was warmly wedded to the interests of the Conference. One of the rare occasions on which his friends can remember seeing him agitated by a holy anger and indignation, was in a certain case in the earlier days of St. Joseph's Conference, when, through some mismanagement on the part of an officious and self-willed officer, little or no returns were made for the poor of the parish from the receipts of a large and successful entertainment. Father Barbelin's keen sense of justice was so stirred by the affair that he demanded an immediate account of the books; and spoke to the members most pronouncedly and feelingly of the obligation they were under, as sons of St. Vincent, to espouse the cause of the poor, and render to God the things that are God's.

He had a very tender love for the members of the Conference; and by his own personal example, even more than by his words, exhorted them to a diligent attendance at the meetings. Sometimes, when he was unusually indisposed, or the weather was inclement, some of the young men calling for him at St. Joseph's, would expostulate, and urge upon him the risk he ran in going out at night under such unfavorable circumstances. But he would respond with his brisk, cheery manner, "O no, we must be faithful! Better not miss even one meeting!"

And in summer, when many of the gentlemen were out of town, and the heat of the weather reduced the attendance at 18th and Wood Streets, to two or three members, Father Barbelin finding the few, faithful ones inclined to loiter outside in the evening air, would pluck them by the sleeve, and say in his coaxing way: "Come, come, let us go in to the meeting, and say the

prayers. O, we do not know what great graces are attached to these little conferences!" And he would kneel down in the small heated room with a couple of members, and recite the accustomed prayers with great fervor, realizing fully the promise of the Divine Master: "Where two or three are gathered in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

Hon. Joseph R. Chandler was his personal friend, and intimate associate for many years in his multiform works of mercy and Christian philanthropy. Hence, apart from the fact that he was the esteemed President of the Council at the time of Father Barbelin's death, he was better fitted in every respect to deliver his panegyric than any other layman in the city or state. Accomplished scholar and cultured gentleman that he was, Mr. Chandler's beautiful soul (which has since slept in the Lord in the golden ripeness of a holy and gifted life), was well able, as a kindred spirit, to comprehend the sanctity, and depict (to others) the virtues of the devoted servant of God. They were both, indeed, of the chosen number of those "rich men in virtue, whose memory is in benediction, and whose remembrance shall be sweet as honey in every mouth, and as music at a banquet of wine."

After the occasion of its delivery, Mr. Chandler's beautiful tribute was printed in pamphlet form, and distributed, as a charming memorial-*brochure*, among the myriad friends of the deceased Father. It was entitled "The Sincere Man," and was accompanied with the author's *Preface*, addressed to the general public. As, in presenting both to our readers, (which we now propose doing), we conclude our own personal labor of love we here take occasion to disarm all criticism of the latter by reminding our censors, (if any there be), of those words of an eminent biographer of a still more

eminent man,* wherein he declares that, "the most faithful biography can only be (at best), an imperfect portrait, and that those to whom the original has been familiar will ever miss the rich color, the soft shading, and the thousand other nameless graces by which their love was won."

If the writer of the present *Memoir* has fallen lamentably short of the reader's lawful expectations, and if she has not met all the requirements which Mr. Chandler demanded in *his* day of the future biographer or eulogist of our beloved Father Barbelin, she deems it only justice to the last-named, to state that the deficiency is due to her own imperfect skill and attainments, rather than to any lack of richness or loveliness in her theme.

Thanking most cordially all the Rev. Fathers and good friends, religious and laic, who have rendered such valuable assistance in her delicate and difficult task; and being well aware that in *this* case it is an incontrovertible truth that "the end crowns the work,"—she leaves it to the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler to immortalize the memory of the Children's Friend, the Apostle of Philadelphia, by setting the crown of his own exquisite eulogy upon the life, labors, and virtues of FATHER FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."

* Rev. John Edward Bowden of the Oratory of St. Philip de Neri in his LIFE AND LETTERS OF FATHER F. W. FABER, D.D.

THE SINCERE MAN.

PREFACE.

"In the following 'Address' the Author disavows all intention of presenting a biography of Father Barbelin; it was to be, and it is, only a Memorial. But it would be a gratification to many and a benefit to the cause of practical piety, if a fair biography of that good man were presented. It is to be hoped, therefore, that some one with leisure and information will undertake the work.

"We shall now only say, that the Rev. Felix Joseph Barbelin, was born in Lunéville, in France, and was one of several children reared in the fear of God and the love of man. There are certain families, upon every member of which, the grace of God seems to be bestowed with wonderful abundance, influencing all their actions, and directing in all their pursuits. This may be regarded, by some, as the result of family discipline and parental example; though there are memorable instances of the failure of the child to meet the wishes or follow the example of Christian parents.

"Father Barbelin's brothers and sisters seem to have enjoyed and improved remarkable advantages of early religious instruction, and nearly all, perhaps all, were called to the enjoyment, the duties and responsibilities of a "religious" life. Letters now before us from a Priest, the brother, and a Sister of Charity, a sister of Father Barbelin, breathe the true spirit of fraternal love, sanctified by the discipline and instruction of religious association. A common parentage on earth—a common possession and common heritage of duties and graces, ensure deep affection; and the letters of both brother and sister

show how pure and how strong was their love for their "Brother Felix." And we may add that those letters responding to the announciation of their brother's death, are marked by a spirit of deep gratitude to all here, who united to do honor to the memory of a brother so dearly loved.

"The self-denials which were remarkable in Father Barbelin as the Pastor of St. Joseph's, were practised while he was a student of the Seminary in France; and all that distinguished his social, his religious, and his pastoral character, was the growth of principles and habits acquired in his boyhood. Nothing was assumed by Father Barbelin to give the appearance of excessive austerity or peculiar sanctity. He assumed nothing, his humility was characteristic, his self-denial a principle; and the good man, the devoted Christian, the self-sacrificing priest, was but the development of what had been perceptible in the obedient son, the modest student, and the abstemious scholastic. "*He grew in Grace.*"

"From the religious family, Felix J. Barbelin passed to a religious school; in that religious school, he desired that his consecration to the service of religion should be in that Order which he so long honored. He came to this country to consummate that wish. He was ordained a Priest at Georgetown, D. C., in 1835, and in 1837 was appointed to the charge of St. Joseph's, where he continued till his death.

"How the congregation of St. Joseph's was served, is best shown in the love which was cherished for their venerable Pastor by all his people—by all that knew him.

"What a theme for addresses and essays is the history of Father Barbelin's family! How much do we who profited by the instructions and example of that good

priest, owe to the pious care of the Christian mother in Lunéville. And how much Christian mothers in this country might augment their merits and bless society and their offspring, by following the example of the mother of Father Barbelin!"

DISCOURSE.

Yet had his aspect nothing of severe;
But such a face as promised him sincere.—*Dryden.*

VERY REVEREND AND REVEREND FATHERS:

"There is an agony in early grief which admits of no formal expression, and submits to no consolation. The wounded affection retreats upon itself, and seems to feel as if the encouragement even of sympathy was treason to the memory of the departed. The storms of grief that mar this day are felt on the morrow, and those who look for a change in these elements, find that 'the clouds return after the rain.'

"The rites which affection dictates and which religion sanctions and administers, are regarded only as the medium of expressing our sorrows; and the pomp and circumstance of elaborate obsequies have the effect only to suspend, not to diminish, our lamentations. At a later period, with no diminution of grief, the heart recognizes the claim of other objects, and learns to school itself to the endurance of the bitter providence, and to survey the ruins of affection, calculate their loss, and profit by the judgment.

"Religion has no censure for the expression of affec-

tion wounded by the withdrawal of its object. The author of Christianity shed tears at the death of a friend:—at the sepulchre of Lazarus, 'Jesus wept.' But when the capabilities of time to assuage our sorrows are neglected, then only, religion may whisper into the ear of the unreasonable mourner, 'Dost thou well to be angry for thy loss?'

"To hearts that have been thus bruised—to hearts that have had some time to rally from the blow,—do I this evening address myself. I speak to you of the cause of your grief, oh, children of St. Vincent. I speak of my own companionship in your affliction, oh, my brethren, in the death of our Spiritual Director. I come not, however, to offer consolation in your bereavement. Let us rather seek to form a true estimate of his great services, acquire a just comprehension of their value,—and, as all virtues are in a degree imitable, let us try to grasp the character and the services of him we mourn, and whom we would commemorate; ascertain the secret of his active powers, and then endeavor to mould ourselves to the great example.

"'Grow familiar day by day with his perfection, act upon his plan, and form to his, a relish of our souls.'

"The Church has mourned her loss of a faithful priest. What higher character is there to reverence in life or to mourn in death? The Sodalities of various denominations that owe their existence to the Pastor of St. Joseph's, have manifested their sense of bereavement, and with befitting expression, demonstrated their love for a departed Father. What higher title to love, obedience, and reverence, has earth to present? Society, at large, of every creed, has given utterance to those feelings which the loss of a good citizen naturally produces.

"And now, my brethren, the members of the Society

of St. Vincent de Paul assemble to express reverence for the memory of their Spiritual Director; to give a formal expression of feeling for, and gratitude to, the Rev. Felix Joseph Barbelin; who, perhaps more than any man, resembled our great patron saint, and seemed to present in his own person and labors, the best likeness that has ever been furnished of St. Vincent de Paul. And while we honor the memory of our revered 'Spiritual Director,' we shall do him the justice to regard him in some of the lights in which he is so memorable; and we shall, from our own stand-point, discover in him some of the qualifications for almost every office connected with his holy mission, entitling him, more and more, to respect and veneration as our leader.

"It is the aggregate of all his powers that made him so much the more useful as our Spiritual Director.

"As a priest, constant in his service at the altar, Father Barbelin shared credit with hundreds of the ecclesiastics in this city. And that, be it said in honor of the priesthood of Philadelphia, is not small, because it may be general; piety, purity and self-devotion are the characteristics of a Catholic priest—less remarkable here, because of their generality. Superiority in some points is necessary to distinction. Pre-eminence in all is scarcely to be expected.

"The distinctions in the world are marked by mental attainments or wealth, and the great man is good if, in the midst of his discharge of lofty duties, he can feel for the lowly; and the rich man is charitable if he find time and inclination to send a portion of his superfluous income to feed the hungry; and the philosopher, the man of learning and of varied science, does himself honor, and illustrates the beauty of his principles, if he recollects in his exaltation or 'mentions in his will' those whom for-

tune has less favored. And thus distinctions are earned to all these classes by those considerations.

"But the Catholic priest may not throw himself upon any of these specialties. Even in the most dignified order or position of the Hierarchy, it must be no descent from him to the depressed and the lowly. Whatever measure of worldly wealth he may command or use, he must be the bright and the beautiful example of excellency, humility, labor, self-abnegation. And do you ask whether I suppose that you are to equal Father Barbelin in the qualifications which commend him to us and to others for imitation?

"I speak not of equality—only of imitation. Men steer their barques at sea, or direct their own course on land, by the North Star; but who expects to reach that bright and particular cynosure? Keep goodness and usefulness always in your eye, and though you may not become great, you will certainly become good. How much would Father Barbelin have preferred the title of Good to that of Great. He had to bear both. He was greatly good because he was goodly great. The discharge of his duties according to his situation, (for it is situation that defines duties), is the great business of man. To know what those duties are, to comprehend their extent and requirements, and to mould his own capabilities to the full discharge of those duties, is the study and labor of him who would be faithful and conscientious.

"To do all this, was the successful labor of Father Barbelin; and those efforts and their results were too conspicuous to escape observation—too beneficial to be without general admiration and applause.

"Those who would do justice to the character and services of Father Barbelin as his future biographers, will find it necessary to consider him in his integrity—

not as fulfilling one duty with special delight, and leaving to other priests the discharge of offices which lose nothing of their claims by the accident of their particular talent. If the biographer is to do credit to himself, and justice to the subject of his writing, he must be able and willing to grasp the whole range of duties of a priest, and comprehend and illustrate the efforts made by Father Barbelin to discharge them all. The biographer and eulogist—and with the character and services of Father Barbelin for subjects how could it be otherwise?—the biographer and eulogist must be one. Who can write the history of that good man's life without feeling that every truth that is recorded, every statement that is made, is, in itself, a eulogy? Who can fairly eulogize the piety and labors of such a priest, without such a statement of his deeds and motives as in itself is a biography?

"The biography of Father Barbelin must deal with the man and his services as a whole, and if there were deficiencies in his views or his practice, those very deficiencies should be presented; truth requires it—presented with the true delicacy which affection exercises to the good and the loved—presented, however, for the sake of that truth which was one of the leading characteristics of that good man. I shall attempt neither a biography nor a eulogy. A commemoration of the dead will be all that I shall essay.

"There are few professions which demand such a variety of qualifications as that of the priesthood. None certainly, in which all the highest attributes of humanity sanctified by the purest influences of Christian grace, are more demanded in most of its requirements—where, or in what one of all those, was Father Barbelin deficient?

"As a casuist, as a confessor, we may only judge of

his powers by the effects which his sacramental services produced on his penitents. We may not follow closely there, but we may know how the frequenter of his tribunal loved his ministrations, and profited by his discipline.

"In the pulpit, it may be said by some that Father Barbelin lacked some of the attributes of oratory, and must have failed in such, as his use of our language was imperfect.

"But *did* he fail there? The imperfection of his language was in the pronunciation, not in the words. He never made a mistake in the choice of the word. His English was good. But what is the test of oratory? Is it not the effect which it produces on the audience? And where was there ever a preacher whose solemn words and affectionate tones touched the heart like those of Father Barbelin? Oh, men may mount the rostrum or ascend the pulpit, and pour forth the great truths of morals and religion, in terms that Cicero might have envied, and in tones that would have satisfied Demosthenes, but which would not have produced a single conversion. Such men speak from the head, and mean themselves. Father Barbelin spake from the heart, and meant God. Those orators find their reward in the applause which genius and learning may secure. Father Barbelin was compensated by the comfort and consolation and good resolves which his preaching produced.

"Shall I say, then, that Father Barbelin was an orator? Who, seeing the effects which he sought and secured by his preaching, who can deny it?

"Who here is ignorant of that service which in our Church is called 'The Stations of the Cross'? All know it, and all can profit by it, in any Church, at the proper season; it is a recital, and one person may repeat the words as correctly as another. Yet, at every Lent, and oh, at

the last season of that solemn fast, men and women flocked to St. Joseph's to join in the beautiful service of the 'Stations' as given by Father Barbelin. The sweet attraction of his voice, the heart's true exponent,—the eloquence of indwelling love, inspired the very devotion which that service was intended to express. And the affectionate solemnity of the season and service was enhanced in each worshipper by the terrible suffering of the holy man who led the prayers, dragging himself with physical anguish and torturing self-abnegation from 'Station' to 'Station,'—bearing the cross indeed like his suffering Master, and, like that Master, falling at times beneath its aggravated weight. Oh! at that time, how was the devotion of his loving followers quickened by his sweet voice, tremulous with pain, as he turned from the conclusion of every division of the Office, to urge, to admonish, to invite, in tones of utmost heavenly affection and in his own loving words, to persuade his listeners to 'follow in the way of the Cross,' and secure the crown. The tones of that voice might, at such a moment, have borne to a critical ear some foreign accent. I remember them now. They linger yet on my own ear, with a persuasive richness, and if there was aught of foreign in the sound—it was only foreign because heavenly. The language and the tone, tremulous with the near approach of death, were all heavenly, sonorous with celestial accent, anticipating only by weeks their eternal home and harmony.

"As a cultivator of the Lord's Vineyard, we must judge of Father Barbelin, not only by the fruits which his labors produced, but, also, with allowances for the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I will not now pause to say what were the difficulties that beset his labors by the circumstances of his parish. Whatever they were,

they were more than overcome. If others performed their labors among the more educated and wealthy, Father Barbelin had delight in the companionship of the poor and destitute; and he 'made his wilderness blossom like the rose.' Oh, how, as a pastor, he clung to the suffering and the sick, making their wants his own, or supplying their deficiencies with his partial powers. He might in their regard, have said with the sufferer Job: 'I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.' The miserable Catholic that lived on Father Barbelin's charity, and went to the grave of the mendicant, was not forgotten after death, and Mass for the poor and the penniless departed was frequent at St. Joseph's.

"The heart-broken parent found healing in the gentle soothings of Father Barbelin's voice. The aged looked with reverential gratitude to him who, though their junior, seemed imbued with the prudence which 'standeth in length of days.' All shared his sympathy—he consoled them in grief, and he rejoiced with them in their infrequent occasions of joy. He knew no exclusion, no separation. The rich and the learned sought instruction and were edified.

"'The long-remembered beggar was his guest.'

"The doors of St. Joseph's parsonage seemed to invite in the suffering and the dependent, and the invitation was largely accepted. Father Barbelin seemed to say to all the sorrowful and dependent poor, in the language of Holy Writ: 'Lo, I set before thee an open door, and no man shall close it.' But especially was Father Barbelin the friend, the benefactor, the lover, and the beloved of children. I need not dwell on this thought, one of the most beautiful results of Father Barbelin's gentleness and devotion to all.

"Children rarely mistake: they seem to have an intuitive knowledge of those who love them. 'Love, and love only, is the loan for love.'

"The gentle and endearing relations between Father Barbelin and the children of St. Joseph's, were subjects of general remark and special admiration.

> "'The children followed with endearing wiles
> And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smiles.
> His ready smile, a parent's warmth expressed;
> Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed.
> To them his heart, his hope, his love were given:
> But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.'

"We have thus spoken of Father Barbelin in many of the relations in which he stood towards the people while he lived.

"On the 8th of June, that people felt that a calamity impended, and they hastened to the House of God and spent the hours in prayer. The day was passed in gloom: the night came, and the gloom increased,—that fearful, that supreme night, beyond which no hope extended! The old, whom he had sustained, the young, whom he had cherished; those who had received from him the Baptism of regeneration; those over whom he had pronounced the nuptial benediction; those who had loved him without intimacy, and those who were as familiar to him as his 'daily office,'—all were congregated in solemn worship before the altar of God, at which he had so long ministered. They knelt in painful expectation, 'a fearful looking unto and waiting for' the dreaded annunciation which no human power could suspend. The solemn watchers were suddenly startled by the subdued peal of the muffled bell above, which announced that a spirit was freed from the shackles of clay; Heaven enriched with one more beautiful spirit. One wild wail of

anguish went up from the orphaned assembly, and all felt that 'lover and friend had been put far from them.' This was the dismissal from earth of the soul of a good priest. Far different the reception above. The notes of the 'passing bell' that announced his death, were responded to by the silver trumpets of heaven, that welcomed the coming of the disenthralled spirit. And the wild wail of unutterable anguish that denoted the agony of the living and the bereaved, was answered by the song of the choiring cherubim, that spoke the joy of Heaven over the sanctified and purified one that had come to his eternal home.

"I stop not now to speak of what was the effect on the public mind of the death of Father Barbelin, the humble priest of St. Joseph's, whose presence was not one to strike the stranger, and whose intercourse seemed of the most limited kind. That simple-hearted friend had gone—had left us, indeed—but not unnoticed. Few deaths in our city have been more publicly spoken of by the common exponent of public feeling and public interest,—the Press. Suddenly, Father Barbelin seemed to have been known by all, and to be praised and mourned by all who knew him. St. Joseph's Church was the shrine to which thousands bent their way; and the venerated form of the dead priest was the object before which unutterable grief and wounded affection bowed—prayerful, grateful, hopeful.

"The Congregation of St. Joseph's and its multitudinous Societies and Sodalities followed the remains of their sainted leader and father to the Cathedral, whose vast amplitude and wonderful capacity could afford space for only a part even of those who by special connection had a claim to entrance. The streets in the vicinity were crowded with those who had vainly sought to join the

service in the Cathedral. With the liberality that was the exponent of the general sentiment of the Catholics, and which reflected also the estimation of those of other creeds, our venerated Prelate had called around him the Reverend Clergy; and all that the Church has of solemn grandeur in her impressive service was made more effective to the honor of the dead and the profit of the living, by the heartiness of those who led, and those who assisted in the Office. From the throned Bishop to the kneeling acolyte, solemnity and sincerity distinguished the service.

"And the crowded multitude that bent beneath the floating clouds of incense, or listened to the awe-inspiring service, or sat enrapt with the welcome, discriminatory praises by the eloquent eulogist, felt that earth had no higher honors for the good. And the countless thousands that accompanied the coffin to the humble place of sepulture, led by him who leads us all in our Sacraments and soothes us in our sorrow; 'that multitude which no man could number' confessed that true goodness is ultimately deserved greatness, and that the public heart has for the peaceful and the charitable who bless and save, an admiration as deep and as eloquent as that which is given to him who wars and wastes. Men who knew little personally of Father Barbelin, men who cared little for his mission or his creed, looked inquiringly at the obsequies which were spontaneously made. They asked, perhaps, 'What had this man done, thus to have his funeral give a holiday to our city?' They comprehended little of the relations of a Catholic priest with his people; little of the love and veneration which reward the sacrifices of the true pastor. They saw and felt that a man of large influence had gone, and they understood that that large influence had been for good. But, my brethren of St. Vincent, you who saw and assisted in the honors which were paid

to the deceased Father, do you inquire what it was that gave such emphasis to every expression of grief which the death of Father Barbelin called forth? He was a good man, but so are all priests of our diocese generally. No class of men are so above reproach. Where in the world are priests found so faithful to their mission, so above all cause for censure? He was learned—so are all our priests—at least, above all competition of the laity. And Father Barbelin, though eminently pious, was not in that respect separated from his brother priests. Nor did he pretend to an amount of theological or scientific attainments to distinguish him from others of his learned order or his sacred profession. It was not learning, certainly, that crowded the ranks of the Sodalities as they followed their Father to his grave.

"Do you ask, then, what was the characteristic of the good man that thus enabled him to win the confidence of old and young, the rich and the poor,—especially the poor,—and to mould their character, and direct their efforts, to the requisites of religion?

"It was *sincerity*.

"That was a quality which he shared in common with his colleagues, but which the peculiar structure of his mind, and the particular range of duties which he assumed, rendered most apparent and specially effective. He had no more of it than the priests around him; but those for whom he specially acted in his ministrations were peculiarly susceptible to the influence of that quality, and needed a particular and extraordinary manifestation of it. God gives to hundreds good qualities in common, but he permits certain uses to make more prominent and perceptible, particular graces.

"Father Barbelin, then, was *sincere*—entirely sincere; what he said he believed, and what he believed he prac-

tised. He was the same in all relations and at all times. There was no man of his acquaintance to whom he was ever less than the kind-hearted, pious, self-sacrificing friend. There was no hour of his life stolen from the multitude dedicated to God and the good of man, not one hour which he gave to thought or act of less worthy import. Each individual portion of his mind corresponded with, and contributed to, the simple beauty of the perfect whole.

"Father Barbelin was sincere. There is much in that word, '*sincere*,' much more than is usually understood. It is a word in its best acceptance morally and etymologically, adapted to the exposition and explanation of Father Barbelin's pure character—pure moral, pure religious character.

"Let us look at the derivation of the word 'sincere.' It is composed of two Latin words *sine*, without, and *cera*, wax—without the wax. The ancients, lacking many of the artificial luxuries which we enjoy, and which we abuse, made more use of the gifts of nature; and with almost all ancient Eastern people, honey was an article of public merchandise and general use. Honey was brought to market by some of them in a crude state, and sold with some of the comb and wax, and some foreign particles remaining in it. It was still honey. But others of the producers, jealous of their trade and anxious for profit, strained the sweet produce through a sieve, and separated the honey from the wax and foreign impurities. Then the pure article, more highly estimated, brought a higher price, and was denominated 'sincere' honey, or honey without wax.

"Let me apply this to the character of Father Barbelin. He was sincere, because bringing his mind and his conscience to the purifying influences of religion, he

separated from his better attributes all ideas, thoughts, passions, and desires that were inconsistent with, or foreign to, the best qualifications of a Christian Priest. Nor is that all. The straining to which the honey was subjected, not only freed it from foreign impurities, but cleared it also from the impurities of the wax that belonged to its production, and therefore were a part of itself. So the religious training by others, but mostly by himself, to which Father Barbelin was subjected, not only took away from him impurities that were received in intercourse with others, but relieved, deificated, purged down all the ingrowing and indwelling evils of his own character, and left him free of all that could disturb his conscience, or weaken his usefulness with others. *He was sincere.*

"There lay the secret of Father Barbelin's influence. The strength of Samson was in his hair; the strength of Father Barbelin was in his *sincerity*. The Hebrew strong man gloried in his strength, but passion showed him weak and insincere. A woman sheared his locks, and he went forth powerless as the weakest of his kind. Father Barbelin maintained his sincerity, and there was none to touch his strength, or make him the mockery of the enemies of his religion or the shame of his friends.

"Could Father Barbelin have gathered the poor and the ignorant to his council and his discipline, if any one of them had found reason to doubt his sincerity as a Christian and a friend? Could Father Barbelin have collected thousands of children within the narrow precincts of St. Joseph's, and held them away from the abuse of childish liberties and the dangers of promiscuous association, if he had not impressed upon their minds a perfect confidence in his sincerity? Could he have drawn back the wanderer from an erroneous creed and its licentious

practice to the instruction and discipline of priestly authority, if one of those little or those erring ones had found cause to suspect the sincerity of him who was asking such sacrifices of pride and passion?

"Yet these—the poor, the uneducated, the young, are more jealous, more suspicious, than others who have not their disabilities. The strength of the Priesthood lies in the filial confidence of the laity; and that confidence is sustained alone by the sincerity of the Priest—and who has been stronger than Father Barbelin? What one of the hierarchy has gone beyond him in potency of influence?

"Episcopal authority may command, and the right of that authority is perfect, because the command must be obeyed. The priest explains the requirements of the Church and the demands of the rubrics, and men comprehend the exposition and submit to the deductions which learning has drawn and which piety has enforced.

"But Father Barbelin gathered around him the multitude, who comprehended little of the subtilties of logic, or affected any respect for abstruse argument. He went into his little sanctuary, as our Lord entered the the barque of Peter, and over its railing he soothed, pleased, persuaded, and gained the young and the old; who, knowing that they had no possession that he could covet, yielded willingly that which as a priest he most desired. He said not to the absorbed mingled throng, 'Augment my means of good living and from your earnings contribute that which will increase my consequence in the world.' No, he said not that. He did not say, 'Give me wealth.' But with earnest pleading, with persuasive eloquence, he said in the language of the King of Israel, 'My son, give me thy heart.'

"Did he ask in vain? No, they believed, they res-

pected, they loved their sanctified, their sincere friend, and they gave him their 'heart of hearts.'

"I need not prove this by argument; let those attest who visited St. Joseph's, and saw the children's guide, the poor man's friend, the widow's comforter—all, all in good Father Barbelin. If they needed physical aid, his hands and the hands of his colleagues poured out a constant dole. But it was generally enough for all, that at the close of the service, the good Father hastened to take his stand at the door as the congregation passed out, when his sweet recognition of the retiring worshipper, his kind inquiries for the sick or absent relations, showed the deep interest he felt in all that concerned his people while the gracious benediction of his paternal smile was a beautifully apposite termination of the solemn Offices in which all had participated.

"Go, even now, and see the yet unwiped eye, and mark the unconsoled grief, and behold the new monument of grateful prayers and tears which affection is constantly erecting to the memory of the loved and the mourned,—and learn thence the power of love and the influence of humble sincerity.

"I have said that Father Barbelin, when he would teach his waiting congregations, entered his little sanctuary as our Lord entered the barque of Peter, when He would teach the multitude. The comparison is good, and it may be extended. When our Lord had taught the multitude, He bade Peter 'launch forth into deeper water.' Father Barbelin had instruction at all times for the multitude that were willing to catch the rudiments of Christian morals and discipline which fell like honey from his lips; but he also could and did launch forth into the deeper waters of theology; and brother priests gathered instruction from his hoarded attainments, and the

treasures of ecclesiastical knowledge were obedient to his will for distribution.

"Is it strange, then, that such lamentations as the young, the poor, and the afflicted pour out for the loss of their common Father, who seemed to them to love their poverty and respect their misfortunes—is it strange that the sound of their lamentations should be swelled by that of the bereaved clergy of our diocese, among whom, while all mourn, the Fathers of St. Joseph, (each one with a specialty of grief,) seem to cry out in the language of the lamenting Prophet: 'Ho, all ye that pass by, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow'?

"But do the priests of St. Joseph's mourn as those that have no hope'? They feel the Society's loss, and they mourn it. They see the Church's deprivation, and they lament it. They experience a terrible anguish in their personal, particular wound. But they know that He who wounded can heal; He who afflicts can console, and He who withdraws can replace. Let them submit.

"When the Prophet of God, the head of the prophets of the House of Israel, had finished his mission and was called upwards in a chariot of fire, his follower and assistant believed that the deprivation would leave unsupplied the sacred ministry; and as his vision followed the ascending Prophet through the opening heaven, he exclaimed, 'Oh, my Father! The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.'

"But the man, not the office: the prophet, not the power,—had gone. The mantle of the ascending father fell upon the awe-struck son—and the minister of the Prophet became his successor.

"My brethren of St. Vincent's Society, I have not made, I have not attempted to make, much special enumeration of Father Barbelin's relations with us, as among

those which death has ruptured. We have seen what religion here has lost in his death, what the diocese—what his parish, laity, and clergy, have suffered—in all of which, we, too, are participators. But let me, as one of you, speak to you of our special loss.

"Our Spiritual Director was not, of late, very often at the meetings of the Particular Council. Distance and failing health interfered. But he attended the meetings of the Board of Officers that prepared the business of the Council, and he advised in a spirit of strong affection for the Order. At the last general meeting, though held in the distant Church of St. Francis, at Fairmount, Father Barbelin was present. Bishop Lynch of Charleston was to honor us with an address, and good Father Barbelin knew what was due from our Society to so distinguished a prelate, and he came and occupied his place on the rostrum. But, as many of you will remember, he exhibited then in his tottering steps, and bore on his revered features, the unmistakable sign of coming death. He was fast ripening for the skies.

"I recall now, with particular distinctness, the kind solicitude of the brethren for the comfort of the good Father. How each officer and member seemed anxious to abate the fatigue of the good man, and how sensible he was of all these attentions. And I tell you now, that among the last messages which he sent to me, were thanks for all such courtesies.

"Yes, even from his death-bed, he sent to you his thanks for those minor courtesies of life. Oh, how all the life of Father Barbelin illustrated the character of a Christian gentleman! How his death, peaceful, confiding, submissive, illustrated the power of the Christian faith!

"'He taught us how to live and oh, too high,
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die.'

"We mourn our own loss, but we cannot fail to comprehend his infinite gain.

"We, my brethren, 'are of the earth, earthy,' and in this life we walk by a faith whose light is dimmed by the impurity on which it rests.

"But Father Barbelin is of Heaven, heavenly: and with affections and views all purified, all sanctified,

'——he walks with God,
High in salvation and the climes of bliss.'"

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